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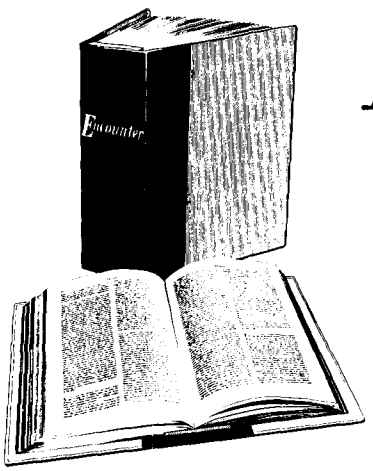

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Douglas Dunn

The Tennis Court

POLISH OFFICERS freewheeled down that long hill in the early evenings. High-spirited men arrived first, whooping and shouting and waving their rackets. There were often two to a bicycle. More mournful, more conservative individuals followed them with judicious pressure on their brakes, as if they had not mastered the exhilarations of downhill bicycle-riding. Half-an-hour later those who preferred to walk would stroll through the village with their polite "Good evenings" and little bows. Our parents told us it was wonderful how these Poles could be pleasant to strangers when they had so much on their minds. Like the others, those who came on foot were dressed in as many bits and pieces of tennis clothes as they could lay their hands on. Some wore white slacks or white shorts and military shirts or sweaters. Others wore military shorts or drill trousers and white shirts or white sweaters. Only one or two possessed a complete white ensemble. Members of the Tennis Club presented them with what discarded whites they could, rather as head waiters keep a tie or two for those gentlemen thoughtless enough to arrive without one.

For two or three hours, on one or two evenings a week, the court seemed possessed by Polish players. Their excitable Polish language was shouted around while the sedate but tolerant members of the Club looked on or chatted with non-playing senior officers, who behaved as if they had made a point of being there to keep an eye on the younger officers of the regiment. Ladies of the Club chirruped as their hands were kissed, a gallant custom which, alas, has fallen into disuse on these islands. I distinctly remember a young woman protesting, "But he's so dashing, Daddy! And he's been through so much!" She was petulant, but her father was extremely cross. "He may be as dashing as fifty VCs put together", he said, with that dismissive but carefully controlled rage of which only the male parent is capable, "and for all I care, he can have been through Hell. But you will not see him again!"

Men found themselves stuck for words when these Polish officers presented them with "little presents" or brought flowers for their wives. One of them gave me a posy of wildflowers he had gathered on his way to the court. "A l'le girl", he said to my father, "shud hiv flo'rs. Blue flo'rs far blue ess. No? Yis, yis, *such* blue ess." "This little girl", said my mother, "is about ready for beddy-byes." I could have thrown a tantrum. I wanted to stay, and pose, with my wild bouquet, for I did not think of myself as little as all that and neither, I suspect, did my mother.

At dusk, the Polish officers pedalled back up that long hill to the commandeered mansion in which they were billeted. I saw them from my bedroom window. Sweaters, rackets, phrase-books, and other impedimenta, were balanced on the handlebars of their bicycles. Snatches of Polish conversation could be heard faintly from the pedestrian soldiers. I was fourteen at the time, but I still remember one last half-white figure disappearing into the darkening rhododendrons of Sir George Maclean's garden, one evening, when, as I heard from my father the following morning, that distinguished old soldier sent an invitation down to the court for the Poles to stop by his house for a drink.

BRITISH, Canadian and American fliers from the naval air base, sometimes from aircraft carriers anchored on the Clyde, came and played on our court. They arrived in an impressive miscellany of transport. Parked on the grass verge by the side of the road, there

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would be navy-blue cars driven by Wrens, jeeps, a truck or two, and sometimes a rakish sports car for our brothers to admire. Those dark blues were dappled in the evening sunlight as it filtered through the trees and penetrated the shadow cast by the high stone wall that masks the court from the road. That summer light on the vehicles made a colour that was memorable, which one would want to preserve. These airmen were high-spirited, too. They arrived in perfect attire. The Poles went first, in 1944. A year and a half later the court was ours again.

More tennis was played on our court in these last two summers of the War than at any time before or since. There was a tennis wedding in All Hallows in 1945. Arm-in-arm, under a salute of raised rackets, the American groom and his local bride smile on the fading newsprint in these bound volumes of the *Press & Advertiser* which anyone can leaf through in the Public Library in town. If they come from here, and do not feel like making the trip, then they can consult them in Mr Ferrier's attic, for he has the best part of a complete set.

That, then, was Miss Devorgilla Cunningham, made Mrs DeLancey O'Hara, of Boston, Mass. I was at the wedding. They return here from time to time, for Devorgilla's sister still lives in the family house of Craigenmun. Bella Cunningham is, I suppose, my one and only close friend. She is two years older then me, so I play against her, and, on those rare occasions when we can make up the numbers for a game of doubles, I play with her. As a combination, we are unbeatable locally. We are both spinsters. I do not like that word, but I am stuck with it. Bella is fifty-two, and I am fifty although you would not think it to look at me. For us both, tennis, and the Tennis Club, are large occupations and not to be taken lightly. I am the daughter of a Professor of Gynaecology, one of these earnestly amiable Scottish physicians of which the world, perhaps, has known too many. His vigorous but incompetent exertions on our tennis court fell into the category of once witnessed, never forgotten. He would justify his disastrous drives, his ungainly balletics and hopeless leaps and bounds, by saying, "It's all exercise anyway. What, after all, is tennis, if not a form of exercise?" He did not play tennis so much as keep fit. As a consequence of his reputation, no one—and they should have known better—took my tennis seriously until I had made it my business to win the Junior Ladies County Championship. Bella Cunningham lifted that same trophy the year before. A year younger than she on that moment of triumph, I can be said to be one up on her where it matters. In our games against each other, the score, I regret to confess, stands at 354 matches to Bella, and 76 to me. To set against this shameful statistic, I must point out that we have been keeping this tally for only the past ten years. It is a lot of tennis, but we did not keep a record until we were past our best. Bella has a black notebook in which she records each game, each set, each match. Yes, it would have to be black.

Why, at my age, you may ask, do I continue to play such a competitive game of tennis? In reply, I contend that Bella does not beat me by all *that* much. She beats me regularly, indeed, but the scores are *close*. This, I cannot help but observe, puts Bella in a better light than it places me. Or so it will look to those who do not know the facts. Bella, after all, is fifty-two. Yes, you are right, should you consider our heroic duels absurd. It is rather worse for her, at fifty-two. Isn't it? My birthday falls gratifyingly in the midst of our summer contests, on the 9th of July. "Bella", I said this year, and I was far from breathless, "I think I'll call it a day."

"Have you had enough, my dear?" She is not the sort of person who remembers her own birthday let alone that of her oldest friend.

"At my age", I said, "this is all quite ridiculous. I'm fifty, you know."

"You are forty-seven", she said. "And don't you forget it. I know, because I am forty-nine and you are two years younger."

This confused me. I am easily contradicted. Silently, I counted back to the year of my birth. "No", I said, "my birthday is today, and I'm fifty."

"Congratulations!" She left me at the net and took up position to resume her service. She shot a venomous ball at me that bounced accurately just inside the line and left me completely adrift. "Happy birthday, my dear!" Another of her militaristic wallops came at me.

"That was *out*!" It wasn't, but there is never any harm in trying.

IF I MAY SAY so, I have kept my neck in a state far closer to a swanlike and sporting ideal than has Bella Cunningham. Mrs

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O'Hara's neck is the better for regular tennis, too, but I understand it is common practice in Boston, Mass., for expensive surgery to be performed upon perished skin, or sagging jaws. Apparently, a moment is reached when former beauties are forced to concede that the glassy information of their mirrors is the truth, after all, and that they must realize they have reached a matronly status. Or so I have heard.

As for my arms, then, these, I assure you, show no signs of deteriorating into that flabby, non-youthful condition which is common to ladies of my age. Bella Cunningham's arms are vulgarly muscular. I have a sneaking suspicion she indulges in weightlifting. It is not that I have ever come across her heaving heavy metal about in whatever room in Craigenmun she uses as her secret gymnasium. I am going by that other evidence of my eyes, her sheer bulk. Manly exercises of that sort would certainly explain why it is that Bella Cunningham has a moustache.

And now, my legs. I am justifiably proud of my legs. At one time I considered them to be far and away my best feature. Indeed, I was for ever showing them off when young men were in the vicinity. Exercise has not made them too muscular. They are, I dare say, conspicuous for their beauty, as much as for the extent to which they portray me as a woman in excellent physical condition. Bella Cunningham shaves hers. I have deduced this from her hirsute armpits, the dark hair on her arms, and the five o' clock shadow beneath her nose. "Why, Bella", I have asked her, "must you insist on wearing such awfully young tennis outfits?"

"What? I thought this one was rather becoming."

I do not wish for one moment to be unfair to Bella, but I think I succeeded in afflicting her with some of that consternation and self-perusal of which she stood in serious need this summer, although my charitable nature did not permit me to be as candid towards her as I should have been. That has always been my predicament in my long friendship with Bella Cunningham. Shall I tell her what I really think of her? Shall I come clean, and speak to her, as one friend to another? It has always been like that. But in the past few years it has weighed on me like a responsibility. We are all to some extent responsible for our friends' behaviour. It is up to us to prevent them from looking ridiculous in the eyes of those who do not love us. "It's those frilly pants", I said. "All very well for Miss Wade, or Miss Navratilova, but I fear they do not quite suit Miss Cunningham."

"I do hope you are not suggesting", she said, and a negative, on the lips of Bella, when she's feeling haughty, is like a threat, "you are not suggesting that I have reached the age of *slacks*?"

"Not for one moment. But look at you. There is", I reminded her, "a kind of, well, a sort of 'bend' in your legs."

"Bend?" She looked down at her legs. "I am *not* bandy-legged!"

"Your knees", I pointed out, "do not touch when you stand to attention. Now do they?"

She drew her feet together and looked down. "They *don't*." I could not quite decide if her tone of voice was one of plaint, or one of defiance.

"What if someone should see you?"

"Who", she asked, "is likely to?"

Her answer had the effect of perplexing *me*. It was true, the Club is usually unpopulated. In a sense it is no longer a Tennis Club at all. The Macleans' gardeners keep it in good order, but this generosity on their part has come to look more like a special favour to us than to the Tennis Club. Twenty-two members we may have, on paper, but we hardly see them. The Club House is hardly what it was, but we keep it as clean and as adequate as we can. Fortunately, we can afford it. From time to time we have seen evidence of tennis having been played before our arrival at the court. Here and there, the odd soft-drinks can, trampled grass, a ball that is certainly not one of ours, a rolled kleenex, give the show away. We cannot help but notice an uncouthly rolled net, flung any-old-how in a corner of the Club House. Enquiries made of the Macleans' gardeners inform us that so-and-so was there, young persons, taking advantage of their parents' memberships. Keys are needed, one to unlock the gate in the wall, another to open the gate into the court itself, and a third for the Club House door. "Someone", I said, "may be walking his dog. And children often play in these woods. *Anyone* could see you."

"IT'S hardly changed. It seems just the same, doesn't it DeLancey?" Thus the former Devorgilla Cunningham to her husband,

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when they visited last year. It was an enchanting tennis reunion. The evening began with a gentle game between that couple from Boston, Mass. They looked like bride and groom again, setting off on the first waltz of married life. That court must mean so much to them. We all applauded with soft pats of the hand, although the standard of tennis was disgraceful. Several club members managed to drag themselves from their houses to be present. Friends of Devorgilla's, living elsewhere, turned up for the occasion. We had mixed doubles after the O'Haras finished their intimate, significant game. "Bella, for Heaven's sake, *must* you?" That was not me, for I am well used to Bella's barbaric serve, and that deeply-breathed, fiercesome squaring of her shoulders which precedes it, she of the barbells and calisthenics. Mrs O'Hara did her best, but gave up, claiming she was no longer a match for Bella's vindictive interpretation of the game. Nor was Mr O'Hara who, by the end of the evening, was, undoubtedly, in that "bad shape" to which he confessed. He was also in need of a recuperative lie-down, of which he promptly availed himself on our return to Craigenmun.

"I rather think", I said quietly to Bella, on the court that evening as the O'Haras played, "that you are suffering from envy."

"How odd", she said. "That's *exactly* what I thought I read on your face."

WHEN OUR TENNIS SEASON is over, we go on holiday together. For some years we have frequented Aix-en-Provence where tennis in September is rather fun. We were sitting, after dinner, having played a taxing game of doubles against two French ladies that afternoon. "I could hardly hold back the giggles when they said they were here for the Spa", I said.

"But surprisingly good players", said Bella.

"You played rather well", I said. Bella was suspicious of this compliment. "Such a pity they couldn't join us for dinner. It would be nice to play them again."

"They could never beat *us*", Bella said, which was satisfying.

"I do miss our own court when we're away", I said. "Don't you?"

"Yes, I do", she said, in that cold manner of hers whenever anything personal is brought up.

"Especially at this time of year, when the first leaves of autumn fall, and blow across it."

"You can be so sentimental about that court." Bella consulted the menu. People with appetites as hearty as Bella's like to reread the menu, *after* dinner, already looking forward to what they will have tomorrow. "No, you're right. I miss it at this time of year, too. I think of it as resting, as hibernating. And I don't know what there is to gloat over", she said, crossly, "just because I admit to an affection for our tennis court."

"I think these French ladies rather disliked us, by the end." It had been a hard-fought match. Bella chortled through her nose.

"My dear, I should think they detested us. I don't think they're used to being beaten."

I shared in this for a moment, then said, "I was not gloating, you know. I simply felt pleased that you should feel the same way as I do." My assurances did not seem to satisfy her. For years I had been wondering if I might go a little further in my exploration of our mutual fondness for our tennis court. Of course, I always knew what Bella felt, but she is not the sort of person who speaks her feelings. Allowances have to be made for her. I decided to press on. She was in a good mood, with a notable victory under her belt, not to mention an excellent dinner and several glasses of *Côtes d'Aix* vin rosé, which is to be recommended. "I have this wonderful memory of the Poles", I said. "Such unhappy, courteous and charming men. And of the Americans and the Canadians. Remember?"

"So?"

"I think you are so very like me", I said, "only you will never bring yourself to admit it." I thought she might bray at me with disbelief. Instead, she did not say anything; she merely shrugged. On such shoulders, broad shoulders, a shrug is expressive and very noticeable. We were ten days away from our own court—on which the grass was lengthening, leaves were browning—and I thought Bella would be in the mood to let me say what I wanted without chastisingly tut-tutting at every turn. "We want so much to go back to that time, don't we?"

"No one", she said, "ever goes back."

"No, I suppose not. But we would like to. That's the point, you see. Sometimes", I said, "it's crossed my mind that we're two ageing

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girls, hanging around that tennis court, in the hope of another War. Isn't that awful?" To my surprise, Bella was still listening, her head tilted slightly away from me. I expected her to tell me to shut up and not talk such rubbish. "And then the Poles would come down on their bicycles. There would be the Fleet Air Arm, the United States Navy, and the DeLancey O'Haras of this world. Anyway", I said, "I know it's silly of me, but that's what I feel. Sometimes", I added, because I did not want her to think that I felt like that very often. There is such a thing as discretion, even between very old friends. She bit her lower lip and managed to smile at the same time, with a little laugh. "And you?" I asked. That was the difficult question.

I thought she might cry, but I do not believe Bella could ever cry in a public restaurant. "Not often", she said. "Not often. But I sometimes feel like that too."

There. I had said it. And I was right. I don't know what people thought of us, if they saw me reach across the table, to hold Bella's hand, which, I saw, was posed above the white linen, waiting.

Virginia; The Old Dominion

Imagine, as a European,
honeysuckle as hostile.
The Jewish Professor, his wife Italian,
when he moved from New York
bought and planted honeysuckle.
Virginians laughed at
coals to natural Newcastle.

A scented kudzoo, it climbs
smells and kills. Here
two years are enough for arms
tough and dry as Anchises'
clamped on his son's neck
humping out of flaming Troy
to rewind us in dead maples
and locusts. Each Spring
fleshy sinews house tent-caterpillars
which drop on your hands
when you burn them with kerosene.

Virginia, a kind of parkland,
deceives eyes used to
grazing-lines and grassland.
Step across fences and the praying
mantis, a fertile protestant
unction eating your sense
of amicable neatness, waits
watching the poke-weed, its mock-grapes
squished in the shit of robins,
not robin really but a red thrush
named for nostalgia to fend off the alien,
and her children swarm
across crab-grass and locusts and
tulip-poplars; Napoleon's northern roads
could not be lined with things
that shudder with orange
vertical blossoms. And dogwood
and magnolia are hot and white
as cherry is not. Dogwood, locust,
crab-grass, eating and pinching
creatures harry these names.

Capability Brown, what would you?
The state is deceptive, state of the virgin,
queen but really an old politic whore
in a robin-red wig.
Pretence of innocence, starting afresh,
an old country calls your things
by natural names of power,
hangs round your neck the menace
which gardens of England
say is gone.

The Jewish Professor dreams.
The box and gravel of Florence
are covered with spores
from new-world parkland
crunched by small mandibles,
the novice hooker's myth:
new life away from old power.
Escaped from fires
the green and pleasant
meets old greedy menace.
Waiting honeysuckles
dogwood crab-grass locusts.

Gay Clifford

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Louis de Jong

Was "Arnhem" Betrayed?

A Bridge (and a Double Agent) too far. . . .

NOT LONG AFTER the British defeat at Arnhem in September 1944, rumours began to circulate in Britain that the entire *Market Garden* operation had been betrayed to the Germans, who had thus had time to bring up fresh *Panzer* units. It was a simple, an elementary explanation of the defeat and it seemed, moreover, to be borne out by the imprisonment in England in late 1944—"in the Tower" as some Fleet Street newspapers put it—of a Dutchman called Chris Lindemans on precisely that charge. But where had Lindemans obtained his information?

Some claimed it must have come from Allied Intelligence; others, from officers on Prince Bernhard's staff; and yet others that it must have come from the Prince himself, whose intelligence agent Lindemans was alleged to have been. Soon after the Liberation, it became known to some in the Netherlands that Lindemans had crossed the lines shortly before 17 September 1944 (the first day of the airborne operation) with secret instructions for members of the Eindhoven Resistance, that (15 September) he had also gone to Driebergen near Utrecht to tell the *Abwehr*[1] what he knew, that he had been in Eindhoven during the Liberation of the town (18 September), and that barely a month later (in late October) he had been unmasked as an *Abwehr* agent and placed under arrest.

Had it been possible to bring him to justice, his trial might well have thrown fresh light on the entire subject; but Lindemans committed suicide in Scheveningen prison in the summer of 1946. Thus old rumours were given a new lease of life.

But the Netherlands Parliamentary Commission which examined the matter found in 1950 that Lindemans had *not* been to Prince Bernhard's HQ before 17 September. Indeed, it concluded, "by the largest possible majority . . . in full conformity with a statement by British Intelligence", that "it has become clear that Lindemans did not report the impending Allied attack on Arnhem to the Germans in Driebergen on 15 September 1944. . . ."

One of those who dissented was Colonel Oreste Pinto. Pinto, who was responsible for vetting volunteers from the Continent on behalf of the British Security Service in London during the first years of the War and had unmasked several *Abwehr* agents, later joined the Netherlands Department of Justice, and was sent to Europe in September 1944. Pinto claimed he was the first to be able to *prove* that Lindemans had indeed betrayed the secret of *Market Garden* to the *Abwehr*, whose agent he was, and that his betrayal had paved the way for the whole Arnhem débâcle. When questioned by the Parliamentary Commission, Pinto had to admit that his information was based on hearsay, on intelligence from another *Abwehr* agent. This did not deter him from repeating his allegations in various publications. It is hardly surprising that he was widely believed: the reduction of complicated historical events, and especially of painful military defeats, to the simple phenomenon of "treason" is readily accepted by many.

BEFORE I SET OUT to describe the true course of events (basing myself, in part, on the findings of a Dutch military historian, T. A. Boeree), we

LOUIS DE JONG *was until his recent retirement Director of the Netherlands State Institute for War Documentation. Ten volumes of his official "History of the Kingdom of the Netherlands in the Second World War" have so far been published, the most recent covering the last year of the War and the Arnhem débâcle. In previous* ENCOUNTER *articles (January 1980 and December 1978) he has presented the documented history of the "Englandspiel" and the revolt in the concentration camp of Sobibor.*

[1] *Abwehr:* The Espionage, Counter-espionage, and Sabotage Service of the German High Command.

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must first examine two points: (*1*) that, according to extant German documents, *Market Garden* took Field-Marshal von Rundstedt, the German Commander-in-Chief West, and General Walter Model, the Commander of the German Army Group-B, completely by surprise even though (*2*) the Allies had not exactly taken great trouble to keep the operation completely secret.

In the official US study,[2] Charles B. MacDonald tries to answer the question "What did the Germans know?";[2] according to him the chief intelligence officer of General Model's Army Group-B HQ sent signals on 9, 11, and 14 September stating that they had reason to expect a major drive on the Ruhr (via Roermond and Wesel) by the British 2nd Army, the left flank being protected by the Rhine (as General Sir Miles Dempsey, Commander of the British 2nd Army, had indeed proposed). The German 15th Army in the Netherlands would then be effectively cut off. In his signal of 14 September the chief intelligence officer surmised that the Allied 1st Airborne Corps would be dropped in Westphalia, south of Münster. On 15 September, Field-Marshal von Rundstedt, too, expressed the view that the Allies would drop the Airborne Corps east of the Rhine. Colonel-General Alfred Jodl, Chief of Operations Staff, *Wehrmacht* Supreme Command, attributed an even more ambitious plan to the Allies: he anticipated a massive drop in the northern Netherlands, in northern Germany, or in Denmark. General Model at first expected an Allied drop in the Ruhr but then foresaw a major seaborne assault on the Dutch coast. As late as the morning of Sunday, 17 September, both he and von Rundstedt were asking for reports on the chances of the Allies involving airborne troops in such an assault. That Model was not expecting an air-drop near Arnhem may be gathered from the fact that on 14 September he and his staff moved to Oosterbeek, a few kilometres west of Arnhem.[3]

Although MacDonald has correctly recorded what Jodl, von Rundstedt, Model, and Model's chief intelligence officer thought of the deployment of airborne troops by the Allies, something needs to be added to his report: that, at 10.50 p.m. on Friday, 15 September, Field-Marshal Model's chief intelligence officer received the following report from General Kurt Student (whose HQ was in Vught, near 's Hertogenbosch):

> "*Report from one of our agents*: 300 enemy tanks concentrating near a factory in the West Beeringen[4] sector. Tanks are being refitted in readiness for a drive towards Eindhoven on 16.9. Intelligence Service No. 6 HQ with Captains Baker and Ross also located there."

Moreover, the usual daily report which Model's intelligence staff received at 7 p.m. on Saturday, 16 September, from German 15th Army HQ (which was probably near Rotterdam) contained the following assessment:

> "The enemy is likely to make an attempt to cut off the 15th Army by advancing east of Antwerp towards the Zuider Zee. At the same time he will try to use the forces identified south of the Scheldt estuary to breach the bridgehead."[5]

The chief intelligence officer of the German 15th Army hit the nail on the head in anticipating a drive on the IJselmeer (formerly the Zuider Zee). But it was clearly no more than a guess, albeit fairly obvious to anyone who glanced at the map. In General Student's HQ, by contrast, the intelligence staff repeated what it had heard from an agent: the British intended to drive on Eindhoven with 300 tanks from the bridgehead near Beeringen (the location of the alleged Intelligence HQ of Captains Baker and Ross) on Saturday, 16 September. It is remarkable that Student's HQ sent a report on *Garden* (the XXX-Corps offensive), but not on *Market* (the airborne landings) and that they gave the wrong date—16 instead of 17 September.

WHAT OF THE SECOND POINT, the fact that the Allies took so little trouble to keep *Market Garden* a complete secret?

It is worth noting that two Dutch secret agents had been briefed on the earlier plan for an airborne operation near Arnhem (the *Comet* plan of 4 September) when they were dropped over the Occupied Netherlands on the night of 8 September. More than that, a third agent knew about *Market Garden* when he arrived during the night of 14 September; and, further, the Dutch Minister of War, van Lidth de Jeude, was informed on 14 September that an airborne operation would take place near Nijmegen on 17 September (a report the

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[2] Charles B. MacDonald, *The Siegfried Line Campaign* (1963), pp. 134–36.

[3] In 1960, C. P. Stacey, the official Canadian military historian, pointed out in his *The Victory Campaign* (pp. 313–14) that the chief intelligence officer of Army Group-B reported on 1 October 1944 that Operation *Market Garden* had in fact come as a complete surprise.

[4] In northern Belgium, where General Horrocks's XXX Corps was poised to drive on Arnhem via Eindhoven and Nijmegen.

[5] The West Zeeland-Flanders bridgehead which, on Hitler's special order, had to be defended "at all costs", lest the Allies open up the port of Antwerp.

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Minister was allowed to transmit to Professor Gerbrandy, the Dutch Premier). Most of the 40 or so officers of the Netherlands Military Administration, who had left London for the Continent on 12 September, were also informed.

"When we arrived in Brussels", one of them reported, "we were immediately involved in the Invasion plan, i.e. the plan concerning the Arnhem-Zuider Zee breakthrough. The plan was being discussed at length. It was my task to allocate officers as guides to all subsections. . . ."

Also in the picture were scores of Allied War Correspondents accredited to SHAEF. According to Robert Kiek of the Netherlands News Agency (London), they were told at a press conference held several days before the beginning of *Market Garden*, that

> "a series of air landings between Eindhoven and Arnhem was planned with the Zuider Zee as the final objective. . . . The date of this operation was not yet fixed. . . . The Prince, too, knew that this operation was imminent."

PRINCE BERNHARD had been appointed commander of the Dutch forces on 3 September, and it is therefore not in the least surprising that he should have known about *Market Garden*; but that the operation should have been discussed "at length" with scores of officers in the Military Administration and, indeed, that all War Correspondents should have been briefed some days earlier (probably on 14 September when Montgomery issued his final *Market Garden* Directive) about a plan whose success might have been thought to depend on utter secrecy, seems to suggest that the Allied commanders did not expect very much trouble from the *Wehrmacht*. They obviously believed that the strict security rules they had applied, for instance, in respect of *D-Day*, were no longer essential. War Correspondents had been briefed on that occasion, too; but afterwards they had been detained in camp.

What about Lindemans?

CHRISTIAAN ANTONIUS ("CHRIS") LINDEMANS was born in Rotterdam in 1912.

He failed at high school but gained a technical-school diploma at the age of 17, and then joined his brother Jan in their father's garage. In 1936, he was injured at work, fracturing the base of his skull, and needed nursing care for almost two years. He continued to suffer from partial paralysis of the left arm, severe headaches, and giddy spells. He returned to work in 1938, and in 1939 made contact with British Intelligence in Rotterdam (whom he sporadically supplied with information about shipping movements). In July 1940, he switched over to the Germans, driving fuel tankers for the *Luftwaffe* in the Lille-Paris sector. In Lille he lived with a French girl (they had two children) who worked for the French Red Cross and soon became involved in attempts to smuggle people across to Vichy France. Chris Lindemans helped her in this work.

In 1941, he took a driving job with a Dutch contractor working for the *Luftwaffe* in France, and was imprisoned for several months on the (correct) suspicion of supplying false papers to refugees working for his employer. Early in 1942, he was again imprisoned for several months on an arms-smuggling charge. After his release in the summer, he moved to Rotterdam, where he was able to build up an escape-line while working for a Dutch contractor of the German *Organisation Todt*. In this capacity he had to accompany workers to Cherbourg, where another Dutchman helped him to obtain passports and soon afterwards discovered that Lindemans sold them "at fancy prices."

In November 1943 Lindemans had to go on the run. He escaped from Cherbourg to Paris, taking his girl-friend from Lille with him. In Paris, he made contact with a Dutch group who were running an escape-line to Spain for Allied servicemen. Victor Swane was one of the leaders of the group. Lindemans also had contacts in various French and Belgian Resistance groups, some of them with Communist leanings. Frequently he undertook missions to kill, so much so that he became known in some circles as "*le Tueur*" (the Killer). Others called him "King Kong", a tribute to his build and strength.

He was so successful in everything he undertook that he came to feel nothing was beyond him. "The longer he went on", said a former girl-courier in 1949, "the more reckless he became. He always drove with a Sten gun in his brief-case, a copy of *Signal* [the most popular German illustrated weekly] wrapped round the barrel. . . ."

Johan Weidner, leader of the "Dutch-Paris" Resistance group, had first-hand experience that inspired him with little trust in Lindemans. Moreover, as he explained later, Victor Swane had told him that "this bizarre man" (for Lindemans showed clear psychopathic traits) "was more adventurer than idealist and that, although he had courage, he was not morally stable. The fellow maintained improper relations with a number of women, Swane acknowledged, and he was fond of

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using his gun. . . ."[6]

These details were unknown in London, where Lindemans had the reputation of being a daredevil, but one who could be trusted (especially in the M.I.9 circles involved in the running of escape-lines).

AT THE END OF November 1943, two members of the Dutch Resistance, K. de Graaf and J. J. Celosse, carrying messages to London, found themselves stranded in Paris. The group that was to have taken them to the Pyrenees had been rounded up by the German police. In Paris they made contact with Chris Lindemans, who passed them on to Swane. Swane asked the two to take Lindemans with them to England; but having guided them (together with a number of Allied servicemen) expertly to the Spanish border, Lindemans refused to cross over. De Graaf and Celosse accordingly left him behind, both of them convinced that he was utterly trustworthy, and full of admiration for his Resistance work. As de Graaf put it later, in his evidence to the Netherlands Parliamentary Commission, Lindemans had been "a guardian angel at a moment when, so to speak, I was on the point of giving up the ghost. . . ."

Early in January 1944, Lindemans moved back to Rotterdam, where he had numerous contacts in the Resistance. Shortly before his arrival there, Hendrik Lindemans (his second, much younger, brother) was arrested and jailed in The Hague for rendering assistance to Allied servicemen. In February, by which time he had left the Netherlands once again, Lindemans learned that Hendrik had been sentenced to death. He was determined to save his brother. In Lille, a Dutch Nazi who had worked in a German Army canteen but was sacked for fraud, told him that he could put him in touch with an *Abwehr* agent by the name of Cornelis Verloop. Lindemans told the Dutch Nazi that he would do anything to free his brother Hendrik, that he knew most Resistance leaders in the Netherlands, Belgium and France, and was willing to part with his information. The Dutch Nazi rushed off with the good news to Verloop—and promptly asked him for a job in the *Abwehr* should his new contact deliver the goods.

CORNELIS VERLOOP (a native of The Hague, a sailor, and later a private detective) had before the War been sent to prison for smuggling sugar, escaped to France and then joined the Foreign Legion. He was arrested in France in the summer of 1940, jailed by the Germans, and released on condition that he became an *Abwehr* agent. He does not seem to have done a great deal of work in that capacity, but what the Dutch Nazi from Lille had to say seemed worth pursuing. He invited Lindemans to a meeting in Brussels, where Lindemans told him (as Verloop stated in 1946) "that he was working for British Intelligence [M.I.9]", and "that he was on intimate terms with one of the top leaders of the Belgian *Brigade Blanche*. He then asked me whether I was able to put him in touch with the head of the German [secret] service. . . . He was prepared to tell the Germans all he knew about the Allies to secure the release of his arrested brother. . . .

"He also showed me a quantity of false documents, a large collection of rubber stamps, forged German Security Service papers, travel orders, etc. I gained the immediate impression that Lindemans was a 'big shot' and that he could do a great deal for our section.

"During this first meeting, Lindemans drank a lot, which obviously did not agree with him. He became noisy, fired his pistol at a wall poster, and generally lost control of himself. . . ."

Not long afterwards (on 4 March, 1944) Verloop took Chris Lindemans to meet the head of the *Abwehr* in Brussels, Colonel Hermann J. Giskes, who was accompanied by several of his officers. Lindemans once more produced all his papers and stamps. Saying that he had worked for the British even before the German invasion, he then offered to work for the *Abwehr* on the conditions mentioned above, and Giskes accepted. In 1946, Verloop recalled that even during this first meeting, Lindemans revealed a series of names and illegal addresses, "and that he even went so far as to fix a date [over the telephone] with one of these people, a Belgian lady, for the next day." He was "quite obviously playing the 'big shot'. . . . He also asked Giskes whether it could be arranged for him to go on a hunting trip in Germany, because his nerves had gone to pieces, and Giskes promised to arrange this."

THE HUNTING TRIP was postponed, but Lindemans (his brother having been released) was put in immediate contact with the *Abwehr* offices in Paris and Driebergen. He was also able to obtain the release of his girl-friend who had been arrested during a Paris hotel raid. According to one of

[6] Herbert Ford, *Flee the Captor: The Story of the Dutch-Paris Underground and its Compassionate Leader, Johan Henry Weidner* (1966), p. 243.

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Colonel Giskes' closest collaborators, during the next few months Lindemans told the Germans

> "how many British servicemen had been 'passed' across the Dutch-Belgian border, how they were security-checked in Antwerp, what route they took through Belgium and France and where they crossed the Spanish border under a new escort. In addition he gave a great deal of information about the Belgian Resistance (*Brigade Blanche* and *Armée Secrète*) and the French *Maquis*, and handed over the names of the leaders he knew. . . . [He] also . . . gave information about the concentration of resistance groups and the distribution of arms in certain places."

From another of Colonel Giskes' colleagues, Verloop gathered that Lindemans' information (for which he was paid a total of about £1,000 by the *Abwehr*) had led to 267 arrests in the Netherlands, Belgium, and France. However, Lindemans did not betray *all* his illegal contacts—not only because he would then have lost his usefulness as an informer, but also because, capricious as he was, he tried to spare the lives of those whom he particularly liked. Colonel Giskes, for his part, wanted to limit the number of arrests since he hoped, through Lindemans, to gain information of strategic importance (but he never did). For the rest, he did not trust Lindemans blindly, and often had him shadowed. He encouraged Lindemans to commit acts of anti-Nazi sabotage now and then, lest he lose the confidence of the Resistance movement, especially in Antwerp, where Lindemans had close contacts with U. F. E. Reniers, the local commander of the *Armée Secrète*.

On 3 September 1944, when Colonel Giskes left Brussels, he instructed Lindemans to remain in Belgium, and

> "after the entry of the Allies to make contact with Anglo-Canadian Intelligence and to offer himself as an agent, stressing his previous work for the Resistance. The object would be to find out what plans Canadian Intelligence had made for Holland, and as soon as possible to cross the lines with that information."

LINDEMANS probably went to Antwerp the next day, or at the very latest two days after receiving these instructions; for he arrived there in time to join in the Belgian Resistance's hostilities against the Germans.

With the Resistance he crossed the Scheldt in an Allied assault boat. He was completely in his element, fighting, shooting. The Belgians were full of praise for him; and Reniers gave him a written testimonial and a financial reward. Revelling in his hero's role, Lindemans stayed on in Antwerp. A few days later, when the young M.I.9 officer, Captain Peter Baker,[7] needed an agent to cross the lines to Eindhoven, Reniers recommended Lindemans for the job. Lindemans was accordingly instructed to tell the Resistance in North Brabant that the Allied servicemen present in that Dutch province at the time were to stay put pending their liberation. Captain Baker also asked Lindemans to find out from staff at the Philips factory what they knew about the German *V-2*s, and especially about the fuel which they used.

It seems odd that Captain Baker, who must have expected the Allies to enter North Brabant at any moment, should have been so anxious to make contact with the Philips staff, but he was an ambitious young man,[8] and clearly felt that he would be making his mark if he were the first to solve a problem that had been exercising the authorities in England. However, before he sent Lindemans out, Baker decided to make further enquiries. Reniers vouched for him, and M.I.9 was full of praise for the man, even if others considered him unreliable. Baker then went to 21st Army Group HQ which, in turn, contacted Prince Bernhard's staff, on which Captain de Graaf served. On de Graaf's recommendation, Prince Bernhard let it be known that Lindemans could be trusted; the Prince gave Lindemans an additional commission—to see to it that the people of Eindhoven stayed out of the fighting.

Since he was not in direct contact with the Prince's HQ at the time, we must assume that Lindemans gathered what he apparently knew about Operation *Market Garden* from Allied circles in and near Antwerp, among whom he moved freely before he left on his secret mission. In particular, he knew that British forces would be advancing from Beeringen towards IJsselmeer (Zuider Zee) via Eindhoven; that airborne troops would be dropped over Renkum and Heelsum, two villages near Arnhem; that the Dutch Resistance units, detailed to guide the airborne troops, would have to use the password "*Telephone*"; that the advance on Eindhoven was scheduled for the 16th

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[7] M.I.9 had assigned a number of officers and men to SHAEF with instructions to handle escape-lines throughout Western Europe. This particular Anglo-American group comprised some eighty men, and was called IS-9 (WEA) or Intelligence Service 9, Western European Area.

[8] After the War, Baker became an MP and a businessman, and was later sentenced to seven years in prison for fraud. His *Confession of Faith* (London, 1946) contains a very sketchy and highly incomplete account of his dealings with Chris Lindemans (whom he refers to as "Krist").

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and the air-drop for the 17th of September, weather conditions permitting. In the prevailing mood of light-hearted optimism, rumours of all these operations had begun to filter through to numerous Allied officers soon after 12 September, when General Montgomery obtained General Eisenhower's approval for a plan which took its final shape in his Directive of 14 September.

ON THE NIGHT OF 14 September, Captain Baker conducted Lindemans and a Belgian to the front near Beeringen. The next night Lindemans crossed the lines through a hail of shells (the Belgian was wounded and taken to a German field-hospital). Lindemans told the first German soldier he met that he was carrying important information for Colonel Giskes of the *Abwehr* and that he must be taken to Driebergen at once. He was driven to Vught where he told General Student's chief intelligence officer no more than he thought the man needed to know, namely that 300 British tanks stood poised for a push on Eindhoven on 16 September.[9] Once in Driebergen, Lindemans did not see Colonel Giskes (who was away in Bonn) but spoke to a Major Kiesewetter, to whom he gave so much information that the report the Major wrote several days later and which reached Giskes after three weeks (this document has not been preserved) covered several pages.

Major Kiesewetter was not at all happy about Lindemans. The man had worked for British Intelligence before the War; had then worked for the *Luftwaffe*; had betrayed the German cause by working for the Resistance and for M.I.9, and had then betrayed the Allies by turning *Abwehr* agent. Surely it was more than likely that he had been sent by British Intelligence to confuse the *Wehrmacht* (which would be expecting an Allied air-drop near the Ruhr) with his message that the attack would be concentrated round Arnhem. Kiesewetter, accordingly, passed a somewhat non-committal message about Lindemans' report to the intelligence officer of the Commander of the German garrison in the Netherlands; and we may imagine how justified he must have felt in his reservations when no Allied push on Eindhoven occurred on that Saturday, the 16th of September.

On Sunday, however (as a senior *Gestapo* officer stationed in Driebergen reported later), when

> "the first news of the Arnhem air drop came in, Kiesewetter told his officers, who were still at table, something to the effect: 'Well, Lindemans was right after all!' . . . And he also said to me: 'Yes, he reported it some time ago, and I passed it on to the appropriate quarters [though not to Model, and without grasping its full importance] but no one could be sure . . . whether the report was correct or whether the whole thing was an enemy ruse.' That's what Kiesewetter told me about Arnhem."

Major Kiesewetter must have realised by then that his failure to appreciate the full importance of Chris Lindemans' report could be held against him—indeed, Field-Marshal Model and his entire staff might have fallen into British hands. This explains why he apparently made no reference to Lindemans' specific mention of Arnhem when he wrote the report of which Colonel Giskes was shown a copy, and why Giskes himself told British Intelligence after the War that Lindemans had said nothing about Arnhem. "He most certainly did not report that an attack on Arnhem was impending", Giskes told the Netherlands Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry in 1948.

BUT THAT IS PRECISELY what Lindemans must have done on Friday, 15 September. And he did more than that.

In 1943, he and his brother Hendrik had helped Mrs D. Nijhoff van der Meer (she was active in the Dutch Resistance, and on one occasion had rescued him from the Germans) to organise escape lines in Ede, not far from Driebergen. One member of her group was a local police officer, H. van den Brink. During the spring of 1944, when Lindemans was back in the Netherlands, he made various reports to Mrs Nijhoff, who wrote it all down after the Liberation.

> "German campaigns and plans. . . . When I asked him how he had managed to get all that information, he said 'Oh well, with me the knife cuts both ways'. . . . After that, I gave him a wide berth, but he nevertheless kept sending me reports which he thought might be of interest to me. . . . He never once gave us wrong tips, and was always honest with me."

Lindemans had passed these tips on through van den Brink. And that is what he also did on Saturday, 16 September. In the late afternoon, van den Brink carried a message from Lindemans to Mrs

[9] Student's intelligence officer did not forward this report to Model's intelligence officer until 10.50 p.m. The telephone system might have been out of order, or he could have been waiting to hear from Driebergen whether or not Lindemans was a known *Abwehr* agent.

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Nijhoff, which she later reported as follows:

> "Be prepared for special action tomorrow, 17 September, probably near Renkum, Heelsum or Oosterbeek, password '*Telephone*'."

THAT SATURDAY, the Germans took Lindemans to a place near Eindhoven. He was carrying a copy of the *Deutsche Zeitung in den Niederlanden* and had a pass signed by Major Kiesewetter in his pocket. His instructions were to return to Driebergen with further information within a few days. In Eindhoven, he made for the house of Police-Inspector F. Kooy (who had various local Resistance contacts); his name and address had been given to Lindemans via Captain Baker by Dutch Intelligence liaison officers on Prince Bernhard's staff. Kooy was not in, but he was told about the call and returned home. Lindemans told him (as Kooy reported later):

> "We shall be coming to liberate Eindhoven within three days, and then our army will push on to the Zuider Zee."

Lindemans then asked Kooy to put him in touch with senior staff at the Philips factory and with leaders of the Eindhoven Resistance. But, seeing that Lindemans was making some rather absurd claims (he said he was a university-trained engineer with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the *Armée Secrète*), Kooy decided, the glad tidings notwithstanding, to escort his visitor to police headquarters to have him searched. When the German newspaper and Major Kiesewetter's pass were discovered in his pocket, Lindemans claimed that he had picked up the paper on the road and that the pass was forged. Inspector Kooy had him locked up (first in a cell in police headquarters, and then in the coal-cellar of a building opposite).

Lindemans was released on 19 September, one day after the Allies entered Eindhoven, by Captain Baker, who was absolutely furious.

"You've kept one of my best men in prison", he shouted at Kooy. When Kooy produced the *Deutsche Zeitung* and the German pass, Baker told him that a copy of a German newspaper meant nothing, and that the pass was simply a fake. However, Colonel Maurice de Rome (a higher-ranking British Intelligence officer) was not completely satisfied, and he took Lindemans to Louvain under suspicion, although evidently not enough suspicion to debar him from the officers' mess. Colonel de Rome was clearly in two minds about the man; and in the end he took him to Prince Bernhard's HQ, where he was questioned before Captain de Graaf on 23 September. De Graaf allowed Lindemans, his "guardian angel" of ten months before, to pull the wool over his eyes—his own experience and reports from the Belgian and French Resistance led him to conclude that Lindemans was "in the clear." He also found that Lindemans had been through a mental ordeal, and in order to cheer him up he gave him a note saying "*King Kong is all right.*"

Colonel de Rome found this all a bit strange and discussed the matter with Prince Bernhard. The Prince, advised by Captain de Graaf, told him there was no reason to doubt Lindemans' integrity. De Rome accordingly assigned Lindemans to a junior Canadian intelligence officer who, with Lindemans' assistance, hatched all sorts of plans to smuggle agents by boat from Antwerp into areas of the Netherlands still occupied by the Germans. Lindemans was given the task of recruiting the agents.

In other words, he had been completely vindicated. Donning a captain's uniform, with weapons at his side, he had a chauffeur drive him about in a requisitioned limousine. When, however, nothing came of any of the agent-smuggling plans, he tried to worm his way back into Prince Bernhard's HQ (now in Castle Wittouck, near Brussels). Lindemans called there on various occasions, was presented to the Prince, and stayed for several meals.

"I visited Wittouck from Eindhoven several times", I was told on 26 October 1959, by Charles van Houten, a Dutch intelligence officer, "and came across a baboon-like creature, hung about with all sorts of weapons. 'Who on earth is that?' I asked, and was told he was Lindemans. 'He has done the most fantastic things', the Prince told me."[10]

IN THE COURSE OF October, Lindemans, accompanied on at least one occasion by officers attached to Prince Bernhard's staff, was twice driven to Paris (where there was a great deal of

[10] Prince Bernhard said much the same to others, although he personally never took to Lindemans.

The upshot was that, when Lindemans was unmasked as an *Abwehr* agent at the end of October, rumours began to circulate that (*1*) Lindemans had crossed the lines as the Prince's agent, and (*2*) that the Prince himself had told him about *Market Garden*.

The only truth in the first rumour was that Lindemans, working for British Intelligence, had (on Captain de Graaf's advice) also carried instructions from the Prince. As for the second rumour, it is an established fact that Lindemans had never been to the Prince's HQ before he crossed the lines.

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celebrating) and once to Lille (to the mother of his two children). On 15 October he drove to Eindhoven, on the Prince's orders, to convey an agent who was to cross into Occupied territory; and six days later he went there again for discussions. Captain L. Pot (a staff officer of the Netherlands Intelligence Office which had meanwhile been opened in Eindhoven) thought Lindemans "didn't ring true"; but he was alone in that opinion. Colonel Oreste Pinto, who had arrived in Brussels about 10 September, was no more than vaguely suspicious. He first spoke to Lindemans in Antwerp on 30 September, asked him to report back on 2 October, and when Lindemans did not turn up took no further action (possibly after checking with de Graaf).

On 24 or 25 October, Cornelis Verloop, who had put Lindemans in touch with Colonel Giskes some eight months earlier, crossed into the liberated section of North Brabant—on *Abwehr* instructions. As with everyone from across the lines, he was taken to Eindhoven and questioned by Colonel Pinto. Pinto gathered nothing of importance, and handed him over to Captain Pidcock of British Counter-Intelligence, to whom Verloop confessed (on 26 October) that, to his certain knowledge, Lindemans had been an *Abwehr* agent since March. Pinto was alerted, and immediately informed the Netherlands Intelligence Office. A member of Prince Bernhard's staff happened to be there at the time, and at once left for Wittouck by car.

On 28 October, Chris Lindemans, returning from his second visit to Paris, walked into Wittouck and was arrested. He was flown to England on suspicion of having betrayed "Arnhem" and sent to a prisoner-of-war camp. He admitted that he had spoken to Major Kiesewetter, and that he had betrayed Resistance members in France. But realising that if he admitted to "the betrayal of Arnhem" he would be forfeiting his life, he claimed that all he had said in Driebergen was that he had seen no signs of sabotage by German agents in Brussels. He was then taken seriously ill; whereupon the British handed him over to the Canadians, and the Canadians to the Dutch courts. He was jailed in Breda in March 1945 and remanded in custody in Scheveningen during the summer of that year.

HAD HIS CASE COME TO TRIAL, Lindemans, once a famed underground hero, would undoubtedly have been unmasked as an abject traitor in the full light of publicity. He obviously found that prospect intolerable, and tried several times to commit suicide. A nurse, who happened to have known him in Rotterdam, fell in love with him in the prison hospital. Lindemans and she agreed that, once it seemed inevitable that he would be found guilty, they would commit suicide together. On 26 July 1946, one day before an important, and as he expected, fatal, interrogation, he and the nurse took a large quantity of Luminal (which she had probably procured). She survived, he did not.

WAS "ARNHEM" BETRAYED? The answer must be yes, on 15th September 1944, by Chris Lindemans to the German *Abwehr* in Driebergen. But to that further question as to whether the betrayal had any effect on the course of the War, my answer must be no.

The Next Meeting

Tonight's the turn of Mrs Mac
To address the bereaved
At the Spiritualist church.
Too cold for snow, the punters say,
But nurse their cars around the park.

She will speak of the comforting aether,
Where voices in a loop rehearse
Their sentence to infinity. Outside
It snows a silent alphabet
That vanishes on contact with the ground.

Sean O'Brien

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Elma Mitchell

The Death of Adam

I saw it coming,
The cold.
It must have been coming on a long time.
Ever since I'd known him.

Not surprising, really,
With him come up from the dust
And me from the bone.

Still, it was odd
Watching it actually happen.
Everything sags; did you know?
I didn't know.

Teeth fall out, and then the face falls in.
Skin
Withers and wrinkles and shrivels like an apple
(Yes, like an apple)
And the top of the skull
(Where the hair and the brains keep complicated house together)
Becomes
Plain, smooth, simple,
Unoccupied by anything.

And he couldn't walk at all, or talk at all
(We had to stop arguing about whose fault it was)
And the sun made his eyes hurt
And he had to leave the world that belonged to him
And the animals he'd given a name to,
And the wife that was part of him.

To become a kind of collapse,
A remnant, something remembered,
Not all there any more.

He was always first at everything,
And now
The first man ever to be dead.

Perhaps, as gardeners,
We should have learned from the leaves
What it means to be deciduous.

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Will it always be just like this
For the rest of us?
Or must I look forward
To a separate, feminine, suitable
Method of disappearance?
Middle-aged, but still naked
To man-stare and God-stare,
Covering myself up with my hands and my long grey hair,
Breasts falling like apples
And the small pool of darkness
Inside me
Gone dry?

Peter Redgrove

Gwennap Cross

Suddenly, it is autumn,
The convolvulus chars
With a fleshy scent,

The little Saxon Christ
Stands among his ebbing flowers.
He is carved from oolite

With his arms outstretched,
He stands in his stone loop
Supported by a thick shaft.

The prehistoric seas strive
And the result is this same Christ
Speeding through the corridors of time

With arms outstretched and welcoming
As though the shaft into the ground
Were those self-same corridors of stone time,

For the sea has set as stone, and we,
We carve it into welcoming gestures.
And since the light that fell into the great tree's head

Became that plant, and the beasts
Nibbled and their bones were inundated
And sacrificed to geology, therefore

Is it any wonder that this stone
Became our patron?
Do you see a person here,

Or just a stone?
Do you see a person in the moonlight,
Or is the Moon just a round stone

With a hare carved on it
Flying without a shaft? If
It is just a stone, why

Does it fly, spreading
Magnetism like feathering wings
Whose beat you see reflected in the tides

Whose claws pluck at the water-margins?
I pause, and look up at the full disc.
Someone has carved a man there

Sitting safely in a boat
On its floodlit surface.
I kiss the head of the Gwennap Cross,

It is a hard and odorous stone
And tingling, but the smell in it
Is as though I kiss

The head of my baby with its rinsed mossy smell.

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Seymour Martin Lipset

Whatever Happened to the Proletariat?

An Historic Mission Unfulfilled

MUCH RECENT DISCUSSION of the politics of advanced industrial or post-industrial societies has focused on the emergence of an oppositionist intelligentsia, one based on the well-educated strata, which resembles in its behaviour that of the intelligentsia of the Czarist Empire or the less developed nations. This group now seems to be the most dynamic agent of change, taking over the role assigned by Marxism for the proletariat. Writing in 1960, C. Wright Mills sharply criticised those who continue to regard the working class as a continuing agency of radical change. He minced no words in pointing to "the really impressive historical evidence that now stands against this expectation . . . a legacy from Victorian Marxism that is now quite unrealistic." He proposed that those on the Left direct their attention to the cultural apparatus, the intellectuals—as a possible, immediate, radical agency of change.[1]

This loss of faith in the working class of technologically advanced society was created by their relative political passivity and it has, ironically, been countered by the behaviour of workers in Eastern Europe, from the revolt in the German Democratic Republic in 1953 to the Polish strikes of 1980. To what extent do Marxian beliefs about the relationship between economic and political developments and "the proletariat's struggle to achieve socialism" hold up in the late 20th century? To evaluate the usefulness of Marxian analysis, one must distinguish between Marx as a chiliastic revolutionary, convinced of the outcome of the class struggle under capitalism, and Marx the sociologist, whose propositions and analytic methodology still furnish important insights, even though events have sharply challenged his political expectations. To do this involves looking at class politics in relation to industrialisation, in the light of a recognition that the stratification system and the class struggle are deeply affected by the technological period at hand (whether it be pre-industrial, industrial, or, as many countries are today, post-industrial). This article first deals with Marxist assumptions about the relationship of economic development to the politics of industrial nations. It then turns to a discussion of the effects of "post-industrial" technology on political conflict. Finally, there is an examination of some consequences of the new inequality in socialist nations.

Historical Materialism & the Class Struggle

MARX'S CONCEPT of historical materialism is central to his theory of social change. It assumes that the economic and technological forces are primary, "the base", and that politics and values are functionally derivative—"the superstructure." Given this postulate, he believed that the socialist movement, and ultimately the Proletarian Revolution, would develop with the growth of capitalist industrialisation. The common experience of economic exploitation would lead the workers to "class-consciousness" and to the realisation that they must join together to overthrow capitalism. The prediction that socialism was

[1] C. Wright Mills, *Power, Politics and People: The Collected Essays of C. Wright Mills* (ed. Horowitz, 1970), p. 256.

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"inevitable" rested on the further belief that the workers would become the large majority of industrial society, and that once this majority became class-conscious it would necessarily triumph. Of course the argument was buttressed by Marx's economics which held that capitalism, as an economic system, would break down once it had brought society to a high level of industrialisation.

Following this logic, Marx believed that the most developed society should have the most advanced set of class and political relationships. As he put it in *Capital*, "The country that is more developed industrially only shows, to the less developed, the image of its own future. . . ." This meant that socialism as a movement and ultimately as a social system would emerge most strongly and triumph first in the most developed capitalist country, which, from the late 19th century on, was the United States.

Many Marxists, therefore, repeatedly looked to America as the country that would show others the way to socialism, in spite of the glaring weakness of socialist parties in the United States. As Howard Quint points out, they

> "found the United States, of all the countries in the world, most ripe for socialism, not only in the light of Marxian law of economic development, but also by the express opinion of Friedrich Engels."

Karl Kautsky, considered the leading Marxist theoretician in the German Social Democratic Party, announced in 1902 that

> "America shows us our future, in so far as one country can reveal it at all to another."

He elaborated this view in 1910, anticipating "the sharpening of class conflict more strongly" there than anywhere else. The British Marxist H. M. Hyndman noted in 1904 that

> "just as North America is today the most advanced country, economically and socially, so it will be the first in which Socialism will find open and legal expression."[2]

Werner Sombart emphasised this point in his classic book *Why Is There No Socialism in the United States?* (1906):

> "If . . . modern socialism follows as a necessary reaction to capitalism, the country with the most advanced capitalist development, namely the United States, would at the same time be the one providing the classic case of Socialism, and its working class would be supporters of the most radical of Socialist movements."

Maxim Gorki (who supported the Russian Bolsheviks from 1903 on) wrote in 1906 of his conviction that "socialism would be realised in the United States before any other country in the world." August Bebel, the leader of the German Social Democrats (in an interview in the American socialist paper *Appeal to Reason*) stated unequivocally in 1907: "You Americans will be the first to usher in a Socialist Republic." His belief—at a time when his party was already a mass movement with many elected members of the *Reichstag*, but the American Socialist Party secured less than 2% of the vote—was based on the fact that the United States was "far ahead of Germany in industrial development." He reiterated this opinion in a second interview in 1912, when the discrepancy between the strength of the two movements was even greater, saying that America would be "the first nation to declare a Cooperative Commonwealth."[3] The French socialist Paul Lefargue, who was Marx's son-in-law, paraphrased Marx on the flyleaf of his book on America by asserting that "the most industrially advanced country shows to those who follow it on the industrial ladder the image of their own future."

AMERICAN MARXISTS, though more aware of the problems facing their movement than their European comrades, also recognised that the assumptions of historical materialism required that the United States should be in the lead. Thus, at the 1904 Amsterdam Congress of the Socialist International, which was attended by representatives of much stronger European parties, the leader of the Socialist Labour Party, Daniel De Leon (regarded by Lenin as the one creative American Marxist theorist), commented that "taking into consideration only certain cardinal principles, the conclusion cannot be escaped that America is the theatre where the crest of capitalism would first be shorn by the falchion of socialism. . . ." Shortly thereafter, De Leon proclaimed to the 1906 convention of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW): "If my reading of history is correct, the prophecy of Marx will be fulfilled and America will ring the downfall of capitalism the world over."

[2] Howard Quint, *The Forging of American Socialism: Origins of the Modern Movement* (1953), p. 380; R. Laurence Moore, *European Socialists and the American Promised Land* (1970), pp. 58, 77, 102.

[3] R. Lawrence Moore, *European Socialists . . ., pp.* 78–79.

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The desire to see their theoretical anticipations confirmed led Marxists to draw enthusiastic, but inevitably exaggerated, conclusions that the American workers were finally awakening, and that a mass socialist movement was on its way. Yet these expectations came to naught. Max Beer, whose 50-year career in international socialism included participation in the Austrian, German, and British parties, described the anxiety and embarrassment created by the weakness of socialism in America before World War I.

> "The attitude of American Labour appeared to stand out as a living contradiction of the Marxian theory that the concentration of capitalist production, and attendant proletarization of the masses, was necessarily bound to lead to class struggles and to the formation of an independent Labour movement with Socialist aims and ends. . . . Was the generalization faulty, or were there forces in operation that neutralized it?"
>
> *Fifty Years of International Socialism* (1935), pp. 109–10

The problem summed up by Beer is still present, although since 1917 and the Russian Revolution there has been little discussion of the implications for Marxist theory of the weakness of socialism in the United States. In effect, latter-day Marxists have simply chosen to ignore the clear implications of historical materialism. One exception was Leon Trotsky, who (in an essay on Marxism written for an American audience in 1939) explicitly faced up to the issue. He quoted Marx's statement that the most developed country "only shows to the less developed the image of its own future" and then wrote, "Under no circumstances can this thought be taken literally." As we have seen, Marxists did take it literally before 1917.[4]

IF WE CONSIDER the logic implicit in an apolitical sociological Marxism and return to the proposition that the "most advanced" country shows to the less developed ones "the image" of their own future, then it should follow that the social, political, and ideological relationships which have actually emerged in the United States should show to other countries how they will develop. American politics, far from being "backward" and "behind" the politics of Europe, must be regarded as more advanced. Other countries should begin to resemble the United States as they become industrialised and affluent, rather than America take on the forms of less industrialised and poorer countries.

This is not the place to go into an analysis of "why there is no socialism in the United States." It is worth noting, however, that the evidence and arguments presented by a large number of scholars suggest that socialist class politics, as it developed in Europe, was less an outgrowth of *capitalist* social relations than of the pre-industrial, *feudal* society which explicitly structured relationships according to fixed, almost hereditary, social classes. Hence the emerging working class reacted to the political world in those terms. Walter Dean Burnham has aptly summed up this overall thesis:

> "No feudalism, no socialism: with these four words one can summarize the basic socio-cultural realities that underlie American electoral politics in the industrial era."[5]

The severe social strains of early rapid industrialisation in societies that took class for granted brought about working-class political action. And as Lenin, Kautsky, and others have commented, many of the European working-class parties came into being in the struggle for democracy, a factor absent in the American case, where the workers benefited from "the free gift of the ballot."[6]

As the industrial nations thrived economically, particularly after World War II, the rigid pre-industrial social class lines gradually broke down in most of Europe. This development weakened the correlation between class position and party allegiance.[7] The socialist parties moved away from Marxism to become more "catch-all" in order to appeal *across* class lines, especially to the burgeoning new middle class. This phenomenon has been

[4] Leon Trotsky, *The Living Thoughts of Karl Marx* (1939).

[5] Walter Dean Burnham, "The United States: The Politics of Heterogeneity", in *Electoral Behavior*, ed. Rose (1974), p. 718.

[6] V. I. Lenin, *On Britain*, p. 51; John R. Commons, "American Labour History: Introduction", in *History of Labour in the United States*, Vol. I (1926), p. 5; Selig Perlman, *A Theory of the Labor Movement* (1928), pp. 167–68; R. Laurence Moore, *European Socialists . . .*, p. 110; Seymour Martin Lipset, "Why No Socialism in the United States?" in *Sources of Contemporary Radicalism*, Vol. I (ed. Bialer and Sluzar, 1977), pp. 58–59.

[7] Paul R. Abramson, "Social Class and Political Change in Western Europe: A Cross-National Longitudinal Analysis", *Comparative Political Studies*, 4 (1971), pp. 131–55; David Butler and Donald Stokes, *Political Change in Britain* (2nd ed., 1976); K. Hildebrandt and R. I. Dalton, "The New Politics: Political Change or Sunshine Politics?", in *Elections and Parties: Socio-political Change and Participation in the West German Federal Election of 1976* (ed. Kaase and von Beyme, 1978), pp. 69–96.

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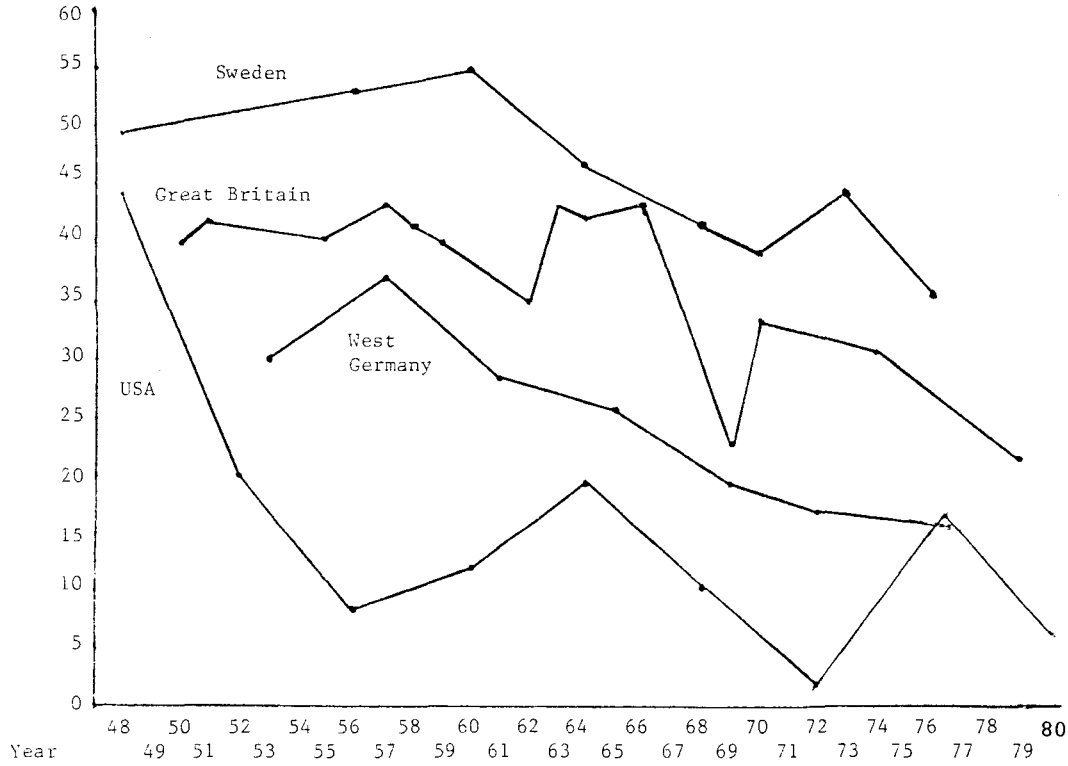
documented for many European Socialist and Social Democratic parties.[8]

It is possible to argue that the assumptions of an *apolitical* sociological Marxism have been borne out. The more explicit forms of class-consciousness that existed in Europe have been *declining*, and class is *less* important as a source of political struggle in advanced industrial society than it once was. The graph shows the trend in class voting for Sweden, Germany, Great Britain and the United States from 1952 to 1980.[9] Therefore, the higher the number, the greater the correlation between class and party preference. As the graph documents, there has been a discernible *decline in class*

[8] Otto Kirchheimer, "The Transformation of Western European Party Systems", in *Political Parties and Political Development* (ed. LaPalombara and Weiner, 1966), pp. 177–200; Klaus von Beyme, "The Changing Relations Between Trade Unions and the Social Democratic Party in West Germany", *Government and Opposition*, 13 (1978); L. Minkin, "The Party Connection: Divergence and Convergence in the British Labour Movement", *Government and Opposition*, 13 (1978), pp. 458–85; Frank E. Myers, "Social Class and Political Change in Advanced Industrial Societies", *Comparative Politics*, 2 (1970), pp. 389–412; M. Donald Hancock, *Sweden: The Politics of Post-Industrial Change* (1972).

[9] The Alford Index used here is the difference between the proportions of the manual workers and the non-manual workers who vote for the Left party. Robert Alford, *Party and Society: The Anglo-American Democracies* (1963).

ALFORD INDEX OF CLASS VOTING



The Trend in Class Voting in four Western Democracies, 1948–1980

SOURCES:

British Data, 1950–70: John W. Books and J. B. Reynolds, "A Note of Class Voting in Great Britain and the United States", *Comparative Political Studies*, 8 (October 1975), pp. 360–75; 1974 and 1979; calculated from Samuel E. Finer, *The Changing British Party System, 1945–1979* (1980).

Swedish Data: John D. Stephens, "The Changing Swedish Electorate: Class Voting, Contextual Effects, and Voter Volatility", *Comparative Political Studies*, 14 (Summer 1981).

German Data: Kai Hildebrandt and Russel J. Dalton, "The New Politics: Political Change or Sunshine Politics?", in Kaase and von Beyme, eds., *Elections and Parties: Sociopolitical Change and Participation in the West German Federal Election of 1976* (1978), pp. 69–96.

American Data, 1948–72: Paul R. Abramson, "Class Voting in the 1976 Election", *Journal of Politics*, 40 (January 1978), pp. 1066–72. *1976–1980*: calculated from CBS-*New York Times* Exit Polls.

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voting across a number of advanced industrial countries.

WRITING IN THE mid-1960s, the German-American Marxist Herbert Marcuse emphasised that the historical record indicated that affluent capitalism had eliminated all but the slightest possibility for radical protest from the working class:

> ". . . in the capitalist world, there are still the basic classes [capitalists and workers] . . . but an overriding interest in the preservation and improvement of the industrial *status quo* unites the former antagonists in the most advanced areas of contemporary society."
>
> *One-Dimensional Man* (1964), pp. xii-xiii

The French Marxists Lucien Goldmann and Henri Lefebvre criticised Marcuse, arguing that his interpretation was "not correct as far as it applies to the European countries; but . . . it is possible that his analysis might very well be true of America." Marcuse replied with the classic Marxist historical materialist position: "since the United States is economically more advanced than the European countries, it cannot be long before the phenomena . . . spread to western Europe."[10]

Of course, one may point to the fact that parties which call themselves Marxist hold power in many countries, and there are still mass "Marxist" (Communist) parties in some Western industrialised countries. But as we know, Communist revolutions have succeeded in pre-industrial agrarian societies—in Czarist Russia, in China, in Viet Nam. The large Communist parties of Europe took root primarily in the more economically backward nations of western and southern Europe, especially France and Italy. Marxism clearly failed or declined greatly in the more industrialised nations of northern Europe.

No crueller joke has been played in history, and no theory has been more confounded than that of Marxism, as it became the banner for movements in predominantly rural societies. As Marcuse stressed in *An Essay on Liberation* (1969), "revolution is not on the agenda" of the advanced Western industrial states, while the necessary "subjective factor" (political consciousness) and "objective factor" ("the support and participation of the class which is at the base of production") only "coincide in large areas of the Third World." Marx's fundamental premise has been totally refuted by history. Régimes identified as socialist or communist have come to power on the shoulders of the peasants of poor, underdeveloped economies. "Socialist revolutions" have occurred—but they have not been Marx's revolutions.

IT SHOULD BE NOTED, of course, that Marx (and many others) was right in assuming that *occupational position* would be a major determinant of political orientation and class organisation in industrial society. In all democratic nations, including the United States, there has been a correlation between socio-economic status and political beliefs and voting.[11] The less privileged have supported parties that have stood for greater equality and protection through government intervention against the strains of a free enterprise economy. Trade unions have gained strength in all industrialised nations. The state has become more powerful and has used its power to redistribute wealth and income.

But such politics is not Marxist politics. The presence of parties and unions representing the less privileged in democratic polities has served to stabilise these societies, indeed has helped win the allegiance of the proletariat to their national systems. To paraphrase Disraeli, workers have been "angels in marble"—they have been prospective supporters rather than "the gravediggers of capitalism."

Post-Industrial Society

THE CHANGES in the class and political relations of developed societies may be analysed within the framework of an apolitical Marxism; that is, the assumption that the level of technology will determine their forms. Some contemporary analysts have suggested that these systems are passing into a new stage, which for want of a better name they call "Post-Industrial."[12]

These societies are post-industrial because the trends analysed by Marx—increasing involvement of the labour force in the industrial productive

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[10] Serge Mallet, *Essays on the New Working Class* (1975), p. 48.

[11] Seymour Martin Lipset, *Political Man* (1960, expanded edition, 1981).

[12] Daniel Bell, *The Coming of Post-Industrial Society* (1973); Alain Touraine, *The Post-Industrial Society: Tomorrow's Social History: Classes, Conflicts, and Culture in the Programmed Society* (1971); J. Gershuny, *After Industrial Society? The Emerging Self-service Economy* (1978).

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apparatus, the growth of factories, large farms, etc.—have ended. Tertiary service occupations rather than production jobs are growing rapidly. The proportion (and, in some countries, the absolute number) of manual workers is declining. The expanding occupations are white-collar, technical, professional, scientific, and service oriented. The class structure now resembles a diamond bulging at the middle much more than a pyramid. High levels of education are needed for such economies and the number of students has increased many times. Education, science, and intellectual activities have become more important.

Western writers (Daniel Bell, Zbigniew Brzezinski, John Kenneth Galbraith, and Alain Touraine)—and Eastern academics too (Radovan Richta and his associates in the Czechoslovak Academy of Sciences, and such Soviet analysts as P. N. Fedoseev, V. G. Afanasyev, and V. Kosolapov)—have stressed the extent to which *theoretical* and *scientific* knowledge has become the principal source of social and economic change, altering social structure, values, and mores. These are developments that have given considerable prestige and power to the scientific technological élites. Soviet scholars and political leaders speak of "the Scientific-Technological Revolution", a concept closely akin to that of Post-Industrial society.[13] In the words of the Russian sociologist P. N. Fedoseev, it is

> "a sweeping qualitative transformation of productive forces as a result of science being made the principal factor in the development of social production. . . ."

Richta and his colleagues noted in 1968 that

> "science is emerging as the leading variable in the national economy. . . . There are signs of a new type of growth, with a new dynamic stemming from continual structural changes in the productive forces, with the amount of means of production and man-power becoming less important than their changing quality and degree of utilisation."

They pointed to "a relative decline in the amount of labour absorbed by industry and associated activities" and the prospect that the tertiary sector will encompass 40 to 60% of the national labour force in industrial countries in the coming decades, as is already the case in the United States. Alain Touraine (though still a supporter of left-wing causes in France) suggests that the basis of power in the West has changed as a result of these trends.

> "If property was the criterion of membership in the former dominant class, the new dominant class is defined by knowledge and a certain level of education."[14]

MUCH OF THE ANALYSIS of Post-Industrial society may be seen as congruent with (or derivative from) the Marxist orientation of historical materialism, which is based on the methodological premise that the principal determining factor in social development is change in the technological structure, that the cultural and political "superstructures" vary with base level of technology. This is not surprising, since a number of the key figures in this approach have been socialists or neo-Marxists (e.g. Bell, Galbraith, Touraine, and Richta). The emerging strata of Post-Industrialism—whose roots are in the university, the scientific and intellectual worlds, and are heavily represented in the public sectors and the professions—have developed their own values. According to Ronald Inglehart, these "post-materialist" values (labelled "post-bourgeois" in his original formulation) are related to "self-actualisation" needs (aesthetic, intellectual, belonging and esteem). These values manifest themselves in a desire for a less impersonal, more open, more cultured society, a freer personal life, and democratisation of political work and community life. Such concerns run counter to those that dominate among the traditional classes of industrial society—which have been preoccupied more with satisfying material needs, i.e., with sustenance and safety. For people with these objectives, the most

[13] Victor Ferkiss, "Daniel Bell's Concept of Post-Industrial Society: Theory, Myth, and Ideology", *Political Science Reviewer*, 9 (1979), pp. 97–99.

[14] P. N. Fedoseev, "The Social Significance of the Scientific and Technological Revolution", *International Social Science Journal*, 27 (1975), p. 152; Victor Ferkiss, "Daniel Bell's Concept . . .", p. 97; See also V. G. Afanasyev, *The Scientific and Technological Revolution—Its Impact on Management and Education* (1975). Radovan Richta, et al., *Civilization at the Crossroads: Social and Human Implications of the Scientific and Technological Revolution* (1969), pp. 39, 120–24; David R. Cameron, "Postindustrial Change and Secular Realignment", (Ph.D. diss., University of Michigan, 1976), pp. 17–47; T. La Porte and C. J. Abrams, "Alternative Patterns of Postindustrialism: The California Experience", in *Politics and the Future of Industrial Society* (ed. Leon N. Lindberg, 1976), pp. 28–36; J. Gershuny, *After Industrial Society?* pp. 92–136; Alvin W. Gouldner, *The Future of Intellectuals and the Rise of the New Class* (1979), pp. 15, 83; S. Pollard, "The Rise of the Service Industries and White Collar Employment", in *Post-Industrial Society* (ed. Gustafsson, 1979), pp. 17–47; Alain Touraine, *The Post-Industrial Society*, p. 51.

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salient concerns are a high standard of living, a stable economy, economic growth, an enduring family life, fighting crime, maintaining order.[15]

Another student of changes in values, Scott Flanagan, has reconceptualised and broadened the distinctions. He suggests that advanced technology has led to a change from traditional consciousness to libertarian consciousness, shifting "along four dimensions: frugality *versus* self-indulgence, pietism *versus* secularism, conformity *versus* independence, and devotion to authority *versus* self-assertiveness."[16] It has been noted that these value changes are related to the general climate of affluence and the absence of major wars. The generations that came of age during the post-World-War-II era hold vastly different values from the previous cohorts, who were reared in economic scarcity and experienced severe economic depressions and international conflicts. While there is a generational effect, clearly post-bourgeois values are much more common among better educated and wealthier individuals.

THESE FORMULATIONS are important, although some of their assumptions about the decline of materialistic concerns may be questioned. Alan Marsh, in an analysis of British data, finds that the "post-materialists" are not personally anti-materialistic. His research shows no differences between the materialist and the post-bourgeois on concerns about "not having enough money, or financial debt, or needing extra income." What differentiates the two groups is simply their political ideologies, not their attitudes toward materialism.

> "Post-bourgeois groups [notes Marsh] are distinguished from Acquisitives by their relative youth, wealth, and education *and by their concern for ideology*."[17]

[15] Ronald Inglehart, "The Silent Revolution in Europe: Inter-generational Change in Post-Industrial Societies", *American Political Science Review*, 65 (1971), pp. 991–1017; *The Silent Revolution: Changing Values and Political Styles among Western Publics* (1977); "Value Priorities and Socioeconomic Change", in *Political Action: Mass Participation in Five Western Democracies* (ed. Barnes et al., 1979), pp. 305–43.

[16] Scott C. Flanagan, "Value Change and Partisan Change in Japan: The Silent Revolution Revisited", *Comparative Politics*, 11 (1979), p. 274.

[17] Alan Marsh, "The Silent Revolution, Value Priorities, and the Quality of Life in Britain", *American Political Science Review*, 69 (1975), p. 28.

[18] Ronald Inglehart, "Value Priorities . . .", pp. 210–11.

The Politics of Post-Industrialism

REGARDLESS OF WHAT label we give this change in orientations, it has profoundly affected the political arena.

> "The political implications of these hypotheses are significant. First, they imply that rising prosperity would not bring an end to political conflict, as the 'End of Ideology' thesis seemed to promise—even though this thesis was partially correct, in that rising prosperity apparently did bring a decline in traditional forms of social class conflict. What this thesis failed to anticipate, however, was that new grounds for conflict are likely to emerge, as new goals come to the fore."[18]

The basic political division of industrial society was materialistic, a struggle over the distribution of wealth and income that exists side by side with the continuing religious, ethnic and regional conflicts surviving from the pre-industrial world. But Post-Industrial politics is increasingly concerned with *non-economic* or *social issues*—a clean environment; a better culture; equal status for women and minorities; the quality of education; international relations; greater democratisation; and a more permissive morality, particularly as it affects familial and sexual issues.

These concerns have produced new bases for political cleavage which vary from those of industrial society and have given rise to a variety of "single-issue" protest movements. Since the existing political parties have found it difficult to link positions on the new issues to their traditional socio-economic bases of support, party loyalties and even rates of voting participation have declined in many countries. In effect, cross-pressures which derive from differential commitments to economic and social values have reduced the saliency of loyalty to parties, which was previously tied largely to the structural sources of cleavage in industrial society.

The reform elements concerned with "post-materialist" or social issues in the main derive their strength *not* from the workers and the less privileged—the social base of the Left in industrial society—but from affluent segments of the well-educated: students, academics, journalists, professionals and civil servants. The "New Left", the "New Politics", the "Green parties"—all receive their support from such strata. Most workers, on the other hand, remain concerned with material questions. Less educated, less cosmopolitan, less affluent, less secure, they are also more

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traditional and discernably more conservative in their social views.

THUS, THERE ARE NOW two Lefts, the "materialist" and the "post-materialist", which are rooted in different classes. A conflict of interest has emerged between them with respect to the consequences of policies that affect economic growth. The materialist Left wants "an ever-growing pie" so that the less privileged can have more, while the post-materialists are more interested in "the quality of life." Willard Johnson, a Black political scientist, argues that the post-materialist Left

> "is guilty of debating the issues in terms of values that, for all their humaneness, ignore the concerns of the poor. . . . No doubt their concerns feed on a genuine consideration for the quality of life, but they seem to me mistaken about the contribution material goods can make to it."[19]

Or, as the late Anthony Crosland (a Cabinet member in various British Labour governments) contended, those who seek to limit growth to protect the environment are

> "kindly and dedicated people. But they are affluent, and fundamentally, though of course not consciously, they want to kick the ladder down behind them."
>
> *Socialism Now* (1974), pp. 77–78

Both Lefts are often in the same party (Democratic, Social Democratic, even Communist, as in Italy)—but they have different views and interests. One commentator sees a parallel between these two Lefts and the conflict between Marx and the utopian socialists—that is, they both favour equality but they dispute the role of economic development in attaining it.[20] The "New Politics" intelligentsia does not like trade unions, which, like business, it considers "materialistic" rather than "public-interested." Some workers move Right as a result, move over to more conservative groupings which espouse growth and a competitive, mobile society, while retaining beliefs in traditional social values. The Left, however, picks up support from the growing ranks of the intelligentsia. The correlations between *class*- and *party*-voting have been reduced.

In line with the classic logic of historical materialism, the United States, as "the most developed nation", should be among the first to exhibit the characteristic politics of Post-Industrialism. The record would seem to sustain the assumption. As Jean-François Revel pointed out in 1971,

> "one of the most striking features of the past decade is that the only new revolutionary stirrings in the world have had their origin in the United States. . . . I mean the complex of new oppositional phenomena designated by the term 'dissent'."[21]

A critical intelligentsia, based on the new middle class, emerged as early as the 1950s with the formation of the "reform" movement within the Democratic Party, and constituted the beginning of what was subsequently labelled the "New Politics." As Jeane Kirkpatrick states, "The appearance of significant numbers of college-educated, socially mobile, issue-oriented voters in urban and suburban reform clubs was noted by political observers in New York, California, Wisconsin, Missouri and elsewhere."

The 1960s witnessed the full flowering of the "New Politics" in the form of opposition to the Viet Nam War, struggles for Civil Rights, Women's Lib and Gay Liberation, and Environmentalism, as well as the emergence of new life-styles:

> "the involvement of basic cultural symbols in the political arena has become a regular feature of our politics. As *avant-garde* culture spread through rising college enrolments, the electronic media, and mass-circulation magazines, anti-bourgeois attitudes . . . became the bases of the anti-establishment politics of the 1960s. . . . It is now clear that the assault on the traditional culture was mounted by young and not-so-young representatives of the relatively privileged classes, while the basic institutions of the society were defended by less-prosperous, less-educated, lower-status citizens."[22]

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN the "New Politics" Left and the traditional working-class-based Left has occurred largely within the Democratic Party. Its defeats in the presidential elections of 1968, 1972,

[19] Willard R. Johnson, "Should the Poor Buy No Growth?", *Daedalus*, 102 (1973), p. 174.

[20] N. S. J. Watts, "Post-Material Values and Political Change: Hypotheses for Comparative Research" (paper, International Society of Political Psychology, Washington, D.C., 1979).

[21] Jean-François Revel, *Without Marx or Jesus* (1971), p. 6.

[22] Jeane Kirkpatrick, "Politics and the New Class", in *The New Class?* (ed. Bruce-Briggs, 1979), p. 43–45.

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and 1980 can be attributed in part to the split between the Old Left and the New Left.

As noted in the graph on p. 21, class-voting in the US fell in 1952 and 1956, rose in 1960 and 1964, declined to an almost negligible level in 1968 and 1972, increased in 1976, and fell off again in 1980. Since 1952, the Democrats have won every election in which class-voting has increased, while Republican victories are associated with declines in the correlation. In 1952 and 1956, the defeated Democratic candidate for President was Adlai Stevenson, who has often been called the initiator of the "New Politics" phenomenon in America. He consciously sought to avoid the New Deal issues, linked to economic and class conflicts, and emphasised cultural and social concerns.

Class-voting moved up somewhat in 1960, largely reflecting John F. Kennedy's special appeal to less privileged Catholic ethnic voters. It rose dramatically in 1964, when Senator Barry Goldwater, the Republican nominee, advocated repeal of many of the Welfare-State and pro-trade-union policies, while Lyndon Johnson was emphasising New Deal reform measures. In 1968 Hubert Humphrey, a New Dealer, was the Democratic candidate for the presidency; but he lost votes to both Left and Right because of the saliency of non-economic issues. Many blue-collar voters supported George Wallace, reacting against Humphrey's stand on civil rights, while the "New Politics" Left, whose supporters had voted for Eugene McCarthy or Bobby Kennedy in the primaries, refused to back Humphrey because of his lack of commitment to ending the war in Viet Nam, and his links to the old politics.

These factors continued to affect electoral behaviour in the ensuing decade. In 1972 the "New Politics" Left won the Democratic Party nomination for its candidate George McGovern, but was defeated soundly in the general election. McGovern was the first Democratic Presidential nominee since the 1920s not to receive the support of the labour movement (AFL-CIO), since many blue-collar voters deserted the Democrats to vote for Richard Nixon, who was campaigning on traditional values and law-and-order. The split between the two Lefts in the Democratic Party can be seen in the phrase circulated by the Humphrey trade-union-based wing of the party, depicting McGovern as the candidate of "Amnesty [for Viet Nam deserters], Abortion, and Acid [drugs]." Four years later, however, the Democrats were able to win back the White House, when *both* major parties nominated candidates who were identified as social conservatives. Thus, many workers who had voted previously for Nixon (or Wallace) returned to the Democratic line to support Carter.

The Democratic nomination contest in 1980 was, in some part, a fight between Jimmy Carter, viewed as socially conservative, and a "New Politics" challenger, Edward Kennedy, who also sought to appeal to workers and minorities on economic issues. The opinion surveys, however, reported a strong relationship between socio-economic status and candidate preference, with the less privileged and the older voters supporting the Southern incumbent—and the more affluent, better educated and younger people backing his Northern opponent.

THE "POST-MATERIALIST" ELEMENTS found both major party nominees, Reagan and Carter, objectionable. For much of the 1980 campaign they supported an independent alternative, John Anderson, whose campaign stressed an enlightened social liberalism. In a full-page advertisement in *The New York Times* of 27 June 1980, the Anderson campaign organisation called for support because of their candidate's record on five issues: protecting the environment; civil rights; the Equal Rights Amendment; federal funds for abortions for the poor; and reduction of excessive government regulations.

The opinion polls reported that Anderson's strength (around 22% at its height in July 1980 but down to 7% in the election in November) consisted largely of comparatively well-to-do people, college graduates, professionals, Jews, and self-identified liberals. His 300-page "platform" statement issued in August was relatively conservative on economic issues, and very liberal on social and foreign policy questions. Survey data also indicated that Anderson's followers were much more socially liberal than Carter's supporters. The trade unions, on the other hand, were strongly opposed to Anderson and endorsed Carter, the Democratic nominee, whose strength came disproportionately from the older, less educated, poorer and working-class sections of the population.

In the elections themselves, class factors again became less important as Anderson's support dropped off rapidly, following a pattern typical of third-party candidacies in the United States. Differences in party orientation towards social issues were more important than in 1976. The Republicans explicitly rejected many of the social

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programmes of the New Politics—the Equal Rights Amendment, government financing of abortions for poor people, and measures designed to foster racial integration, such as busing. Ronald Reagan linked his campaign to the efforts of highly moralistic evangelical religious groups opposing politicians who favoured the new social permissiveness.

Although Jimmy Carter tried to avoid being identified with the social policies advocated by the "New Politics" wing of his party, he could not openly repudiate them and still hope to retain their support. Hence social issues played a somewhat greater role in the outcome of the 1980 election than they had four years earlier.

The "New American Style" of activism, single-issue movements, and radical cultural politics spread during the 1960s to other parts of the developed world, which were entering the stage of Post-Industrialism. Campus-based protest occurred in all the European countries. Sizable Left-wing tendencies, rooted in the new middle-class groups, challenged the moderate union-based leadership of the Social and Social Democratic parties. But these developments were "imitations of the American prototype, or extensions of it, and subsequent to it. . . . European dissenters, who represent the only force which has been able to rouse both the Left and the Right, the East and the West, from their academic torpor, are the disciples of the American movements."[23]

In Sweden, the Social Democrats (who actively pursue pro-growth measures as the best way to achieve a "better, more equitable world") have been weakened by the Nuclear Power debate. In the late 1970s, while a number of intellectuals and the youth within the party were "anti-nuclear", the trade unions adamantly favoured building more nuclear power plants. This division seriously hampered the party's election efforts, thus contributing to its first defeat in 44 years. The principal victor in terms of electoral gains was the Centre Party, the most active anti-growth, anti-nuclear party. Many analysts attributed the defeat to the Social Democrats' support of nuclear power.

> "Swedish voters had difficulty fitting the atom power issue into their habitual political patterns of thought. Young leftists considered that the Centre Party atom power policy lay to the left of the Social Democrats. The usual left-right line-up between the parties broke down on the atom power issue: Centre took a left view and the Social Democrats a more rightist one. . . ."[24]

This conflict has yet to subside.[25]

IN FRANCE, THE DIFFERENCE between the two Lefts was in many ways responsible for the collapse of the *Union de la Gauche* and its *Programme Commun* in the 1970s. Initially conflicts over post-materialist issues made the forming of a coalition among Left parties difficult. The Socialists and the CFDT union, both of which gained many supporters among the new middle class, were extremely critical of the Communists and the Common Programme. The main points of disagreement surrounded the role of the state and nationalisation in furthering the interests of the working class. The CFDT took the position that the Communists were much too state-oriented: "the *Programme Commun* presupposes that a decisive social and political change will result merely from the nationalisation of the leading companies by the state. . . ." They also differed about growth. "The *Programme Commun*, according to the CFDT, was based upon the same logic as the type of economic growth proposed by the capitalist theorists: the exclusive criteria of a high level of production and profit. Now since 1970, the CFDT has come out in favour of a 'new type of growth' which is more qualitative than quantitative."[26]

While the Socialists and Communists maintained an uneasy alliance until the election in 1978, these differences proved fatal to the CFDT. Jean-Louis Moynet (a secretary of the Communist-dominated CGT union) explained the electoral failure of the Communists as flowing from

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[23] J.-F. Revel, *Without Marx or Jesus*, pp. 6–7.

[24] Hans Zetterberg, "The Swedish Election of 1976", (paper, Ninth World Congress of Sociology, Uppsala, Sweden, 1978), p. 36.

[25] The Social Democrats remained divided during the nuclear power referendum campaign in March 1980. A number of leading party intellectuals openly supported the most anti-nuclear alternative on the ballot, siding with the Centre Party. This division within the Left has affected support for the labour movement. A general strike called by the labour federation (LO), in May 1980, was supported by only 25% of those polled in a national survey, although the Social Democratic and Communist vote is normally close to 50%. Political observers reported that reactions to the strike were affected by the pro-nuclear role of the labour movement in the referendum debate. At the height of the strike, a leading Left-wing intellectual and environmentalist published an article in the country's major newspaper criticising the union movement for its crass materialism, for engaging in "nothing more than a bid for a still higher living standard in a country already boasting one of the world's highest."

[26] G. Lavau, "The Changing Relations Between Trade Unions and Working-Class Parties in France", *Government and Opposition*, 13 (1978), p. 453.35. Hildebrandt and Dalton, "The New Politics . . .", pp. 87–89.

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> "the stubbornness and intransigency of the Communists and the CGT concerning the minimum wage, nationalisations, or even concerning their lack of interest in such issues as women's rights, ecology, the nuclear threat and education."

A French Communist historian, Jean Ellenstein, argued in 1978 that his party had lost support because of its failure to emphasise the social issues. He noted that prospective supporters

> "have not always been at ease with the 'proletarian' style adopted by the Communist Party in its electoral campaign. . . . They are increasingly concerned with qualitative problems, even if some quantitative problems continue to exist."

GERMAN ELECTORAL BEHAVIOUR points to similar phenomena. During the Weimar Republic and in West Germany in the 1950s, traditional class divisions determined the support for Left and Right parties, while "the issues which divided the groups were primarily economy and security related." Starting in the 1960s, the new middle class, including civil servants and salaried persons, developed a liberal attitude on the so-called "New social issues", while the old middle class, the self-employed remained conservative on the new as well as the old questions of "materialistic" politics. The workers, however, began to move in the opposite direction from the new middle class, that is, from a Left position on the conflicts of the Old Politics, to a more conservative position on the New Politics issues. Some observers anticipate that "as Post-Materialist concerns and values become more predominant in politics and more salient to growing portions of the German electorate, the traditional bourgeois-proletariat cleavage should continue to decline in importance and clarity."[27]

Comparable processes have been at work in Japan, which has moved more rapidly than other countries from a Pre-Industrial to an Industrial to a Post-Industrial society. Many Japanese, although experiencing the advantages of rapid growth, have become increasingly disturbed by its social costs. In 1971,

> "seven times as many people in Japan regarded environmental pollution as the top-priority task for the nation as those who considered further economic growth the most important national business. The number of consumer protests . . . rose twenty-seven-fold between 1962 and 1970, and protest and petitions about pollution doubled during a recent three-year period."[28]

The *benefits* of successful industrialisation are selective and class-related, while the *costs* of industrialism "tend to be egalitarian, catholic, indiscriminate, hence cross-stratal in nature."

> "Indeed, petrochemical smog, for instance, does not know the difference between upper-middle-class children and working-class children . . . the rich and the not-so-rich alike love fish in Japan, but fish, in all too many cases, are poisoned by chemical waste that industrial plants so callously dispose of into all convenient bodies of water."[29]

One analyst of Japanese electoral opinion data concludes that the increasing importance of value issues appears, in part, to be responsible for the weakening association between occupational class and voting behaviour. Since economic and value cleavages are "cross-cutting", a third dimension that measures the relative salience of value issues was necessary to predict voting choices more accurately.

> "I have shown that those voters who are cross-pressured by their value preferences and occupational class will tend to vote in line with their value preferences if they place greater stress on nonmaterial priorities and value issues, and with their occupational class if they attach greater importance to material priorities and economic issues."[30]

Curiously, the prototypical country with respect to the breakdown in class-linked politics has been Denmark. There "the relative number of workers voting for the Social Democrats declined from 80% in 1957 to 39% in 1973 . . . and the Conservatives who were supported by 39% of all employers in 1957 were down to 9% in . . . 1973." Support for the two small New Left socialist parties "nowadays is not . . . characterised by close communications with the working class. Voters for these parties are younger; they are better educated than the average voter; quite a few of them are still in the process of

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[27] Hildebrandt and Dalton, "The New Politics . . .", pp. 87–89.

[28] T. Tsurutani, "Japan as a Postindustrial Society", in *Politics and the Future of Industrial Society* (ed. Lindberg, 1976), p. 105.

[29] T. Tsurutani, *Political Change in Japan: Response to Postindustrial Challenge* (1977), p. 50.

[30] Scott C. Flanagan, "Value Change . . .", pp. 201–202.

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educating themselves for academic or semi-academic positions. . . ." As Mogens Pedersen emphasises:

> "In a comparative perspective it can be argued that this development, the basic feature of which is the decomposition of the traditional class-based party system, does not differ from the development in other European systems, at least not with regard to the character and the direction of the change. Everywhere social class tends to lose in importance."[31]

WHAT DO THESE TRENDS portend for working-class influence and power? The answer, in part, hinges on whether "Post-Materialistic politics" is a short-run or long-term phenomenon. If prosperity is the most important variable in the emergence of these new values, then we can expect them to decline if the economy becomes seriously troubled. Yet evidence from West Germany suggests that even with the economic decline of the 1970s, the New Politics has a firm foundation. It has been argued that Post-Materialism "displays too much of a structural component, and therefore permanence, to be considered just a fad of the young . . . future politics will be increasingly Post-Materialist politics . . . [that] does not imply that material values are not relevant; they will continue to be so. The point is that Post-Materialist values become relatively more important, and here is where we see potential sources of strain for Post-Industrial societies."[32] If Post-Materialist politics is a structural phenomenon related to the shifting occupational structure, support for the New Politics should increase, for there is a growing number of jobs outside of the industrial sector, whose holders will presumably be more disposed to oppose growth.

But beyond the staying power of the New Left, it is important to note that the classic political division of industrial society still predominates in evoking partisan support. The electorate of the Left still comes disproportionately from the working class and the more deprived; the conservative parties continue to have greater support from the more affluent strata. Trade unions have gained a new source of influence through increasing involvement in the economic planning process in a number of advanced industrial societies. Many élites in these countries currently see economic growth as their *raison d'être* and they need organised labour to sustain it. In any case, the working class will continue to maintain socio-economic leverage through what has been called their "power to disrupt": indeed strikes in Britain are now referred to as industrial action.

IT IS FAR FROM CERTAIN, however, that the two Lefts will oppose each other at the ballot box. Alain Touraine believes that the new middle strata which he describes as "a new working class" will support radical politics. He sees them as increasingly alienated, reduced in status and subject to "capitalist controls", much like the proletariat. As a result they will cooperate with the manual working class. And Ronald Inglehart has noted that although there can be acute strains between an older Left (emphasising economic gains for the working class), and a newer Left (more concerned with life-style changes, with qualitative rather than quantitative gains)—

> "both factions share a common concern with social change in an egalitarian direction, and precisely because the goal of equality appeals to different groups for different reasons, it may serve as a bond that holds the Left together."[33]

Over the long run, it is estimated that the influences which press new middle-class elements to move to the Left on social issues should be stronger than those which dispose working-class traditionalists to switch to the Right.

Michael Harrington (a leading socialist of the American Left) has suggested the possibility of a coalition between the two Lefts. He hopes that a middle ground can be found: "not either cancerous growth or no growth, but . . . planned growth on a human scale." Certainly, not all environmental efforts are zero-sum games. Concern about pollution and toxic waste disposal (as evidenced in the Love Canal tragedy in New York) is an example of an issue that cuts across the two Lefts. Indeed, some leaders in each group, realising that they need each other for political strength, try to endorse policies of concern to the other. "Environmentalists

[31] Mogens N. Pedersen, "Denmark: The Breakdown of a Working Multiparty System" (unpublished paper, Odense University, 1979). See also Ole Borre, "The Social Bases of Danish Electoral Behavior", in *Electoral Participation: A Comparative Analysis* (ed. Rose, 1980), pp. 256–260.

[32] Max Kaase and Samuel H. Barnes, "In Conclusion: The Future of Political Protest in Western Democracies", in *Political Action . . .* (ed. Barnes et al.), pp. 524–525.

[33] Ronald Inglehart, *The Silent Revolution*, . . . p. 366.

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for Full Employment" publicly backed both the full-employment and labour-law reform bills, and efforts at "consumer protection" have brought the trade unions and the New Politics together in the USA.

YET THERE REMAIN more divisive areas than mediating ones; fundamental differences exist on such issues as foreign policy, nuclear energy, and social and moral concerns, as well as the profound distrust the different types of personalities in the two Lefts feel toward each other. In essence the future depends on the degree of flexibility and compromise shown by ideologically different groups who have the pursuit of greater equality as common ground.

Inequality under Socialism

ALTHOUGH THE MARXIST THEORY of proletarian revolution has been confounded and disconfirmed by the pattern of politics in different countries, a related aspect and prediction of historical materialism has indeed been verified in events and processes which have occurred in the countries which call themselves "socialist" or "communist."

Marx assumed that socialism as a system, a relatively egalitarian society, could only be established in highly developed industrial nations. His premise for this was the belief that the inequalities of intense stratification were a result of scarcity. Marx argued that in systems which did not and could not produce enough economic goods for all to live well, inequality and class exploitation would exist, and the dominant position-holders in such societies would necessarily take a disproportionate share of the goods for themselves. The basic condition for equality, according to Marx, is abundance—having enough goods so that, if shared, all can live well. The "historically progressive task" of capitalism was not only to create the working class (which would one fine day eventually overthrow it), but also to produce the advanced technology and affluence necessary for socialism. Hence socialism is impossible until economic abundance exists.

Marx, as we know, polemicised against those who believed that socialism could occur prior to abundance. *They* were useless "utopians"—while *his* brand of socialism was "scientific" because it was based on historical materialism which took care to relate social systems to appropriate material conditions. What would happen if socialists tried to create socialism under "utopian" conditions? That is, if they overthrew capitalism before it had exhausted its "historical mission" to create an advanced affluent industrial system? His earthy answer in *The German Ideology* (1845-46) was clear. In order to build socialism it is necessary to have

> "a great increase in productive power, a high degree of its development. . . . This development of productive forces is absolutely necessary as a practical premise: for the reason that without it only *want* is made general, and with *want* the struggle for necessities and all the old filthy business [the German word was '*Scheisse*'] would necessarily be reproduced."

Trotsky discussed this passage in *The Revolution Betrayed* (1937) in his desperate effort to explain why Stalinism occurred and resulted in a system of intense inequality.

In other words, efforts to create an egalitarian society under conditions of economic scarcity must fail, *must* result in a new system of exploitation, of class domination. As Rosa Luxemburg (in *The Russian Revolution*) described the contradiction,

> "elementary conceptions of socialist politics and an insight into their historically necessary prerequisites force us to understand that under such fatal conditions even the most gigantic idealism and the most storm-tested revolutionary energy are incapable of realising democracy and socialism but only distorted attempts at either."

This is, of course, what has happened in the less- or under-developed countries which have become "revolutionary" or Communist. They cannot be "workers' states", for they are class-ridden societies. There is merely the emergence of "the new class."

Karl Wittfogel in his famous work on *Oriental Despotism* (1957) took this analysis one step further by drawing on another category in Marx's writings, the concepts of "Asiatic society" and "Oriental despotism." Wittfogel notes that Marx described a social system which had existed in certain Asian states where large irrigation works were a prime condition for agriculture. In these societies, the State rather than "private property" was the key source of class rule. The state became powerful and maintained control because only a strong state could establish and allocate water resources. The ruling class was the group which controlled the state. Such systems were highly

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centralised, despotic, and sharply stratified. Using Marxian categories, Wittfogel argues that Communist societies should be seen as forms of Oriental despotism—their characteristics, class and political relations, resemble those described by Marx as inherent in "Asiatic systems."

WITTFOGEL SUGGESTS that Lenin (who knew his Marxian texts) was consciously worried that the Soviet Union was becoming such an Oriental despotism, that he had only helped to create a new exploitative régime. In a speech delivered on 20 April 1921 at the 10th Party Congress, Lenin said, "Socialism is better than capitalism, but capitalism is better than medievalism, small production, and a bureaucracy connected with the dispersed character of the small producers." He went on to note that the roots of bureaucracy in the Soviet Union were "the fragmented and dispersed character of the small producer, his poverty, the lack of culture. . . ." To understand Lenin's implications, Wittfogel notes that "the initiated will recall Marx's and Engels' view that self-sufficient, dispersed and isolated communities form the solid and natural foundation of Oriental despotism." And Wittfogel concludes:

> "in Aesopian language he was obviously expressing his fear that an Asiatic restoration was taking place and that a new type of Oriental despotism was in the making."

At the same 1921 Party Congress, Lenin, concerned as he was over the potential of the new bureaucracy to exploit the Russian people, advocated *independent* trade unions, which would have the right to strike, to protect the workers against the bureaucracy which dominated industry and the state. In a passage that the compilers of the latest official Moscow edition of his Party Congress speeches have seen fit to omit, Lenin declared:

> "Ours is a workers' government with a bureaucratic twist. Our present government is such that the proletariat, organised to the last man, must protect itself against it. And we must use the workers' organisations for the protection of the workers against their government."[34]

Lenin, of course, cannot be exempted from responsibility for the creation of the oppressive Soviet state. He was warned by Trotsky in 1903 that his highly centralised party structure would lead to a "pseudo-Jacobin dictatorship over the masses", that it would end with the use of "the guillotine" to eliminate dissidents. Trotsky prophesied that the Leninist seizure of power would result in a situation in which "the organisation of the Party would take the place of the Party itself; the Central Committee takes the place of the organisation; and the dictator takes the place of the Central Committee. . . . " The leader of the abortive German communist revolution, Rosa Luxemburg, anticipated in 1918 that the curtailment of the rights of opposition in the Soviet Union would result in a totally repressive society, "in which only the bureaucracy remains as the active element . . . without a free and untrammelled press, without the unlimited right of association and assembly, the rule of the broad masses of the people is unthinkable" (*The Russian Revolution*).

TROTSKY AND LUXEMBURG in taking these positions were closer than Lenin to the classic Marxist orientation, for Engels had explicitly written:

> "if anything has been established for certain, it is this, that our party and the working class can achieve rule only under the form of the democratic republic. This is even the *specific form* for the dictatorship of the proletariat. . . ."[35]

Thus we see that Marx's theory of historical materialism relied on advanced industrial systems to generate the conditions under which the working class would come to power so that a free, egalitarian, socialist society could flourish. But capitalism, far from "braking" or "fettering" the forces of production, led to a highly efficient, very productive Industrial Society. The workers in the most industrialised countries have not turned to revolutionary socialism, however, but rather to labour-party and trade-union action to improve their lives. "Marxists", on the other hand, have taken power in pre-industrialised, poverty-stricken societies and, as Marx anticipated, have revived "the old filthy business", whether one goes on to call their nations "Oriental despotisms" or not.

[34] Manya Gordon. *Workers Before and After Lenin* (1941).

[35] Marx/Engels, in *Selected Correspondence, 1846–1895* (trans. Dona Torr, 1942), p. 486. On the same page of the edition of the Marx-Engels *Correspondence* from which the Engels statement is taken, the Russian editors inserted a comment by Lenin from his *State and Revolution*, in which he reported that Engels had said "the democratic republic is the *nearest approach* to the dictatorship of the proletariat." The Stalinist editors noted that this formulation constituted a "revision of Marxist views about democracy." It is clear that Lenin changed Engels' formulation, possibly to deny that the specific form of a state dominated by the workers should be a "democratic republic."

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The New Class in Socialist Society

COMMUNIST COUNTRIES are also experiencing the strains flowing from inequality and the rapid growth of scientific and technological professions. As already demonstrated in a number of Eastern European countries, as well as in the Soviet Union itself, considerable discontent and protest exist among the well-educated strata. Workers have engaged in strikes and in protest movements, sometimes in alliance with segments of the intelligentsia and the student population. Most are in the stage of "industrialisation", hence their workers face experiences comparable to those in the West some time ago; but they lack the protection of workers' parties and trade unions. As a number of socialist intellectuals have recognised, they require the erection of "class defence" organisations to protect them against the Left Bureaucracy or "the new ruling class."

At the turn of the century, a Polish revolutionary and former Marxist, Jan Machajski, produced what has been called "a Marxist interpretation of Marxism." He argued that the triumph of socialist would only bring about a society controlled by the educated classes who would exploit the underprivileged strata. Concepts of "participatory democracy"—control of the machinery of complex industrial society "by the masses"—were utopian and would only serve as an ideology to conceal the fact that socialism would be severely stratified with respect to power and privilege.[36]

Some years later, the German sociologist Robert Michels, while still a member of the Social Democratic party, published his classic work, *Political Parties* (1911), elaborating on the structural determinants of "oligarchy" in all political parties and types of societies. He concluded that a socialist revolution would necessarily result in

> "a dictatorship in the hands of those leaders who have been sufficiently astute and sufficiently powerful to grasp the sceptre of dominion in the name of socialism. . . . The socialists might conquer, but not socialism, which would perish in the moment of its adherents' triumph."[37]

More recently, while discussing the real objectives of the Post-Materialist protesters against contemporary society, observers have revived Machajski's theme that the populist slogans of radical élites are essentially only expressions of their feeling that *they*, rather than older dominant groups, should be in power. "Post-Materialist radicalism" is seen as a response to "the power-frustration experienced by many middle-class Europeans who are excluded from the exercise of such power and from positions of high social respect . . . ." By speaking out "against their class interests they . . . also acquire a reputation for altruism." But, congruent with Machajski's critique of the objectives of the radical mandarins of the Czarist empire, what they are really seeking is power and status for themselves.[38]

THESE ANALYSES PARALLEL the interpretation which Marxists and others have given of the role of the democratic and egalitarian ideologies of the American and French Revolutions in "legitimating bourgeois class rule."

Given the impossibility of abolishing the structural causes of class domination, Machajski argued that the only honest position for any one interested in improving the position of the masses is to help them *resist* those in power through organisations *independent of* the State and its dominant social or political class. Michels also emphasised the need to help "the masses, so that they might be enabled, within the limits of what is possible, to counteract the oligarchic tendencies. . . ." He called for support of oppositionist movements "as contributing to the enfeeblement of oligarchic tendencies", so long as the groups do not take power.

> "Democracy is a treasure which no one will discover by deliberate search. But in continuing our search, in labouring indefatigably to discover the undiscoverable, we will perform a work which will have fertile results in a democratic sense."

A few of the contemporary Post-Materialists implicitly take a position close to that advocated by Machajski and Michels. Organisations such as the

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[36] Barry Bruce-Briggs, "An Introduction to the Idea of The New Class", in *The New Class*, p. 12–14.
Jan Waclaw Machajski, "On the Expropriation of the Capitalists", in *The Making of Society* (ed. Calverton, 1937), pp. 427–36; Max Nomad, *Aspects of Revolt* (1961), pp. 96–117, *Dreamers, Dynamics and Demagogues* (1964), pp. 103–108, 201–206; Paul Avrich, "What is Machaevism?", *Soviet Studies*, 17 (1965), pp. 66–75; M. Shatz, "Jan Waclaw Machajski: The Conspiracy of The Intellectuals", *Survey*, No. 62 (1967), pp. 45–57.

[37] Robert Michels, *Political Parties: A Sociological Study of the Oligarchical Tendencies of Modern Democracy* (1962), pp. 348, 355.

[38] Alan Marsh, "The Silent Revolution . . .", pp. 29–30.

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civic initiative groups in West Germany or *Acorn* in the United States seek to work with underprivileged elements outside the electoral process so that regardless of which political force holds office, they can continue to press for increased rights and representation.

THE POSITIONS TAKEN BY Machajski and Michels implied that Marx himself was a political "utopian", and in the very sense in which he had used the word. They believed that the structure of large-scale society makes a non-exploitative egalitarian system impossible, that it requires a domineering class which uses its power to enhance its privileges. But at the same time, they agreed with his method of analysis! And indeed Michels explicitly accepted the Marxist materialist conception of history. As he emphasised, his own approach, as elaborated in *Political Parties* (pp. 368–69, 354),

> "completes that conception and reinforces it. There is no essential contradiction between the doctrine that history is the record of continued class struggles and the doctrine that class struggles invariably culminate in the creation of new oligarchies which undergo fusion with the old. The existence of a political class does not conflict with the essential content of Marxism, considered not as an economic dogma, but as a philosophy of history. . . ."

Although contemporary Marxists have chosen to ignore Machajski and Michels, it is worth noting that a leading theoretician of the Russian Bolshevik Party, Nicolai Bukharin (in his *Historical Materialism*, published in 1925) discussed Michels' ideas and acknowledged both their intellectual importance and the possibility that Michels might turn out to be correct! Bukharin agreed that in "the *transition period* from capitalism to socialism, i.e., the period of the proletarian dictatorship . . . there will inevitably be a tendency to 'degeneration', i.e., the excretion of a leading stratum in the form of a class-germ." But he countered Michels with the argument:

> "This tendency will be retarded by two opposing tendencies; first, by the growth of the productive forces; second, by the abolition of the educational monopoly. The increasing reproduction of technologists and of organisers in general, out of the working class, will undermine the possible new class alignment. The outcome of the struggle will depend on which tendencies turn out to be stronger."

Few nowadays remain in doubt as to which tendency has won. In the words of Tito's former second-in-command, Milovan Djilas:

> "the Communist revolution, conducted in the name of doing away with classes, has resulted in the most complete authority of any single new class. Everything else is a sham and illusion."
>
> *The New Class* (1957)

In the final year of his life, Leon Trotsky faced up to the possibility that Marxism might be, could be, a utopian doctrine, and even that the working classes of advanced industrial societies (the countries which had the prerequisites for "building socialism") were incapable of taking or holding power. If the revolution did not occur in the Western developed world, then (as his biographer and follower, Isaac Deutscher, summed up Trotsky's views):

> "the Marxist view of capitalist society and socialism must be admitted to have been wrong, for Marxism had proclaimed that socialism would either be the work of the proletariat or it would not be at all. Was Marxism then just another 'ideology' or another form of the false consciousness that causes oppressed classes and their parties to believe that they struggle for their own purposes when in truth they are only promoting the interests of a new, or even of an old, ruling class? Viewed from this angle, the defeat of the pristine Bolshevism would indeed appear to be of the same order as the defeat of the Jacobins—the result of a collision between Utopia and a new social order—and Stalin's victory would present itself as the triumph of reality over illusion. . . ."
>
> *The Prophet Outcast* (1953), p. 467

Or in Trotsky's own words (*In Defence of Marxism*, 1966), if the "proletariat should actually prove incapable of fulfilling the mission placed on it by the course of development, nothing else would remain except only to recognise that the socialist programme, based on the internal contradictions of capitalist society, ended as a Utopia."

TROTSKY DID NOT put off the test of the Marxist hypothesis to some far-off future. He recognised the record of Left-wing failures in industrial societies, and he stated unequivocally that World War II, which had just begun, presented the "decisive test."

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As Deutscher notes, "*He defined the terms of the test with painful precision . . . a matter of the next few years.*" If World War II did not "lead to proletarian revolution in the West, then the place of decaying capitalism would indeed be taken not by socialism, but by a new bureaucratic and totalitarian system of exploitation", based on state power.

Trotsky, unfortunately, was not allowed by Stalin to live long enough to react to the continued failure of Marxism in industrial societies and to the expansion of "degenerate" Communist bureaucratic rule in less-developed nations. He retained his faith in Marxism and in Revolution through to his assassination in Mexico in August 1940. His Trotskyist movement has continued to the present, seemingly unconcerned with the fact that the date for Trotsky's "final test" has long passed. [39]

In the end, it should be noted that Trotsky left specific advice to revolutionaries as to what they should do if Marxism turned out to be a utopian doctrine. His recommendation was roughly the same as those proposed by Machajski and Michels: Support the masses against the oppressors! "It is self-evident that a new 'minimum' programme would be required for the defence of the slaves of the totalitarian bureaucratic society." [40]

In the contemporary world, to think of "the Proletariat" and "the class struggle" is to focus on the position of the workers in Eastern Europe. "The Revolution" has come and gone, and they are now beginning, in political circumstances almost inconceivable in Marx's day, to find ways in which to develop, yet again, "class-consciousness" and "class organisation" under the alien conditions of State Socialism. Ironically, as the Polish strikes demonstrate, the usefulness of many of Marx's sociological insights—especially concerning the way the social situation of an industrial proletariat enables it to organise more effectively against oppressors than does that of any other class—has been demonstrated by events in the Communist world. An "historic mission" may yet be fulfilled.

[39] Isaac Deutscher, more faithful to the faith than to the man, describes Trotsky's specification of a decisive test of the Marxist hypothesis as "one of those over-emphatic and hyperbolic statements . . . which taken literally leads to endless confusion" (Deutscher, *The Prophet Outcast*, p. 467). Some would rather risk being utterly wrong than endlessly confused.

[40] Leon Trotsky, *In Defence of Marxism*, p. 11.

Infinite Loop

A pine-glade, seen descending from the pass:
  A single chunk of out-at-elbows rock
Prods through the lettuce-coloured upland grass;
  Pink tree-trunks; dangling moss . . .
                Why has it stuck
  Considering I do not even know
What holiday, which mountain-range it was?
  Or dream? No, not a dream.
                It is as though
Some fault deep in my circuitry, some block,
  Could never let the once-seen image go,
But kept repeating *rock; grass; tree-trunks; moss;*
  An unheard whisper.
                Twice a year or so
  It surfaces, bringing the same mild shock
Of clarity, then puzzlement of loss.
  Senile, in my residual bric-à-brac
Will this one shard retain its brilliant glow?

The road curved down in tight, exacting lines
Between undifferentiable pines.

Peter Dickinson

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Richard Mayne

The Binary Society

On the One Hand, & on the Other

NOT LONG AGO, I was called for jury service. It was a new experience, and it prompted a number of thoughts.

Our case was sordid, a muddled, murky affair involving allegations of theft, assault, and rape. Apart from a police witness, all the participants were black; with one exception, everyone else in the body of the court was white. No member of the jury seemed to have racist feelings; judge, counsel, court officials, and policemen were humane and studiously polite. But for all that, the air was thick with culture conflict. White people seemed to be judging black people: "respectable" citizens, who knew their way around their own society, seemed to be inspecting the denizens of a subculture which they found baffling. And the bafflement was mutual: several of the black witnesses sounded to me as if they were reciting what they thought we wanted to hear. Now and then, their phraseology had to be reinterpreted by judge or counsel, who repeated their original words in implied quotation-marks, as if holding them up with tweezers. Was this the Englishman's right to judgment by his peers?

We, the jury, were another example of culture conflict. Although supposedly the court's supreme common-sense arbiters, we most of us felt disoriented, like children at a new school. For me, certainly, school was the constant echo—gowned figures in dusty stone corridors, stained-glass windows, marble busts. But how leisurely the pace was! It was pleasant not to have to be in court before 10 a.m.; it was useful to have an hour for lunch, and very convenient indeed to be dismissed each day before the shops closed. But our time was precious, and that of the court expensive: so why not use it more economically by working longer hours? No one, of course, wants assembly-line justice. Courts, like banks, may well do much of their real work when closed to the public. Perhaps, too, it's felt that a few more hours of evidence might be taxing to our laymen's brains. Yet might not less time be wasted? The ground rent alone must be huge.

After a day or two, the new school began to seem less alien. Now old hands, we swept in, flashing our passes, heading adroitly for the lift or the stairs. But we still felt secretly timid and bewildered. Counsel might flatter us, the judge treat us with delightful courtesy: we nevertheless seemed to be there on sufferance. Shepherded about like stranded airline passengers, not allowed in the restaurant but only in a low-grade canteen, offered a pittance for expenses, marshalled daily into the same precise places in the jury box, and overawed by bewigged ceremonial as much as by our responsibility for a stranger's freedom, we subtly became both more and less than ourselves. The extroverts grew chummy and talkative, as if excited by novelty and time off work. The introverts shrank defensively, shy of their companions and afraid of breaking the rules by even alluding to the case before being locked in the jury room to debate it.

MOST TROUBLING of all, however, was my final impression: of having had to reach an unsatisfactory verdict.

Don't worry, ENCOUNTER lawyers—I'm not about to betray the secrets of the jury room. What took place there was rather a dim debate. But its keynote was perplexity: how to reconcile what we sensed, and what we knew, with the only options open to us under English law.

Several jurors, I suspect, found the defendant glib and unconvincing; and at least one of the prosecution witnesses must have been telling lies. An honest judgment would have been a Scottish "*Not proven.*" But the judge had instructed us carefully: if such was the case, our verdict must be

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"*Not guilty.*" We duly returned it. But some of us felt that the prosecution had been ill-prepared. In court, we ourselves would have liked to question some of the witnesses, and to ask why two key people in the story had not been called by either side.

By either side—there was the rub. We had been spectators, and were now arbiters, at a gladiatorial contest rather than an inquiry into the truth. Like most people, I had read attacks on Britain's adversary system of justice: now for the first time I was experiencing the frustration it can cause. In France, a *juge d'instruction* might have tried to establish beforehand some of the facts which were in dispute between prosecution and defence. He would have sought answers to some of the questions that we as jurors were longing to put. He would have insisted, surely, that the missing witnesses be produced.

To be fair, a British judge might have made meaning remarks to counsel on this last point. The grass in distant law-courts often looks greener; and the French inquisitorial system, which has potential dangers, may have been overpraised. But sitting in the jury-box, watching prosecution and defence counsel each construct an implausible, partisan version of complex events, I couldn't help feeling how typical this was of so much in Britain at present. What a deeply binary society we are!

I DON'T MEAN in terms of blacks and whites—or even in the sense of Disraeli's "Two Nations." In differing degrees, in fact, both these dualities are themselves binary simplifications. What I'm referring to is our tendency to polarise complex realities, often into conflicts between two "opposing sides": them and us, cowboys and Indians, cops and robbers, workers and management, male and female, town and country, Left and Right.

It isn't simply our addiction to football and cricket. Man is in part a binary creature, with two legs, two arms, two ears, two eyes, and so on. Our simplest form of progression is walking—one foot forward, then the other. Binocular vision helps us judge shape and distance: but if we had three or four eyes, or could see all round us like birds, we might have different mental habits. "There are two sides to every quesion", we say, balancing one hand against the other: but why not five? (Answer yes or no.) Duality satisfies. Winston Weathers, an American linguistics expert, has pointed to the "rhetoric of series": a list of three items seems reasonable, persuasive, and representative; four suggest copious detail; two imply finality—that's that. It's helpful to weigh a puzzling world in a pair of scales.

One can of course build highly complex structures from a binary base. The most persistently binary writer I can think of is Arthur Koestler, as witness the titles of his best-known books: *Darkness at Noon, Arrival and Departure, The Yogi and the Commissar, Promise and Fulfilment, Insight and Outlook.* Even some of those less obviously antithetical have a similar two-noun ring: *Dialogue with Death, Scum of the Earth, Thieves in the Night, The Ghost in the Machine.* Koestler seems well aware of his Janus-like nature: it by no means limits the range, complexity, and subtlety of his thought. Nor should we expect it to, knowing that many digital computers use the binary scale. They score by the sheer number of simple operations they can perform at speed; and the result can be as striking as that obtained by the child who made the more profitable choice between two offers of pocket-money—£10 a week, or a halfpenny this week, a penny next, two pence the third week, and so forth. In one of Danny Kaye's films of the 1950s, the character he played was always quoting his wise old mother: "Now, zere are two possibeelities . . ." And there were: in her way, she was a slowcoach computer.

The analogy mustn't be pressed too far. Computers don't think—yet; and I don't believe that our binary habit of mind derives from them. What I would suggest is that it distorts our perceptions, not always helpfully; and that when it dominates our group behaviour, the results can range from the merely silly to the tragic.

TAKE A SIMPLE and fairly innocuous example: Town and Country. The antithesis has political overtones. Country-dwellers complain that the laws of the land are made in towns by townspeople; some farmers resent planning acts or ramblers who preserve rights of way. Town-dwellers use the countryside as a recreation area or a picturesque backdrop, and are appalled when the locals strew it with cheap sheds and plastic sacks. In many places, a sullen war is waged between the regular inhabitants, who need low-cost housing, and the owners of "holiday cottages" which stand empty for much of the year.

To legislators, "town and country planning" is a familiar phrase; but it covers much more than a dual reality. Much of Britain now is neither town nor country. As Colin Ellis once memorably put it,

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When England's multitudes observed with frowns
That those who came before had spoiled the towns,
"This can no longer be endured", they cried,
And set to work to spoil the countryside.

Ironically, Mr Ellis was director of a building society. Already in the 19th century, suburbia had become a third term in the town-and-country equation. It was followed by the then outer suburbs of "metroland." More recently, the countryside itself has begun to be suburbanised, not only by "new towns" and factory estates, but by the building of suburban-type villas, grand or modest, in areas otherwise rural. Indoors, too, country life has changed. In exurbanites' double-glazed cottages, you may still bang your head on what estate agents call "a wealth of exposed beams"—smiling millionaire sunbathers?—but the real rustics, many of them devotees of commercial television, have long since ordered steak-house wallpaper, wall-to-wall carpeting, and "dream bathrooms", often *en suite*.

Meanwhile, the towns have changed their nature. New "town houses", with neo-Georgian features but up-and-over garage doors, have brought a touch of the suburbs to the centres of some cities. Municipal green spaces have appeared, brave but forlorn like St Patrick's Cathedral in New York, dwarfed by the neighbour buildings. Middle-class urban peasants in ethnic or safari get-up have installed "country kitchens" in gentrified slums. Elsewhere, as in Birmingham, towns have been obliterated by motorways, tower blocks, and artificial shopping precincts, with escalators, pedestrian underpasses, and the general appearance of a vast airport without planes. No wonder that entrepreneurs turn restaurants and discothèques into dream-worlds, rural, exotic, or space-age: anything to escape the depressing reality outside.

WHAT WE HAVE, in fact, is no longer "town" and "country", but at least seventeen different types of habitat. Wilderness, as in parts of the Scottish Highlands; carefully preserved National Parks; traditional farmland; agri-business prairies; semi-rustic tatsville or H. E. Bates country; rich Home Counties exurbia; "new towns"; new university complexes; factory moonscape; outer suburbs; inner suburbs; town-centre suburbs; Oxbridge or cathedral cities; older commercial towns; seaports; planning-blight dereliction; urban motorway-land. Ideally, each needs individual treatment, plus overall planning as a heterogeneous whole. Either way (observe the binary habit) the simple dichotomy between Town and Country is a thing of the past.

MUCH THE SAME is true of other habitual pairings. Between East and West, where do we accommodate Finland, Yugoslavia, or India? In the southern half of the Brandt Commission's "North-South" divide, how much do Brazil and Chad have in common? Is Japan a Western country? Is South Africa part of the "free world"? Even in the old West, some cowboys married Indians. In the new West, male and female differ less markedly. Some cops turn out to be robbers. Off duty, we even find "them" rather like "us." But in Britain, as in some other countries, the most notable false polarity is political—the institutionalisation of doctrinaire fisticuffs between Left and Right.[1]

The Left/Right terminology dates from 1789 in France, when those who opposed the August decrees abolishing feudal privilege sat on the right of the President's rostrum in the Assembly, and their opponents on the left. Even then, matters were not simple. The "aristocrats" on the Right included many commoners, while their allies the *Monarchiens* were nicknamed "Englishmen" because they favoured a second chamber like the House of Lords. The "Patriots" on the Left, equally, were bourgeois, not proletarian; and some were liberal nobles with nationally famous names. The Assembly itself, moreover, was a curved amphitheatre, ancestor of the "hemicycles" that house most of today's continental Parliaments, and quite unlike the British House of Commons, divided like a football pitch into two diametrically opposite sides. Architecture may not determine political behaviour: but it does emphasise the binary mould into which so much political discussion in Britain is officially squeezed.

How tenaciously many people cling to their binary traditions was shown when Mrs Shirley Williams and her colleagues formed their Council for Social Democracy (*CSD*). Almost the first reaction was: what does the new group stand for? Fair enough, when *CSD*'s objectives had not yet been stated in more than general terms. But, to judge from letters in the press, supporters of the two main political parties who reproached *CSD* for its "lack of a clear-cut policy" were really pointing out that it lacked "a policy like our own." What *CSD* stood for, we were told, was either "not

[1] See also, in ENCOUNTER, the symposium on "Who's Left, What's Right?", February and March 1977.

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Socialism" or "Socialism in disguise": its Labour and Conservative opponents both attacked it for offering "no real alternative to the wishy-washy middle-of-the-road policies that got us into our present mess." *CSD*'s real offence, in other words, was to have invoked "a plague on both your houses." To custodians of the rival household gods, this was unforgivable—especially if, as seemed likely, many electors were fed up with binary excesses and extremes.

A political Punch-and-Judy show, of course, has its attractions. Prime Minister's Question Time is fun. But how relevant is it to the administration of a modern state? How relevant, too, is the pure milk—or hard liquor—of fundamentalist doctrine? It's tempting to argue, say, that big business should be accountable to the public as well as to its shareholders: but most people's experience of state monopolies makes them wary of Clause IV nationalisation. Conversely, people who refuse to do their jobs can't surely expect to keep them for ever; but few politicians would think it desirable, let alone possible, to abrogate the right to strike.

NOR IS IT ONLY extremism that makes the binary mould of politics an uneasy fit. In Britain today, as elsewhere, there are countless practical issues on which the two major parties are themselves divided, or which are not readily definable in terms of "Left" and "Right." As a sample, here are twenty propositions. Would it be "Left-wing" or "Right-Wing" to espouse any of these?

1. *A European Political Community.*
2. *A legally enforceable Bill of Rights and a Constitutional Court.*
3. *An elected second Chamber.*
4. *Compulsory voting in parliamentary and local elections.*
5. *Proportional representation by "single transferable vote."*
6. *Secret ballots, and no "block votes", in all unions and political parties.*
7. *The right for shareholders to "opt out" of companies' political contributions, by receiving an increased dividend.*
8. *Indicative planning for each major branch of industry, with production targets discussed jointly by officials, employers, unions, and consumers.*
9. *A four-day week.*
10. *Profit-sharing in all industries.*
11. *Employee and consumer representation on company boards.*
12. *Salaries, not wages, for all employees, with annual increments and bonuses for age, experience, or additional qualifications.*
13. *Index-linked contributory pensions for everyone.*
14. *A national curriculum and awards programme to encourage excellence and insist on minimum standards in maintained schools, with regular "MOT" tests for teachers.*
15. *Short sabbaticals for "permanent education", vocational and otherwise, and "skill centres" to forestall technological unemployment.*
16. *Mandatory retraining, community service, or jobs in public works, for all recipients of unemployment benefit after the first six weeks.*
17. *A tax and subsidy system to encourage the use of manpower and muscle where capital and energy can be conserved.*
18. *A "national housing reserve" and removal allowances to help labour mobility.*
19. *Free or subsidised public transport, financed in part by a toll on cars in cities.*
20. *A reform of the local rating system to relate expenditure to real need.*

I'm not propounding a political platform for *CSD* or anyone else—though everyone's welcome to pick up a plank or two. Nor do I mean to imply that these are "centrist" ideas. The very metaphor of "the Centre", with its dialectical overtones of thesis, antithesis, and synthesis, is a tacit surrender to binary preconceptions. What I do suggest is that a whole range of issues, including these and others, would benefit from being discussed on their merits rather than debated in binary fashion by the spokesmen of "Left" and "Right."

Not that there's much chance of such unfettered discussion. The words "planning" and "compulsory"—perhaps even the word "subsidy"—are Red rags to bullish backwoods Tories. More particularly, any proposals which might link or at length amalgamate "the two sides of industry" are anathema to the extreme Left. Industry, indeed, is where our binary society is most perniciously entrenched.

SINCE 1941 at the latest, when James Burnham published *The Managerial Revolution*, "workers and managers" has tended to replace the older duality of "workers and employers." In large-scale industry, family firms are fewer, and the "bosses" are usually salaried employees themselves. But, as Burnham implied, you wouldn't

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think so to look at them. Most of them, like their counterparts in banking or the civil service, are actually administrators: yet many enjoy the privileges of entrepreneurs. They travel first-class on the railways; they drive—or are driven in—company or official cars; they often have separate lavatories and canteens. In some factories, "the two sides of industry" recall the army's distinction between "officers" and "other ranks." That friction results is hardly surprising: in the worst instances, representatives of "the two sides" seem to spend as much time conspiring against each other as cooperating to satisfy the customers and beat the competition. The chairman of one nationalised industry even told me recently that he prepared his annual "wage round" like a general planning a military offensive.

How would a visitor from a more rational planet, starting from scratch, propose to manufacture, say, motor-cars? He might begin with a market survey, find financial backing, look for a place to work in, seek supplies of raw materials and components and, undoubtedly, recruit people to help him. But the very last thing he'd ever imagine doing, surely, would be to divide his team into two opposing "sides." He might agree with his colleagues that they take it in turns to work on the track or in the paint-shop, to look after marketing, do the routine chores, deal with the paperwork, and so on. Gradually, some people might prove better at one job than another, and eventually might take it on for most of the time. But, whatever the functional differences and operational flow-chart arrangements, profits would be shared according to age and ability, not "status", and there would be no social distinctions. Above all, the sensible visitor from outer space would take every care to prevent the team degenerating into two warring factions. He'd mingle "shop-floor" and "management"; and he'd certainly not allow those with the cleanest jobs to have exclusive use of the best canteens and washrooms. For "*visitor from outer space*" read "*Japanese entrepreneur in Britain*" and you may see what I mean.

"The two sides of industry" are of course a product of human nature as well as of history. But the binary pattern is not just the fault of privileged managers. Some of its support comes also from its supposed opponents on the extreme Left.

MOST revolutionary movements have their roots in yesterday's wrongs. The French Revolution of 1789 actually broke out when conditions were already improving. And many of today's "revolutionaries" seem to enjoy replaying the battle before last. Some try to analyse 20th-century society, with its powerful nation-states, multinational companies, and massive labour unions, as if it were still the 19th-century world of Engels and Marx. Reproving historians dwell with inverted nostalgia on the evils of Victorian capitalism. Political folk-singers, keening with vicarious self-pity, resurrect antique protest and work songs. "Concerned" theatre-goers applaud the discomfiture of top-hatted toffs in the cartoon dramas of "committed" playwrights. "Long live the bad old days", they all seem to be saying, "when villains were villains and the working classes were really oppressed. . . . " If tackled, they're likely to claim that the 19th century was a laboratory demonstration, making obvious the class struggle which is now obscured by greater prosperity, polite double-talk, and the palliatives of the Welfare State. Privately, they may even welcome slumpflation and "monetarism" as providential boosts to the previously flagging class war. Hot on the trail of exploitable binary folklore, they even postulate opposing ethical systems—"working-class" *versus* "middle-class" values. These resemble nothing so much as *papier-mâché* carnival floats, adorned with dummies in period costume and emblazoned with sanctimonious catchwords: *supportive*, *compassionate*, and *caring* against *competitive*, *divisive*, and *élitist*. Nettled by this facile sociology, some of its victims have mounted rival bandwagons of their own, claiming as "middle-class values" the universal virtues of foresight, hard work, and thrift. Needless to say, such unwary objectors have simply been gulled into playing their opponents' binary, confrontational game.

The aim of the game, from its sponsors' point of view, is presumably to prevent meritocracy absorbing the honest, uncompetitive sons of toil. Ultimately, it's hoped, confrontation will produce revolution, sudden or gradual. With or without the dictatorship—or "hegemony"—of the proletariat, social roles will be reversed, and a step will be taken towards the classless society. Few reasonable people, I think, would quarrel with that utopian objective: but experience suggests that revolutionary short cuts on the road to utopia, paved as they are with good intentions, lead to various versions of hell. Most revolutions stop halfway, with former underdogs becoming top dogs, but with liberty, equality, and fraternity still unachieved. "When the People contend for their Liberty", wrote that pragmatic old reformist George Savile, first Marquess of Halifax, 223 years

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before the Russian Revolution, "they seldom get anything by their Victory but new Masters." Meanwhile, "revolutionary" mythology merely consolidates the *status quo*. Promoters of "the class struggle", whatever their motives, are "objectively" (as they might put it) helping to maintain the binary structure of industry. Their efforts make everyone poorer and many people more oppressed. Heinz may mean beanz: binary means mean.

IT WAS TIME to leave the courtroom. We, the jury, returned our stereotyped verdict, collected our daily allowances, resumed our normal selves. In the street outside, newspaper placards were announcing the latest confrontations: "NO DEAL, SAY UNIONS"—"THATCHER SLATES FOOT." Could this pasteboard Wonderland be the real world? Nohow! Contrariwise! Surely we were back with the binary punctilio of the Court?

Delays

Some of the redeemed are queueing
For the last test of their patience.
They wait behind double glazing
While an officer telephones
For air tickets and exit visas.

The rest of us have two months to wait;
Months of light, olives, soft drinks,
The listlessness induced by heat
While clouds coalesce out of the day's
Perpetual misunderstanding.

They accumulate and hover
As if wanting to be bargained down.
Beneath them birds cluster on wire
Twittering, a sound which collects
All our ways of saying "Yes" or "No"

And migrates taking our chances
Of being answered as the clouds
Vanish leaving no more
Than wet ground, a stain on the day's
Routine of things failing to occur.

We begin with sentences of hope.
We require certain household items,
Cement for the crevice through which
Ants pour, a washer for a tap.
But the most we can achieve

Is an idiom for killing time.
Our grammar is slowly bleached
Of a past and future which become
A secret diction to interpret
What we are supposed to think.

Somewhere is an archive where requests
Ripen, are harvested and lost
While delays gather until they change
Into what we ask for but now find
Impossible to accept.

How should we describe delays;
As a jam of vehicles
Leaving Tripoli, blaring home;
As an avalanche of stone
Shifted by water greasing rock?

No, they mass like inclement weather
In the evening. But we are sleeping
When they break and shed everything
We need. Dreaming we can hear
Only the rattle of jalousies.

Imagine only the tankers
Dipping at anchor, the rockets
Swaying on their bases. By morning
The responses to our pleading
Glisten on barley in the fields

Or remain as dampness in the sand
Underneath our feet. By noon
They have faded as we walk by,
Parched of speech, of expectation,
While chickens chatter in Arabic.

James Sutherland-Smith

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On Rereading Bialik

Paradoxes of a "National Poet"—By DAVID ABERBACH

"The rage of Dante against Florence, or Pistoia, or what not, the deep surge of Shakespeare's general cynicism and disillusionment are merely gigantic attempts to metamorphose private failures and disappointments. The great poet, in writing himself, writes his time."

T. S. ELIOT, SHAKESPEARE & THE STOICISM OF SENECA

ONE OF THE GREAT, unexplained ironies of modern Jewish history is that Chaim Nachman Bialik (1873–1934), whom Weizmann called a giant of the Zionist movement, and who was hailed in his lifetime and until the present day as the poet laureate of the Jewish national renaissance, had painfully ambivalent feelings about this role to the point of rejecting it.

Instead, he saw himself in the humble role of an artist struggling with his personal agonies. Though he appeared in his poetry to be the virtual reincarnation of a Biblical prophet (Maxim Gorky, who read him in Jabotinsky's Russian translations, called him a "modern Jeremiah"), he was emphatic in dismissing his public role, echoing the prophet Amos: "I am no prophet, no poet,/ But a chopper of wood." His cynicism about writing of Zion is put frankly: "When you see me weeping for some wondrous land . . . do not mourn or comfort me, my tears are false." He twice removed the poem containing these lines from his *Collected Poems*.

His friendship with Joseph Klausner, who later became professor of Hebrew Literature at the Hebrew University, was undermined by this ambivalence. "As a poet", Klausner wrote, "Bialik did not take certain nationalist-Zionist obligations as seriously as I thought was right and proper for him."

AT THE TURN OF the century, the growth of Hebrew literature was unavoidably bound up with the rise of Jewish nationalism, so that a Hebrew writer was generally expected to write about national themes. Though in a remarkably short time there would be an eruption of Hebrew talent, in the 1890s (when Bialik began to publish verse) really original Hebrew poetry was scarce. In fact, not long beforehand, Judah Leib Gordon, the best Hebrew poet of his generation, had lamented that he might be the last Hebrew poet. By becoming the first great artist in modern Hebrew, Bialik automatically became a cultural hero, with accompanying responsibilities. The guilt that these responsibilities brought upon him was exacerbated by his close relationship with Ahad Ha'am, the foremost philosopher of cultural Zionism, who exerted a dominant influence upon him, and whom he loved as a father. Ahad Ha'am, worried about the future of Zionism, called upon Hebrew writers to forgo free creativity and to harness their energies to the national cause. Whether Ahad Ha'am's influence stunted Bialik's creative growth is debatable; but after the philosopher moved from Odessa to London in 1906 Bialik's poetry became increasingly overt in its biographical content. His last poem, written shortly before his death, has not a trace of nationalism.

BIALIK HAD NO AMBITIONS to become a national institution, but this is exactly what happened in his lifetime. He shunned the idea of being celebrated by the people, and suffered acute self-reproach over his status as national poet, feeling it to be undeserved. His first visit to Palestine, in 1909, started a wave of Bialik-mania; and to his disgust he was mobbed by crowds of enthusiasts who saw him as their prophet of revival. The Chief Rabbi of Palestine, Abraham Isaac Kook, set the tone for his reception, greeting him rapturously in the name of the people:

> "Sing from now, O poet beloved unto us, of the salvation of a people and its God, waken your harp. Be filled with the power and beauty to sing for us a song of the land, a song of rebirth."

To his wife, Bialik wrote from Jaffa, "The people regard me as someone worthy of respect, but I

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know that I am nothing, a nobody." The international fanfare which went on at the time of his 50th birthday weighed similarly on his conscience. He wrote at that time, "My spirit is bowed to the dust/ Under the yoke of your love"; and he complained, with bitter humour, that he was used as a coin vulgarly jangling in the national coinbox. His view of his poetry as illegitimate offspring, "hybrid children of mixed seed . . . fruit of harlotry", might, among other things, reflect his guilt at writing personal poetry mistakenly thought to be national.

To all appearances, however, Bialik played the role of national poet to the hilt. His best poetry, written mostly in Odessa in the years 1900–1911, was "national" both in its enormous impact upon the Jews and, to some degree, in its intent. His poetic genius and rare knowledge of Hebrew sources, gained through his Talmudic education, thrust him into the vanguard of Jewish writers who believed that if the nation was to be resurrected the language would have to be revived. He was adulated accordingly. The emotional climate which he helped to create was a windfall for political Zionism. Many Jews, raised to believe in the holiness of Israel and the Hebrew language, were as much under his spell as under that of Theodor Herzl.

BIALIK WROTE in an age of tragic social upheaval. The assassination of Czar Alexander II in 1881 had proved disastrous to the Russian Jews. It worsened their confinement in the Pale of Settlement and their severe economic restrictions, and it drove them in vast numbers to escape—to America, to Palestine, or through revolution. With immense poetic energy, unmistakably reminiscent of the style and tone of the Biblical prophets, Bialik seemed to convey not only the desperation which drove millions of Russian Jews to emigrate, but the burden of Jewish suffering in history.

As our voices entreating lift into the
darkness—
Whose ear will turn?
As our raw blasphemy streams to heaven—
Over whose crown will it trickle?
Grinding tooth, knuckling ire-veined fists—
On whose scalp will the fury drift?
All will fall windily
Down the throat of chaos;
No comfort remains, no helping hand,
no way out—
And heaven is dumb;
Murdering us with dispassionate eyes,
Bearing its blame in blood-torn silence.

After the murderous Kishinev pogrom in 1903, Bialik was driven to write "The City of Slaughter", the poem which cemented his reputation as national poet. He was barely 30 years old. No other modern Hebrew poem has stirred up such a public outcry in the Jewish world. It is the only poem of Bialik's which, in the aftermath of the Holocaust, has the ring of prophecy. Yet for all its power to inspire national outrage, the poem is grotesquely dependent for its artistic success upon Bialik's uniquely personal stress. Moving like a funeral procession, the poem tells, at times with nauseating detail, of a journey into hell, revisiting the scenes of violence, the streets and yards stained with blood, the vandalised houses, the cellars where women were raped and their children murdered. The explosion of sarcasm and bitterness to which this leads at the end of the poem has for its target the cowardly, parasitical survivors who roused Bialik's ire for using this national tragedy to elicit sympathy and funds for themselves:

Away, you beggars, to the charnel-house!
The bones of your father disinter!
Cram them into your knapsacks, bear
Them on your shoulders, and go forth
To do your business with these precious
wares
At all the country fairs!

(tr. A. M. Klein)

BIALIK'S chastisement, while it makes for extraordinary poetry—and shook the Jewish people in a way that they needed at the time—does not do justice to the historical facts. Bialik had been sent to Kishinev by Jews in Odessa to find out exactly what had happened, and to write a report. He knew at first hand, therefore, that the pogrom was as severe as it was precisely because some Jews did take up arms and defend themselves; yet in the poem there is no mention of this. The opportunists who so infuriated Bialik were a minority, and their unheroic conduct did not warrant the emphasis which Bialik gives it.

An explanation of these distortions is that Bialik, perhaps unconsciously, identified himself with these *schnorrers* as he does elsewhere: his indignation with them for using national tragedy for personal aims might partly have been a displaced form of self-chastisement for doing the same thing. In one of his poems, God chooses him to be a *schnorrer*-prophet: "Go round from door to door, knapsack on shoulder, go to the doors of generous men, bend down for a scrap of bread."

Even in poetry which appears to express fierce nationalism, the mark of a troubled personality is found. Bialik's central achievement, *The Scroll of Fire*, begins with a spectacular account of the ruin of the Temple in Jerusalem, but abandons national catastrophe to confess the ruin of one man, apparently the poet himself, by the fire of passion.

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THE HEBREW READING PUBLIC tended to overlook the idiosyncratic aspects of Bialik's art. The lopsided view of him was strengthened by his reputation as a political and cultural figure. He was one of the most influential Zionist leaders, frequently attending their congresses, and going on fund-raising missions. He was also an important man in Hebrew publishing, and in the field of Jewish education was looked upon as a pre-eminent authority. He co-edited the legends and folklore of the Talmud in the mammoth *Sefer HaAggadah*, an achievement comparable in its way with what William Butler Yeats did for Irish folk literature and myths. Together with these activities, Bialik produced some of the loveliest children's poems in Hebrew, and over a hundred of his lyrics have been set to music. Bialik, in short, had a charismatic appeal to everyone, from distinguished philosophers to small children learning to read Hebrew, and to everyone he spoke in his own language. Few poets have had such success as spokesman of a nation, the representative of its cultural life and hopes.[1]

To modern Israelis, Bialik is still the national poet *par excellence*, a classic who is highly praised and seldom read carefully. Amos Elon, in his book on *The Israelis* (1971), writes that "None before Bialik nor after has expressed the Jewish will to live in words and rhymes of such beauty and poetic force; he is rightly known today as the national poet of Israel." Clichés such as these are typical of the literature on Bialik. They reflect the popular response to him as the servant of a cause rather than to the content of his work. Jewish nationalists naturally saw in his poetry what was most meaningful to them. The most influential of Bialik's "national" poems, "The City of Slaughter", is known to have inspired the formation of Jewish defence groups in East European towns; but the poem itself is pessimistic to the point of despair. Bialik's mature poetry has little of the "will to live" for which he is commemorated in the traditional stereotype. Quite the opposite is true. In one of his morbid poems, the poet considers ways in which he might die, including suicide:

> ". . . perhaps through my very hunger and thirst for life and its pleasantness, with disgust of soul, braving the fury of the Creator, I will kick at his gift, and cast my life at his feet, like a defiled shoe torn from the foot."

To his friend Ben Ami, Bialik wrote in 1907: "Sometimes I feel like committing suicide—and I am too idle to do this good thing. . . . What difference if I live?"

BIALIK'S ART, like that of T. S. Eliot, was taken up by a movement which preferred to ignore—or remained ignorant of—the private, psychological reasons for writing, necessarily giving it instead a predominantly socio-political interpretation. Eliot's profession of the need for art to be impersonal did not stop him from disavowing the social import of *The Waste Land* which critics had read into it: "To me it was only the relief of a personal and wholly insignificant grouse against life."

And yet, it is not always undesirable to be misread. Bialik was fascinated, as Eliot was, by the subtleties of revelation, concealment, and deception in language—knowing, as Eliot put it, that "there may be personal causes which make it impossible for a poet to express himself in any but an obscure way." In an essay dealing with "Revelation and

CHAIM NACHMAN BIALIK

[1] The standard, though unfinished, biography is in Hebrew: F. Lachower, *C. N. Bialik: His Life and Work* (Tel Aviv, 1950). A summary in English of Bialik's life and work is contained in the *Encyclopaedia Judaica*.

Translations of Bialik's work are mostly out of date. They include *Aftergrowth and Other Stories*, tr. I. M. Lask (Philadelphia, 1939); *Poetic Works of H. N. Bialik*, ed. Israel Efros (New York, 1948). Selections can be found in *The Modern Hebrew Poem Itself*, ed. Stanley Burnshaw et al. (New York, 1965); and in *Modern Hebrew Poetry*, tr. Ruth Finer-Mintz (Berkeley, 1968).

Articles on Bialik in English include: David Patterson, in *The Foundations of Modern Hebrew Literature* (London, 1960); Mary Catherine Bateson, "A Riddle of Two Worlds: An Interpretation of the Poetry of H. N. Bialik", *Daedalus*, No. 95 (1966); Hayim Greenberg, "A Day with Bialik", in Marie Syrkin, ed., *Hayim Greenberg Anthology* (Detroit, 1968); Robert Alter, "The Kidnapping of Bialik and Tchernichovsky" in *After the Tradition* (New York, 1969); Leon Yudkin, "The Quintessence of H. N. Bialik's Poetry and its Significance", in *Escape into Siege* (London, 1974); David Aberbach, "Screen Memories of Freud, Bialik and Wordsworth", *Midstream*, October 1979.

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Concealment in Language", Bialik put forward the view that "language in all its forms does not reveal its inner meaning . . . but serves as a partition, hiding it." The persona of national poet was a convenient stay against over-inquisitiveness into his buried life. He writes in a late poem:

> "Therefore he reveals himself, to be invisible and to deceive you. In vain you search the recesses of his verses—these too but cover his hidden thoughts. . . ."

While the excessive veneration for Bialik led him to feel misunderstood, and even perhaps restricted artistically, he might have been thankful at times to hide beneath the protective mantle of National Poet. A British psychiatrist, the late D. W. Winnicott, found the same dilemma in all artists: "the urgent need to communicate and the still more urgent need not to be found. . . ."

The disparity between Bialik's openness as a public man and the hidden burden of his private life—the mainspring of his art—was sensed by a few of his acquaintances. "Bialik seemed always to be publicly revealed like a great open book", wrote the poet Isaac Lamdan shortly after his death.

> "Few sensed that behind this openness gaped the depths upon whose banks the poet walked unseen. Few felt the hidden molten restlessness bubbling and fermenting deep inside this strong-seeming poet. Like foaming bubbles floating on the water which hint at a great tumult within, this restiveness showed in his physical nervousness, his speech, his facial distortions, his occasional heavy silences, the sudden depressed look on his face. . . . Even when he was alive, we hardly knew anything about Bialik's hidden life. What do we know now?"

BIALIK KNEW BETTER THAN anyone that his emotional instability—and the art which issued from it—was largely a product of childhood trauma. Born in the Ukrainian town of Radi, Bialik was the son of a timber merchant whose business failed by the time the future poet was five years old. His mother, to whom he was strongly attached, was known for her wailing at funerals, a highly emotional and pious woman, troubled by the death of her first husband. The family moved to the nearby village of Zhitomir to start a new life, and the father set up as a tavern-owner (Bialik remembered him at this time studying *Mishna* while drunkards staggered in and out). Soon after, he fell ill and died, leaving three children. Bialik was about seven at the time.

Then occurred a blow comparable in its traumatic effect to Dickens' experience in the blacking factory. Bialik's distraught mother, having to go to work, was unable to care for him, so he was taken to live with his grandparents in an outlying suburb. Bialik was haunted by this memory to the end of his days, and although his mother was blameless, he could not help but feel betrayed. The death of his father and the forced separation from his mother—far more than the rise of Jewish nationalism—were the motivating forces and the focal points of his later life as an artist. Bialik's unease at being thought a "national poet" can be attributed partly to his awareness of the importance of these personal factors in his creative life.

Bialik was never reconciled to his father's death, and continually felt the ill effects of having missed the benevolent yoke of fatherly discipline and motherly love. At the age of 50 (in a conversation with the Zionist leader Hayim Greenberg), he confessed that he thought of himself as "an orphan who believes that a father does exist and that he might put in an appearance at any moment . . . this stems from weak nerves, from a certain ailment in the nervous system." Many years earlier he had written:

> "If only my father had lived, if only I had grown on his knees . . . he would have educated me in his way, according to my abilities. He would have taught me: this is the way for you to go and I would not have torn into ten pieces, my steps would have been sure on this chosen path, I would have had a settled mind, a man among men, knowing his worth and his place, happy and successful all his days. But because my father died and I was raised by my grandfather, my education was passed into the hands of strangers and my defeat was entire."

Bialik was in a life-long search for a father-substitute, such as Ahad Ha'am, and he projected his feeling of orphanhood on to his generation. In a commemoration of Ahad Ha'am in 1933, Bialik spoke emotionally of the absence of a strong leader (Weizmann, Ben Gurion, and Jabotinsky were then in their prime):

> "The generation which has no man to impose upon it his fearful authority—is an orphaned generation."

Bialik's life with his aged grandparents was restricted and puritanical, duty took the place of creative living, and inspiration was stifled. He was vulnerable to the onslaughts of relatives who had a notion of how to "civilise" the boy. He remembered with especial disgust the torture of religious life which his grandfather imposed upon him, the endless learning equated with virtue, the *Talmud*, *Mishna*, Bible, the Zohar, the prayers each day,

> "a hundred blessings, bundle after bundle of *mitzvot* [commandments], and the minutiae of *mitzvot*, and the minutiae of the minutiae from the day the Lord created the *Chumash [Pentateuch]* until the last book of laws or ethics

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was written down. . . . And all this labour the Jew is obliged to undertake, is forced to carry out, is not free to be rid of and escape from, even for one hour."

This side-effect of his family's break-up was secondary to the great tragedy of his adult life—his childlessness—which cannot be ignored in attempting to understand his writing. Whatever the reasons for his infertility (which his poetry constantly hints at), there is no doubt that he dearly wanted a child. The curator of the Bialik Museum in Tel Aviv, a close friend of Bialik toward the end of the poet's life, has told me, "You have no idea how much he wanted children. He was hungry for children. . . ." In one conversation Bialik recalled a 5-year-old girl who had travelled with them on a train (at that time there was talk of his being nominated for a Nobel Prize): "I can't get this girl out of my thoughts . . . if that German woman were to give me little Elsa, I'd gladly renounce all the Nobel Prizes in this world and the hereafter in the next. Let Klausner proclaim someone else as the greatest Hebrew poet. . . ." Of the world from which Bialik came, Maurice Samuel has written: "Childlessness was the great frustration . . . it was a dreadful thing for a Jew to die without leaving behind at least one son to say *Kaddish* for him at the appointed time."

BIALIK'S ORPHANHOOD and separation from his mother are related in various prose fragments, and in the poems "On An Autumn Day", "My Poetry", and *Orphanhood*. "My Poetry" purports to be a confession of the emotional sources of his poetry, particularly the period between his father's death and his removal to his grandfather's house. According to this poem his mother would labour in the market during the day and at home until midnight. At dawn she got up to bake bread: "And my heart knows that her tears fell into the dough. In the morning, when she cut the warm bread, salty with tears, and I swallowed it, her sighs entered my bones. . . ." Bialik never forgot the poverty of this period of his mother's degradation; he indicated that his endeavours for literary success were attempts to ensure that he would never know such poverty again. *Orphanhood*, Bialik's last poem, is the longest and most impassioned account of this troubled period. Comparing himself in his suffering to the fathers of the three main religions, he emphasises the universality of his tragedy: he is not only Isaac on the verge of being sacrificed, but also Ishmael abandoned by his mother, and Christ crucified.

One of the likely effects of his orphanhood was the heightening of his response to the natural world, finding in it some of the attributes of parental love and care, and the paradisal emblem of the lost time before his father's death. There are startling similarities between his poetry of childhood and that of William Wordsworth, who also suffered orphanhood and the complete disruption of his family at the age of seven (and also passed into the care of grandparents with whom he was miserably unhappy). In his semi-biographical prose-poem, *Aftergrowth*, Bialik writes of the language of nature, comparing it to the love which silently radiates from a mother to her child, constituting his bond with external reality:

> "There was no speech and no words—only a vision. Such utterance as there was came without words or even sounds. It was a mystic utterance, especially created, from which all sound had evaporated, yet which still remained. Nor did I hear it with my ears, but it entered my soul through another medium. In the same way a mother's tenderness and loving gaze penetrate the soul of her baby, asleep in the cradle, when she stands over him anxious and excited—and he knows nothing." *(tr. David Patterson)*

The same idea is found in Wordsworth's *The Prelude*:

> *. . . blest the Babe*
> *Nursed in his Mother's arms, who sinks to sleep*
> *Upon his mother's breast; who, with his soul*
> *Drinks in the feelings of his Mother's eye! . . .*
> *Along his infant veins are interfused*
> *The gravitation and the filial bond*
> *Of Nature that connect him with the world.*

Separation from the mother or, in Wordsworth's case, her death, seems to have created in both poets the need for a mystic bond with the natural world, a bond so strong that even inanimate objects would appear to have the breath of life:

> *There exists a silent immanent language, a*
> *secret tongue,*
> *It has no sound, syllable, only shades of hues:*
> *Enchantments, splendid pictures, hosts of visions.*
> *In this tongue God makes himself known to*
> *those his spirit chooses,*
> *It is the language of images revealed*
> *In a strip of blue sky and in its expanse,*
> *In the purity of small silver clouds and in their*
> *dark mass,*
> *In the tremor of golden wheat, in the pride of*
> *mighty cedars,*
> *In the rustle of a dove's pure wing*
> *And in the eagle-wing's sweep . . .*
> *In the roar of light, in the rumble of sea flaming*
> *With sunrises and sunsets.*
> *(tr. Ruth Finer-Mintz)*

This language of natural beauty through which God communicates with his chosen ones is remarkably like that of the "sense sublime" in Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey":

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And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky. . . .

THE BOND with natural objects carried over from the bond with the mother appears to have been an integral factor in the development of the imagination. Bialik writes that as a child he was always imaginatively "entering" objects such as trees or stones. In one such anecdote in which he "enters" the stove mouth, his mother pulls him in. Wordsworth's similar tendencies to incorporate himself within natural objects and his self-confessed need to convince himself of their reality might also be attributed in part to the loss of his mother and the uncertainties aroused by this loss; for as he told Isabella Fenwick,

> ". . . I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of idealism to the reality. At that time I was afraid of such processes."

In writing of early childhood, though in a somewhat idealised way, both poets were engaged in a form of self-analysis, as if in creative response to the trauma of loss. The poetry of childhood might also have been an expression of a desire for children. After Wordsworth's first legitimate daughter was born, in 1803, he practically stopped writing about childhood; Bialik returned to this theme for the rest of his life. Most of the poetry which he wrote during his last quarter-century was for children, and he poured into this work the love which he wanted to give to children of his own: "I will arise and go to the children, playing innocently by the gate, I will mix in their company, learn their talk and chatter—and become pure from their breath, wash my lips in their cleanliness." But his poetry for children is no escape, for Bialik cannot suppress the themes of longing and deprivation which permeate his other poems. In some children's poems these themes are presented even more starkly:

How shall I enter the gates
Of the treasured land,
If my key is broken,
And the door is locked?

Or, in another poem:

In a corner, widower and orphan—
A pale lulav, an ethrog with cut stem.
. . . My garden is ruined, its stalks crushed,
Its ways untrodden.

The infertile landscape in Bialik's poetry, as in that of T. S. Eliot, might be the metaphoric landscape of his own infertility: the desert, the dry tree, the ruin, thunder without rain, melancholy in spring, the loss of hope and desire for death which accompany these images and others might reflect the emotional state of being childless. In one of Bialik's poems, the theme of "April is the cruellest month" is particularly striking:

Spring will sprout once more, and I,
Upon my bough I'll hang in grief—
A sceptre bald, no flower his, nor blossom,
No fruit, no leaf.

Elsewhere, too, the comparison with a dry tree is found: ". . . a root of dust, a withered flower . . . a single nest of thorns and thistles, an empty shell, at my loins the staff of an oppressor—is this the tree of life?" Bialik's prose and poetry are filled with imagery of this sort. The same imagery—the "dead tree", the tree "crookt and dry", the "withered tree", the "land of barren boughs", the "hollow tree"—is found frequently in the works of T. S. Eliot. *Ash Wednesday* contains the image of being cut off from fertility:

. . . I know I shall not know
The one veritable transitory power
. . . I cannot drink
There, where trees flower and springs flow . . .

BIALIK'S WRITINGS both illuminate and are illuminated by the works of Eliot. Bialik's constant use of the landscape of ruin and waste land found in Jewish legend and history—the destruction of the Temple (*The Scroll of Fire*); the wanderings of the Israelites in the wilderness (*Aftergrowth*); the impotent Israelite warriors stranded in the desert (*The Dead of the Wilderness*); the quest beginning and ending by a ruin to bring the Messiah ("King David in his Tomb")—may have symbolic significance in the same way as Eliot's use in *The Waste Land* of the story of the impotent Fisher King, the quest for the Holy Grail, and the desert journey to Emmaus with the resurrected Christ: these legends and stories might, on one level, point to the infertility of the poet, and his desire for and failure to achieve sexual rebirth.

Most of the main elements in *The Waste Land* point to an anguished obsession with infertility, and the entire poem revolves around the equation of fertile land with potency. The Fisher King, to take the most notorious example, has suffered a sexual wound which has a homoeopathic effect on the land, making it barren. Eliot's fascination with

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Greek drama—the fragment "Sweeney Agonistes" is a brilliant imitation of Aristophanes—seems to have a lot to do with the idea made popular by Cambridge anthropologists such as Jessie Weston and Francis Cornford that the aim of this drama was to promote fertility.

The underlying theme of childlessness breaks into the open only in *The Confidential Clerk*, one of Eliot's late plays, written in the 1950s. Although each of the older characters has had a child, every one is, in a sense, childless. Two of them do not even know that they have children; another has lost his son in battle; yet another has pretended not to be a parent. At the beginning of the play, Sir Claude Mulhammer explains to his retiring clerk, Eggerson, that his new clerk, Colby Simpkins, is to be introduced to his wife, Lady Elizabeth, as "Mr Simpkins", not as "Colby":

SIR CLAUDE: The reason for meeting him as merely Mr Simpkins,
Is, that she has a strong maternal instinct. . . .
EGGERSON: I realise that.
SIR CLAUDE: Which has always been thwarted.
EGGERSON: I'm sure its been a grief to both of you
That you've never had children.

His childlessness has induced in Sir Claude an overwhelming feeling of having failed in life, despite his worldly success. He would have liked to be a potter, and his yearning to create "life itself" out of china or porcelain transparently reveals a desire for children:

. . . nothing *I* made ever gave me that contentment—
That state of utter exhaustion and peace
Which comes in dying to give something life. . . .

Valerie Eliot, the poet's second wife, has said that her husband was a naturally paternal man who should have had a large family. In spite of his phenomenal achievement and fame, he was afflicted at the end of his life by a strong sense of failure and disappointment. Precisely the same things have been said about Bialik, with the explanation that his childlessness caused him a massive feeling of inferiority. This attitude is evident in the mood of negation in the writings of both poets. The words "not" or "nothing" are frequent. Bialik, for example, writes that he is "a nothing, a nobody", he is "no prophet, no poet", "I have nothing but a frightened soul"; and Eliot turns away from ordinary life, "I cannot hope to turn again", to the belief that one must "go by a way wherein there is no ecstasy."

BIALIK AND ELIOT are part of a long literary tradition of using imagery of vegetable infertility to symbolise childlessness. The childless man and the dry tree are linked in the Biblical verse, "Neither let the eunuch say: 'Behold I am a dry tree' " (*Isaiah* lvi 3). Macbeth uses similar imagery in speaking of his childlessness: "Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown." D. H. Lawrence, in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, has the impotent Clifford Chatterley confess the torment of his childlessness in a ruined wood, with "long sawn stumps showing their tops and their grasping roots, lifeless." He says: "I mind more, not having a son, when I come here, than any other time."

Predicate thinking of this sort is found in Bialik's extraordinary sensitivity to images of ruin and infertility, a characteristic which struck the poet Ya'akov Fichman: "Each time that he saw the slightest sign of ruin in the fence or a dry branch on a tree he was extremely troubled by the sight. . . ." He wrote these lines after seeing a broken branch:

Like the twig that falls across the gate,
Sleep comes to me:
My fruit has fallen, what helps me now
My branch or tree?

One source of Eliot's creative impulse was a similar vulnerability to images like these. When he visited Burnt Norton in the 1930s and later wrote a poem with that title, he seems to have been moved specifically by the dry pool, the empty house, and the children playing in the garden—"What might have been and what has been"—as objective correlatives of his childlessness. Imagery such as this, expressed with great pessimistic authority, could be (and often was) taken to reflect the barrenness of a society, urgently in need of change.

AN ANALYSIS of the themes of bereavement and infertility in Bialik's writings, while making clearer his significance as a deeply personal artist of universal interest, does nothing to diminish his stature as a national poet. In fact, his mesmeric national appeal can be attributed partly to this side of his work, which seems, on the surface, to have the least to do with Jewish nationalism. The great blows to Jewish nationhood have traditionally been expressed in imagery of bereavement and infertility, and in a tone of loss remarkably like that in Bialik's poetry. Bialik's longing for his childhood and for his mother (who while still alive was, nevertheless, out of reach) seems to have corresponded with the national longing for Zion, for the imaginary lost paradise of the nation's childhood, for a land which, like the mother, still existed, but seemed equally beyond reach. Partly for this reason, he spoke to his "orphaned generation" with particular conviction.

The personal equivalent of the loss of the national homeland is bereavement, for a bereaved

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person, especially an orphan deprived of a secure home, knows most intimately the resulting confusions, the instability, and the terrors. Already in the Book of *Ezekiel* the tragedy of the individual and of the nation are symbolic of each other: the death of the prophet's wife both represents and is represented by the destruction of the Temple and the fall of Judah. Not surprisingly, the greatest Hebrew poet of Zion before Bialik, Judah Halevi, also suffered bereavement in early childhood.

The imagery of infertility is also found in traditional depictions of national calamity. In the Bible, the fall of the kingdoms of Israel and Judah is described in images of barren fields and vineyards, rotten fruit, leaves, and roots. In the Book of *Ezekiel*, the fall of Judah is related both in imagery of infertility and bereavement:

> "Your mother was like a vine in a vineyard transplanted by the water.... But the vine was plucked up in fury, cast down to the ground; the east wind dried it up; its fruit was stripped off, its strong stem was withered; the fire consumed it."

Bialik chastens the people, using the same epithets with which he chastises himself: they are dry as a tree, withered like grass, immobile, useless, rotten from head to foot.

One of the persistent themes in Jewish liturgy is the yearning to renew the days gone by, a motif prominent in Bialik's poetry of childhood. The hope for national renewal, for "a new heart and a new spirit", dates from the time of the exile of the Israelite nation by the Babylonians—when it became politically impotent and spiritually an orphan. Bialik occasionally, though not frequently, identified the nation's hopes as his own:

> "My might is that of the nation, I too have power enough! In open spaces set free my imprisoned strength! From the smell of the field the impoverished nation will blossom, and bones that decayed shall flower like grass."

Elsewhere, the poet imagines himself cutting out his heart and hammering it, filling it with new strength. For the most part, a halo of sadness and pain hovers over Bialik's work. The hope for the renewal of the self—as of the nation—is defeated.

MORE CLEARLY THAN most poets, Bialik bears out Lionel Trilling's contention that "the elements of art are not limited to the world of art ... anything we may learn about the artist himself may be enriching and legitimate."

Bialik is the principal subject of his poetry, a Romantic tormented by what he had lost in life and could never regain. In life-long mourning for his childhood, he spoke meaningfully to a people in perpetual mourning for its lost nationhood. The elegiac tone of his poetry is that of the Jewish people in exile. Bialik's private agony mirrored national trauma in such an extraordinary way that the two became intertwined and inextricably linked in the poetry.

The Widow

On her broken whirligig stool, on folds
Of old curtains, alone,
She will play most of today
Bach, Haydn and Mendelssohn.

The damp old wind of the Greeks
Curls up from Valéry's sea,
Which is not always blue, alas.
Rain drips from her black pine tree.

Thunder again. More rain
Roars down from the gutters.
Pinks, garlics bend outside. A crack,
And the one bulb flutters.

This much is certain now,
She hears no thunder, no phone.
On her old curtains, alone, she plays
Bach, Haydn and Mendelssohn.

Geoffrey Grigson

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NOTES & TOPICS

European Diary

Not Marx but Lennon

By Bernice Martin

"It is strange, that for all the efforts of the Elders of our tribes to provide the younger generation with fitting and suitable heroes... the heroes are still a long list of Ishmaels.... It is the face, the look, the loneliness, the uncommunicable, unclubbable—the figure we would all like to be or be in physical contact with—tall, dark, slim.... With our 7/6 we must buy him and kill him and then love the image and read the magazines and start all over again.

"For every sale there is a price, and this price is the desert. He stands like Billy Budd.... He won't come down. He can't. He must wait for us, for the judge and the jury and the god to crucify him and his only hope can be through a resurrection in the magazines; an eternal and indivisible and twice nightly sacrifice.... There is no heaven on earth, no dream come true. But still we turn to the lonely boy; in the city but not of the city."

RAY GOSLING, *Sum Total*

London

THAT WAS written in 1962 when the Rock world was not yet the mass public institution it has since become. In retrospect its accuracy is chilling. Count the toll of the sacrificial victims of Rock—most of them self-destroyed, consumed by the life-style and the insupportable meaninglessness of a situation from which limits of all kinds have been removed. Despite the pleasures and powers of success it is hard to find oneself a living icon or totem, embodying the fantasy-self of millions while one's private self is swallowed up by a monstrously inflated public image. Ishmael dead, a victim of his own role, is hardly surprising.

Yet the murder of John Lennon in Manhattan shocked us all in a new way—and the reaction was not confined to his particular following or to any one generation. The public vigils requested by his widow Yoko Ono were massively attended by all sorts and conditions of men: Manhattan city officials, New York ecclesiastical dignitaries, and US political leaders paid homage and respect alongside teenage rockers, school-teachers and secretaries, advertising officials and ex-flower children in many continents. The Tate Gallery in London set up his portrait in the foyer (as it often does to mark the death of a considerable artist). The BBC swiftly published the full text of the interview which the Lennons gave to Andy Peebles of Radio 1 two days before the tragic shooting. Memoirs and brochures appeared in the music papers, the popular press, and the quality Sundays. Lennon's little surrealist-Goon-show-style Penguin paperbacks *In His Own Write* and *A Spaniard in the Works* are selling almost as well as *The Lennon Tapes*. In the record charts since that December 9th, Lennon hits have stolen the show: two songs from the early 1970s, *Happy Christmas, War is Over*, and *Imagine* (No. 1 for weeks), dominated Yuletide sales. *Double Fantasy* (the newly released Lennon-Ono album) was an immediate sell-out, and two tracks from it made the No. 1 spot in the singles chart. *Working Class Hero* was dug out and played everywhere, unexpurgated.

What does this vast public act of homage signify? Part of it is the recognition of a classic tragedy. Lennon had come through the special hell of the professional Ishmael; he had re-created his private self, put down roots, and rediscovered "meaning in living"—he could even face Rock music again. More than that, in the murder itself it was appalling to witness what appeared to be a dreadful and pitiable parody of that curious process by which the acolyte merges his identity with that of the totem. Above all, the public response alerted us to the possibility that Lennon stood for something which struck a deep and reverberating chord in our culture (mainly in the under-40s, but perhaps more widely).

IT HAS LONG seemed to me that Youth Culture and Rock music constitute an important repository of what has been called "the invisible religion" of our apparently secular societies. Through participation in that all-pervasive, symbolic Carnival the young of each recent generation define and express their identities, absorb values, and find meaning; sex cements it all together. The response to John Lennon's death suggested to me that the same milieu held the key to what, by analogy, we might call the "invisible politics" of generations who seem to be

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as disenchanted with conventional politics as they are with established churches. Few other Rock idols—and certainly not the other three ex-Beatles—have quite the symbolic centrality of John Lennon in this respect. He stands on the bridge connecting the conventional mainstream (his Beatles ambience) with the Protest Politics of the late 1960s and early '70s. After all it is Lennon solo, his life and work after the break-up of the Beatle quartet which has been the main focus of celebration in the pamphlets, books and records sold since the murder. At the Liverpool vigil on the Sunday after his death, the two lyrics distributed on a painted sheet to aid community singing were *Working Class Hero* and *Imagine*. During the silent commemoration, the huge crowd sprouted a forest of PEACE signs and lighted candles. These are the clues to the grassroots "political" response which spreads well beyond the obvious "protest" core and which constituted John Lennon as a keeper of the conscience of popular radicalism.

BUT CONSIDER the ingredients in the mix. No stretch of the imagination could make them a coherent political philosophy or programme. Lennon (the ex-art-school student) and Yoko Ono (conceptual artist and stager of "Happenings") were late 20th-century Bohemians of a fairly familiar kind. They perpetrated typically *avant-garde* outrages. They held court in bed for a week to Witness for Peace (the "Bed-In"); they appeared only in paper bags for several days (the "Bag-In"); they made Warhol-type films, issued record-covers of themselves unclad (also of Nixon & Mao dancing together, equally naked), and so on. During the last interview with Andy Peebles, Lennon recalled in a very shrewd aside:

> "You learnt to have *avant-garde* exhibitions. The very fact that *avant-garde* can have an exhibition defeats the purpose of *avant-garde*, because it's already formalised and ritualised, so it's not *avant-garde*. But that was the only word—that was the word that was applied to her [Yoko] and her ilk. . . ."

Spontaneity and rule-breaking are what the game and the fun are about; formalisation and convention mean defeat and dullness. At bottom the Lennons, like most of the so-called "counter-culture", owed more to Tristan Tzara, André Breton, and the Goon Show than to Marx and Mao. They disliked formality; they anathematised authority in all its guises from Policemen to Teachers and Politicians (not to forget the fat-man-with-a-cigar who acts for the recording company). They prized sincerity, candour, and direct experience. For these reasons their art was supposed to mirror life "like it is":

> "An artist, as you know if you get truly inspired and something comes through you, like songs or poetry or whatever, then it's part of your experience, you know, so the thing is you can't lie, you know in your work somehow. . . . And so we're just sort of always bringing out songs that reflect our life." (*The Lennon Tapes*, p. 31)

That reflection could be taken as Lennon's withdrawal symptoms from heroin (*Cold Turkey*), or his delight in his little son, or his discovery of feminism.

IT IS all so essentially *personal*. There are no great, big, formal political doctrines there. Implicitly it is Persons versus Systems (all systems), not unlike Charlie Chaplin's tramp. The personal and the private are valued above the public and societal. That is why Peace is so existentially important—for it allows individuals to get on with their private lives unmolested by the State. Live and let live, quite literally: we all die a little bit each day, etc. That is why Yoko Ono's full-page advertisement (in the *Sunday Times* and elsewhere) was a *personal* message to fellow-mourners. There is also a strong element of identification with "underdogs"—the working class from which John Lennon came; the Third World; the Vietnamese peasant; Blacks; and ultimately Women, "the niggers of the world." But this vague, effusive, romantic enthusiasm—or *Schwärmerei* as it was called in the 18th century—falls short of any kind of coherent political programme. Andy Peebles asked Lennon about his song *Power to the People* (which many commentators, at the time, interpreted as Lennon making amends for having debunked the radicals in *Revolution* a couple of years earlier). Lennon explained:

> "Tariq Ali had kept coming round wanting money for the *Red Mole* or some magazine or other and I used to give anybody—it was sort of Left Field, *avant-garde* or sort of in the Art field or political field—money kind of out of guilt as well, because I was thinking, well, I'm working class and I'm not one of them but I'm rich so therefore I have to; so anytime anyone said something like that, I would fork out, you know, and he was hustling for and I kind of wrote *Power to the People* in a way kind of as a guilt song . . . to me it's like a newspaper song, you know, when you write about something instant that's going on right now and I don't call it a well-crafted song or anything just that it was the headline with misprints and everything. . . ."
>
> (*The Lennon Tapes*, p. 42)

I suspect that the popularity of the Protest (or defiance) element in such songs—including

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Working Class Hero—purges a similar unease in many far less rich than Lennon. Relative affluence was felt to be a personal betrayal of the underdogs of the world. But these nagging feelings stay at the level of vague discomfort. They may well coexist with a bitter dislike of trades unions (as part of the anti-Person conspiracy of Big Bad Bureaucracy). They hardly amount to a revolutionary doctrine. They remain part of the essential values of our modern culture so deeply influenced by romantic individualism.

"Imagine there's no heaven
It's easy if you try.
No hell below us,
Above us only sky.
Imagine all the people
Living for the day.

Imagine there's no countries,
It isn't hard to do.
Nothing to kill or die for,
And no religion too.
Imagine all the people
Living life in peace.

Imagine no possessions
I wonder if you can.
No need for greed or hunger
A brotherhood of Man.
Imagine all the people
Sharing all the world.

You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one.
I hope someday you'll join us
And the world will be as one."

Eighteen-year-old John Lennon fan to emergency telephone social worker: **"He just changed my beliefs, my whole value system!"**

Social worker: **"What are your beliefs now?"**

Lennon fan: **"I don't know! I'm just dead inside."**

WNBC-TV NEWS
New York (December 17, 1980)

STILL, THESE values, inchoate as they are, are widely (even universally) shared. They are at once deeply apolitical and classically utopian. The banishment of all but the Private and the Personal as having any value certainly eliminates, for the moment, all historical dilemmas. But need one say that blindness to the external and coercive nature of social facts, particularly ineradicable realities like institutional power and authority, cannot make those uncomfortable facts any less real? What happens to our "personalised values" when hard-faced *Realpolitik* comes in to scatter our cosy dolls' houses and to demand that we pay a price? Give Peace a Chance? Sure thing. But how—that's the *real* question. What if (as Ray Gosling suspected) "there is no heaven on earth, no dream come true. . . ."? Does the dream of the Lonely Boy do anything to solve *that* bitter prospect? Lennon, unlike Marx, held fast to utopia, to the "impossible dream."

The Debate on "The French Ideology"

Anatomy of a Provocation—By RAYMOND ARON

Paris

AN AUTHOR who readily employs the adjectives *infâme* or *obscène* to describe men and ideas is asking his critics to respond in kind. I shall do my best to resist that temptation, much as Bernard-Henri Lévy's *L'idéologie française* (Grasset) contains some of the defects which grate on my own nerves—an overblown style, cut-and-dried verdicts on the merits and demerits of both the living and the dead, the ambition to remind a forgetful nation of the buried part of its own past, and the use of quotations torn from their context and arbitrarily interpreted. Worse still, having read the book one is left with a lingering doubt as to whether the violent tone which is kept up throughout the pamphlet reflects genuine indignation or a love of scandal and publicity.

More than that, the book does not lend itself to

LAST MONTH *in these columns François Bondy reported on the raging debate which a new book by Bernard-Henri Lévy had provoked in France. Now we publish two additional (and differing) viewpoints, both by distinguished French writers who share editorial responsibility for the Paris weekly, "L'Express." The discussion continues, although Anglo-American readers may be tempted to feel: blessed is the land, unconquered (and unoccupied) which has no need to apologise or to explain.*

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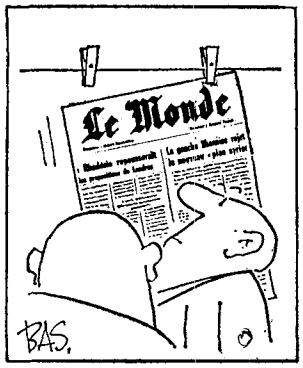
objective discussion in the academic sense. It does not offer the reader any fact, text, or document which may not be found in the handful of books from which Bernard-Henri Lévy has lifted and rehashed the bulk of his material. What belongs especially to Lévy is the introduction of a certain vocabulary of words or phrases, a process so subordinated to the author's argument that one wonders whether it is worthwhile holding any debate with a *"philosophe"* who arrogates to himself the role of judge and jury.

What does the argument amount to? First, an indictment of Pétainism and the "National Revolution", and in particular an inquisition into the review *Esprit* and the group "Uriage." And arising out of this, the definition of *l'idéologie*

Jean-François Revel . . .

Paris



THERE ARE books that form and reshape the spirit of the times, and books that are part of it. In the course of time the latter become the subject matter of the former. *L'Idéologie française* by Bernard-Henri Lévy obviously falls into the second category. It expresses, or rather it reveals, that moment in the crisis of Western conscience when all efforts to distinguish between Right-wing and Left-wing totalitarianism should be, and have been, abandoned.

That moment is very recent. Barely five years ago the general equation of the Soviet régime with the Nazi régime still raised protests; nowadays all it produces is a blasé shrug of the shoulders. After the Cambodia massacres, after the miserable trial of Madame Mao (whose televised performance enabled the whole world to see how Nazis judge other Nazis), and after the revival of an active European racism (which the French Communist Party justifies with the same arguments as the British National Front), the time has come when it is transparently clear that the two totalitarianisms are one and the same. It may be argued that this is a famous connection, and has been well-known for some time. Known and familiar, perhaps, but not seen, not accepted, not felt. It is taken to be a comparison just a shade too vulgar—a mere "amalgam"—to be taken seriously.

MORE IMPORTANT THAN *the history of anti-Semitism, which is only one component of the primeval totalitarian magma—though a component common to both Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia—what seems to me even more important in Lévy's book is its attempt to unearth the root-stock in France of a particular totalitarian, "communitarian", illiberal and anti-democratic sensibility, at the early stage when this line of thinking was still undifferentiated, and had not begun to branch out and express itself as black or red fascism. After all, it was possible for Charles Péguy, Georges Sorel, Jacques Drumont and Georges Bernanos to be enlisted, undistorted, by revolutionaries as well as by reactionaries, by* collaborateurs *and* résistants, *socialists and Maurrassians, Christians as well as anticlericals.*

It is not enough to say (as Professor François Bourricaud recently remarked) that the Russo-German Pact of 1939 accounts for the collaborationist statements of the greater part of the French Communist Party's leadership after the defeat of June 1940. What is illuminating in the context of our present concern is that the Communist leaders spontaneously gave voice in the same terms as the traditionalist Rightists of Vichy's *Révolution nationale*. These old confusions and entanglements still have their off-shoots in the present day. Large sections of the French Left, not a few famous intellectuals and several great newspapers have made political heroes of the sorry killers in the Baader-Meinhof gang, and the mindless butchers of the Red Brigades.

Look at the Right wing of the Gaullist Party and the Left wing of the Socialists—and you see the same xenophobia, the same hatred of European solidarity, the same yen for isolationism and Albanian-style state supremacy—in other words, the same Maurrassian viewpoint, whether under the red flag or the tricolour.

WHAT HAS PARTLY **unbalanced the French debate around Lévy's book is the existence of a *"Uriage Lobby"* which has turned out to be unexpectedly pugnacious. Unless they are informed historians, most Frenchmen now know little or nothing about the Uriage school, where the teachers included in particular Hubert Beuve-Méry (the founder of *Le Monde*) and Emmanuel Mounier (the founder of the review *Esprit*, which ceased publication in 1950). This centre trained and moulded some of the key figures in the field of the Press, the universities, and politics, from the Liberation to the present day, in the wake of Mounier's "philosophy of *Personalisme*", a left-wing Christian philosophy which drew a distinction between the "individual" and the "person", and has not really survived its originator.**

I HAVE NO IDEA WHETHER *the insults addressed to Bernard-Henri Lévy by various old boys of that school were intended for the individual or the person, but I can testify that they have been singularly lacking in Christian charity of any complexion, Left-wing or Right. If what is after all a fairly trivial episode in World War II is still capable of giving rise to such a storm of intolerance some forty years later, it is surely because somewhere there is a skeleton in the cupboard.*

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française—not "a" but "the"—whose persistence and underground strength were revealed by Vichy, and which is all the more dangerous today because indigenous French fascism was not stamped out with the Liberation.

It is common knowledge, and clear to me since 1940, that Vichyism or Pétainism is an integral part of the political history of France. Certainly without the defeat and occupation of half the country by the Germans, the architects of the *Revolution nationale* would probably never have come to power. The *Action Française* had a great deal of influence with the officers of the National (or Royal) Navy, and in some limited circles whose members nevertheless often occupied key positions (not to mention the *Académie*); on the other hand, it never managed to get a single deputy elected under the Third Republic (although Léon Daudet did once sit in the Chamber of Deputies). And during the months immediately after the defeat it was the thinking of the *Action Française* which (through the medium of Raphael Alibert, and others) dominated Vichy and inspired the genuinely "infamous" Laws (on the status of Jews, the revision of naturalisations prior to 1927, and the repeal of the law which had been introduced in 1938 to counter Hitlerite propaganda and the exploitation of racial hatred).

The very concept of a "National Revolution" under the victors' noses, with the War still going on, seemed to me at the time not monstrous or obscene but simply preposterous. Either the Third Reich was going to win the War, and in that case the Vichyists would be eliminated by the real (French) Nazis; or else the Third Reich would finally be defeated, and in that case too the Vichyists would give way to the *ci-devants* of the Third Republic and to a new post-War élite.

The "National Revolution" phenomenon had no parallel in any other country of occupied Europe, just as nowhere else did a legal state interpose itself between the Occupation authorities and the population. The leaders of this state were not content with being administrators, but wanted to "regenerate" the nation, "renew" its institutions, and pave the way for a post-War era which most Vichyists in 1940 saw coming in the near future. The mass of the French population, stunned by a defeat inconceivable before the event, clung to the old Marshal and joined in the condemnation of the "*régime aboli*." After all during the 1930s a number of groups and intellectuals (including *Esprit* and *Ordre Nouveau*, Emmanuel Mounier, Arnaud Dandieu and Robert Aron) had campaigned against the "capitalist democracies" while authoritarian or totalitarian régimes were rising all over Europe. Mounier's *Esprit* tried hard to keep its distance from fascism and National-Socialism, but that was no easy task, seeing that it shared the same enemies with them.

AFTER THE DEFEAT, the Marshal and the men of the "National Revolution" spoke a language in which Emmanuel Mounier could not fail to recognise many of his own ideas. Hence the many controversies about Mounier's feelings and attitudes in 1940-41; and hence, too, the presence of men still

. . . *French Ambiguities*

In fact it is true that most of the inmates of "Uriage" went over to the Resistance in January 1943; but it is equally a fact that for the previous two-and-a-half years they had believed it possible to reconcile their patriotism with the *Révolution nationale*. You cannot spend two-and-a-half years running a centre subsidised by the Vichy government without certain ambiguities creeping in (even though the centre did have numerous brushes with Vichy orthodoxy). The people at Uriage were anti-Nazis, but all the same they swallowed the notorious Pétain-Hitler interview at Montoire, the Racial laws, and the mass round-up at the Vélodrome d'Hiver, before they stopped believing in the Pétain "double game." They were against Parliamentarism, against "Individualism", for the spirit of "Community", and for the morality of "Leadership." They had a hatred of "money" and of "plutocracy", and hence of liberal industrial and commercial societies. Here, too, it is not a matter of attacking anybody but of recording an historical phenomenon, the tragic ground common to the rhetoric of both Left and Right.

Certainly there were few Frenchmen not subject to this ambiguity, and that is the matter at issue. Nevertheless—and here I agree with Raymond Aron—in France, the totalitarian idea has always been a present danger, but it has never been victorious except as the outcome of an enemy occupation.

ALL SORTS OF COMPARISONS are being made at present between "serious" historians and this upstart Bernard-Henri Lévy whose book supposedly teems with misquotations and inaccurate references. When it comes to misquotations and inaccurate references perpetrated by "serious" historians, I have whole cupboards-full which are readily available to the *Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique* and the *Ecole des Hautes Etudes* in the event that these two august institutions should want to venture into self-criticism.

It is odd that these minor oversights only become mortal sins when they are not committed with the aid of subsidies from the Republic. And it is striking that it is only the really unsettling arguments that make an author suddenly liable to be brought to heel in the name of a scientific rigour which it is usually considered ill-mannered to require on the part of tenured academics. Judged on the qualities required of a guerrilla, how many marshals would reach so much as a corporal's rating?

J.-F.R.

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respected and even admired to this day, (e.g. Hubert Beuve-Méry) in organisations subsidised by Vichy, for example "Uriage." Anybody who wants to compile the case against Mounier's politics has only to read the book by a staunch supporter of *Esprit*, Michel Winock. Dunoyer de Segonzac, a good *combattant*, went on supporting Marshal Pétain for a long time, in spite of the "infamous" laws.

I DO NOT BLAME Bernard-Henri Lévy for focusing on the kinship between some of the themes of *Esprit* and *Ordre Nouveau* and those of the "National Revolution." But it does not follow that Emmanuel Mounier approved of Vichyism as a whole, and embraced the cult of the Marshal. The funds for "Uriage" came from Vichy (and some of the funds for *Le Figaro* too); but Beuve-Méry never flinched in his radical opposition to National-Socialism. People are free to reach their own conclusions about Uriage, "which derives from the history of chivalry, the novel of education and the great secret game of founding a monastic order, against a background of moral idealism which may seem to us rather naive and high-sounding, and also moderately Pétainist, but which was, let us note, common both to Vichy and to the *Résistance*" (Jean-Michel Jeanneney and Jacques Julliard).

What irritates me is the manner in which Bernard-Henri Lévy recalls those tragic moments in the history of France without the slightest understanding of the moral dilemmas which faced any number of good Frenchmen. Those who, like Mounier, spent long months in jail, accused of representing a certain spirit of *résistance*, and the supporters of Uriage who set off as one man into the *maquis*, gun in hand, have the right to at least a degree of respect. It is legitimate to criticise the decisions they made and the texts they wrote and published between 1940 and 1942 (or 1945); but it is also proper to criticise them seriously, without overlooking the circumstances and without outlawing Péguy's nationalism or communal thinking, no matter how one may judge them in the final analysis.

We in France had known for a long time that racism and anti-Semitism were not a German monopoly. Which of the two countries was ahead of the other? Which of them was more influential? On all these questions there are lessons to be learned from serious accounts, but not from the more or less haphazard utilisation of the historical works from which Bernard-Henri Lévy has borrowed his documentation.

I WANT TO CONFINE MYSELF to one really basic point. What is this *idéologie française* which this book attempts to disclose by giving it a name? French ideology is multifarious and mercurial; it is present everywhere, as much on the Right as on the Left. Proudhon was ferociously anti-Semitic, and so was Charles Maurras, at the other end of the spectrum. Money gets confounded with Judaism, and both can be found condemned in near-identical terms in both socialist and counter-revolutionary literature. ("The Jewish Question", Karl Marx's most anti-Semitic essay, illustrates this deliberate confusion.) All this is not new, and not at all characteristic of France.

What is specifically French about this ideology, this "fascism in the colours of France"? What are the features common to Proudhon, Barrès, Maurras, Sorel, Péguy and Bernanos? I do not see any other answer than this, that they detest the individualist democracy connected with capitalism, the "bourgeois, liberal Republic" of Benda (before he turned to communism) and of Bernard-Henri Lévy. "Gut patriotism", "concrete communities" and tendencies towards the "organic" view of the social order are ways of thinking which Bernard-Henri Lévy himself loathes and detests; so he turns inquisitor, and casts into the outer darkness of a "black France" Péguy and Bernanos and many others who would be astonished to find themselves lumped together in such company as part of Lévy's piecemeal reading and quotations. Simone Weil might just as well have appeared in this gallery of "forerunners."

If one were to complain to Bernard-Henri Lévy that he violates all the rules of honest interpretation and historical method, his arrogant reply would be that he doesn't give two hoots for a bunch of university hacks. But perhaps he'd agree to give a moment's consideration to one indisputable fact, namely that fascism has never "taken" in France, just as some grafts do not take. The communitarian, anti-individualistic varieties of 1930s ideology never went outside the closed coteries of the Paris intelligentsia. They came to power as a result of a national catastrophe. There again they remained a mixture of traditionalism and para-fascism.

The "*rénovateurs*", searching for a new kind of Right, broke with the legacy of counter-revolution which had paralysed the development of a true fascism. There was no lack of attempts to unite nationalism with socialism, but there was no National-Socialism: both before 1940 and after 1945, the French people voted for the Republic and for parliamentary democracy.

I COME NOW to the epilogue, and this article's *raison d'être*. There is a possibility that some of Bernard-Henri Lévy's opponents are making him pay the price for rapid success (and too great a

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readership). I have no grudge against Bernard-Henri Lévy, and I still have fond memories of the young man I knew a few years ago, not yet locked into his *persona*, still open and unattached, gifted and full of promise. (I was aware of that talent and charm, and of what I perceived as a certain *noblesse*, when following a conversation with me he wrote an impeccable and tactful interview which was published in the *Nouvel Observateur*.)

And now he is Fouquier-Tinville, forgetful that democracy too can easily become inquisitorial, if not totalitarian. He is a Jew like me, and he proceeds to exclude from France or to expel into his "black France" countless writers or thinkers of our common homeland.

A number of French Jews are feeling dogged by anti-Semitism once again, and the effect of the resulting state of shock is to make them magnify the dangers, greater or lesser, which they confront. What does this book tell them? That there is dire peril everywhere, and that the French ideology condemns them to continual combat against an enemy lodged in the unconscious mind of millions of their fellow-citizens. Frenchmen who are not Jewish will draw the conclusion that the Jews are even "more different" from other French people than they had imagined, since an acclaimed spokesman proves himself incapable of understanding so many expressions of the French mind, to the point of making them outlaws in their own country.

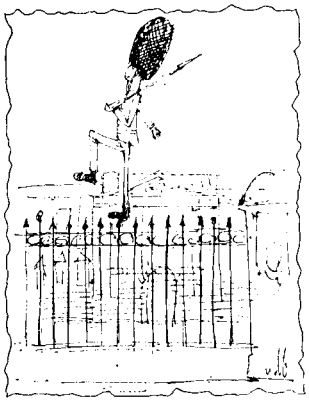
He wants to proclaim the truth so that the French nation may recognise and overcome its past; and he rubs salt into all the unhealed wounds. With his own hysteria he is only going to feed a more general hysteria, wild talk, wild actions. "A work of public interest", so the review in the *Nouvel Observateur* concluded. One wonders: Public interest or public danger?

R.A.

London Commentary

The Dilettante & the Giant Grouper

By Edward Pearce



AN OLD SAYING of the British Conservatives is that the secret weapon of the Tory Party is loyalty. No secret is better kept. For in truth the Tories are in that state of nervous and apprehensive disunity described by Pope: "Willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike." They are nibbling at each other's throats. But if the news from the stock market should continue in its present pleasing way that posture can still be adapted to a goal scorer's embrace (our soccer players in this country have developed public tendencies to tactile encounter which would raise eyebrows backstage at the ballet).

The low point in Party unity came with the March Budget, which hit certain backbenchers like two feet of coaxial cable. The faction variously described as "left", "progressive", "soft", "enlightened", or most commonly "wet" had felt for some months that things were going satisfactorily its way. The Prime Minister had peremptorily caved in to the threat of a mining strike at a bad time of year for strikes (late winter). Progress on real reform of the ancient Sicilian privileges of our unsueable labour unions was zero.

Best of all, the Government, having failed earlier in the year to get the cuts in public expenditure which its monetary policies required, had been stuck with the non-negotiable cash requirements of its star appointments to nationalised industries—Ian MacGregor at the British Steel Corporation, and Michael Edwardes at British Leyland (recently aliased into BL).

These gentlemen wanted (and got) thousands of millions of pounds sterling to continue the dubious rescue of two horrific state companies which had already devoured thousands of millions, although this Conservative government was, in a vague, broad-brush, general-principle sort of way, supposed to be rather against this sort of thing. But BL is with us for ever, the National Lossmaker, a familiar and dreadful Albert Memorial of State enterprise which no one has the heart to explode.

With the Government evidently responding to its own pragmatists and spending deep, the idea developed at Westminster that the medium-term financial strategy, that body of restraints on

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borrowing which the government had set itself, could be discounted as a piece of amiable piety. We were back in the country we really understood, ready to finance a boom and apply our minds to the serious business of winning the next election though the economic heavens should fall. For your forward-looking Conservative doesn't believe in economic arithmetic or consequences, or very much in gravity. He is a perfect Keynesian of convenience, deeming, as Lord Keynes did not, that whatever will buy Saturday is fine by him even if it leaves a small explosive charge for Sunday.

Accordingly, the budget, which was remorselessly faithful to the medium-term financial strategy and which Sir Geoffrey Howe and Mrs Thatcher, surprisingly determined after months of losing control, presented quite candidly to their colleagues as a bill for cuts not made and for all those little shrugs of amnesia with which British politicians treat a commitment to retrench, caused a fit of the screaming purple horrors. With its bank and petrol taxes, and its refusal to index the year's tax allowances against inflation, the Budget went down among the cuddly-hearted like anthrax in Australia.

The "wet" wing hated it and they still hate it. Only time will make clear whether the 20p increase on petrol tax will actually pass the committee stage. But the immediate reaction was a ruffle through the lobbies that the Prime Minister had so offended some of her Ministers that before long they might get up the long toyed-with deputation announcing her unacceptability and/or their intention to resign. In practice the revolt came to nothing. Greater love hath no man than his departmental limousine.

There *is* an element of dispute indeed, though there is also a degree of personal animus and of social edginess between the classes. Like her predecessor and opponent Edward Heath, Mrs Thatcher is a product of the Grammar-School-educated, shopkeeping, job-doing, accounts-keeping middle classes. Her opponents within the Government are mostly gently born, or, in the case of Mr Prior, who qualified and worked as an estate manager, runner of the *Herrenklasse*—Lord Carrington, a conveyer of infinite disdain through his nostrils, is a sixth baron; Sir Ian Gilmour, who regards the Prime Minister as a disaster, is a baronet; Mr Francis Pym, who like charity in the New Testament is not puffed up and abideth all things and is thus tipped for No. 10, is an ancestral Bedfordshire squire; Hailsham, the eccentric and querulous Lord Chancellor, is part of yet another dynasty. Only Peter Walker, the stunningly conceited Minister of Agriculture, who belongs to the unit-trusting, tower-block-building, asset-stripping generation of ten to fifteen years back, and who now appears as an ebb-tide of macassar oil, is unconnected with the gentry. And even Walker, like most members of this Cabinet, is now a landowner. The notion of what is progressive is thus in Tory circles rather odd, by most people's understanding of progress. What it really implies is astute survival by concession in a Leftward-leaning universe.

The offence of Sir Geoffrey and Mrs Thatcher is not that they have a conviction. Most Conservatives, being good supporters of the established Church, can be cheerfully and agnostically tolerant of believers. Rather they are seen as breaking the first rule of progressive Conservatism, by failing to accommodate. They are, it is said, dogmatic and doctrinaire about monetary policy and about the Public Spending Borrowing Requirement. This is what we now call our state debt. It is a lovely word, "Requirement", having about it the click of a remittance man's fingers summoning a wine waiter. We do not owe, you see; we require to borrow. And in that fudged Civil Service terminology there is a small wilderness of our history.

Those who are with the Government in its policies take the view that historically our country has suffered artificial levels of employment, consequent low levels of productivity, and impossibly uncompetitive positions for a thousand short-term political, electoral or peace-of-mind reasons. For them the historic year was 1958 when Harold Macmillan engineered an election reflation, had his Chancellor and two Treasury Ministers resign in protest, and won applause of a strictly Pagliaccian kind by shrugging the episode off as "a little local difficulty."

A code word among wets is "Disraeli." Think about the people, One Nation, passionate concern for the underprivileged, need to spend a bit of money, old boy. Some of the grimmer ministerialists are quite content with Peel. What we are doing is arithmetical and right. It will abide even lost elections if we keep it right.

THE GHOSTS of the three formative 19th-century Prime Ministers have a way of periodically contesting for the soul of the Party. Peel, merchant-manufacturing class, creative, constructive, serious-minded, unable to make himself (or even want to be) loved, with "a smile like the silver plate on a coffin"—and strangely capable of being aroused by ideas. Disraeli, fast, flash and charming, compassionate only in print and in inverted commas—leaving the social reforms of his past long administration to a great and autonomous Home Secretary, Richard Cross—meretricious and theatrical but understanding to the limits of its shallows the science of public relations and the getting of a good press long before its time, and with effect long after his own. Finally Salisbury, a sort of upper-class machine politician with an agnostic notion of all abstractions and a cool-eyed grasp of the utility of winning elections.

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We are going through a Peel phase at the moment. And we might understand the Prime Minister, Sir Keith Joseph, and Sir Geoffrey Howe best, not as monetarists but as Peelites. The romantic backbenchers who cry out for reflation, who man the Tory Reform Group, who murmur their regard for the Social Democrats and who "care passionately" about something-or-other, are to a man spangled Disraelians, though I would never allege against them the comprehensive insincerity and conmanship of that exploded phenomenon. But, like the former Floor leader, Mr St John Stevas, they are attracted to Disraelian stances because these are attractive, perhaps also from a certain unacknowledged defeatism. The Left is the camp of Victory: we must find out what the Left is doing and pre-empt it.

Even in a period of very heavy unemployment there is a terrible fallacy in this flinching kind of politics. The creditable side of Disraeli had to do with dishing the Whigs when the Whigs were in the right and supporting a course which would justly and inevitably pass into victory. There is no analogy to be made between the Reform Act of 1867 and the social reforms of Cross on the one hand, and the Union Closed Shop on the other. Equally it is a very shallow and silly response to the tribulations of a half-attempted monetarism to be crying out for reflation by one means or another. A proportion of back-benchers, and a higher proportion of Cabinet members—where distaste, even loathing, of present policies is stronger—echoes the Labour Party mantra: "*This woman is obsessed with the single dogma of monetary control.*" By extension they would like her to let the Public Sector Borrowing Requirement (that requirement again) go up ... in the interests of flexibility. It takes an imaginative leap to recall that Harold Wilson fought and won an election in 1966 on the scandal of a debt incurred by another flexible Tory, Reginald Maudling in his leap for freedom two years earlier, a mere debt of £800 million!

Lurking under all the maybug antics of the Disraelians as they skim the surface of events is the Salisbury instinct, resting like a Giant Grouper in the oceanic depths of Tory waters. Whatever will win an election and keep the institutional Party in the Arcadia of red boxes and Downing Street cameramen is right.

AS I PRAISE CONTEMPORARY Peelism, it has not escaped me that Peel ended in defeat and his Party in 30 years of continuous opposition. Yet Peel's work—free trade and reformed banking—once established, quite simply *were* the 19th century. The point was acknowledged by Disraeli when pressed for agricultural protection 30 years later.

Contemporary Tories would assuredly like a quieter life. And, hot as ginger and vindaloo, they want to win the next election. Which is why the name of Mr Francis Pym, bland, modest, unhectoring, and comfortingly male, civility's second self, is often mentioned in a Spanish Bourbon way for the succession. Mr Pym is a nice man, an excellent Floor leader, and the public which, alas, still loves a gent, would adore him. But the work is Peelite work. For Mr Maudling's £800 million "requirement" has become in Geoffrey Howe's "obsessed", "extreme", "dogmatic" aspiration £10,500,000,000—if, that is, his budget is permitted by affronted backbenchers to get it down by taxes from an estimate of £14 billion!

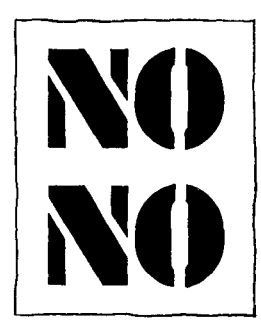
The Government may have some markers in its favour: a rapidly recovering stock market, companies which having come through a shattering ride in the tunnel of unlove—recession plus tight money—may well be suddenly very productive and efficient indeed, and an inflation which is steadily decelerating. But with money still not controlled, with the public sector arrogantly unmarked while the private sector has been sweating it out, with unemployment figures very high, the Government can take anything except the panic of its own troops.

To think, in politics, and to act upon those thoughts is to incur the easy enmity of those habituated to the sleepy felicity of a long decline. For all its compromises and resilings, the present Ministry has shown more courage and reasoned principle than any Government since 1945. It also knows that Peel was destroyed only by the combined panic and ambition of a faction in his own Party. And it understands, accordingly, that the secret weapon of loyalty is there to be used.

Letter from Sweden

By Jytte Bonnier

Stockholm



THE dispiriting news has by now got around: ill fares the Welfare State. Once Sweden's historic "middle way" was considered throughout the West as an admirable model, avoiding the excesses of old-fashioned private capitalism and new-fashioned totalitarian communism. But quietly, and non-violently, deep problems have arisen to plague the Nordic utopia of a prosperous social democracy.

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The roots of the difficulties began in the post-War period; not having participated in the War the Swedes became pioneers of the affluent society. Whatever was backward, in poor sectors here and there, was promptly developed. Markets were bullish, changes and reforms were on the constant agenda of the day. Incomes were slowly levelled by an insistent taxation, and the public sector grew and grew, as did the monopolistic power of trade union organisations. New ideas and experiments rained down on them as the Social Democracy reigned confidently through three decades. Not that it was any kind of Marxism which shaped policies, rather crisper views of social engineering, mixing positivism with social behaviourism. A few isolated voices dared to argue that "the good life" was not really a matter of materialistic satisfactions. But a new mythological success story was the *idée fixe* of the day: from rags to riches, from underdeveloped backwardness to technological splendour; and the ideology became a kind of unwritten law as self-censorship crept into the mass-media. Critical foreign observers spoke of a New Totalitarianism, which was surely going a bit too far. But pluralism was a rare commodity, and provincialism spread over the land.

Before every important election the national leadership saw to it that one great problem, dramatically and decisively put, was set before the voters. The citizens pondered and discussed; the future was at stake; the living standard was yet again to be raised. Until 1976 the Social Democrats won every electoral test. Then came the simple issue of "Nuclear Energy", and this proved to be their undoing. The leader of the Agricultural Party, Torjörn Fälldin, and the other "bourgeois parties" won the election on an anti-nuclear platform: the voters seemed to be tired of all-knowing paternalistic guidance on all the essential issues of humanistic togetherness. But a subsequent referendum on nuclear power showed a majority of Swedes in favour. Collapse of the great debate.

A TIME OF TROUBLES began: labour was restive, disputing about overtime pay, whether they could be locked out or should try for a general strike. Public attention was caught up in the realities of unfavourable balance-of-payments. Suddenly to be plunged into grievous difficulties was something of a national shock for Swedes who burn their boats happily behind them and try never to look backwards. Where did all the mounting problems suddenly come from? They had prided themselves on being as optimistic and dynamic as the Americans; but surely the USA was not without its instructive problems, and the whole pattern of crisis of the last fifteen years in Europe should have given warning signals. But, I am afraid, the Swedes have quite forgotten how to learn from experience.

No reforms were critically re-examined, and many were effected so speedily that the population was constantly assailed by new projects. The government bureaucracy knew how everything worked except the functioning of real human beings. Theorists at desks wielded power; an academic memorandum changed lives. All were confident that "changing the environment" was the clue to all social reconstruction; but what if the environment was not the cause and controller of all that we are and hope to be? Dissident intellectuals began to raise awkward questions about inherited qualities and human potential which seemed to presage a new pessimism.

Two recent reforms typify the problem. Swedish laws on secure-and-guaranteed employment and the right of all to "participate" in all-decision-making-which-affects-our-lives were surely in keeping with the noblest Scandinavian ideals of justice and moral idealism. How shocking that once put into practice they should have dubious consequences! When jobs are totally secure, a "black" casuistry develops since employers must give factual reasons for "just dismissal." Small employers, naturally, found this law especially burdensome, and tried to circumvent it. And then there was the requirement that all trade unionists be fully informed in the "participatory decision-making process." The discussions were long, but

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productivity did not exactly benefit; and when production fell and markets shrank, what good was the guarantee of "job security" if employment could not be maintained?

It is fairly obvious that if a society is indulging itself in vast programmes of state aid, there will grow up a bureaucratic turn of mind which is short on psychology and long on mechanical scientism. There may be, I suspect, an element of their "national character" here; for Swedes have strong technical and scientific aptitudes, and the idea of constantly repairing the human being, tinkering with his institutions, fixing things up so that he can run efficiently from-birth-to-death has not been very far from their deepest ideals. But the model citizen in the model home has proved to be very far from humdrum Swedish realities.

Still, nothing will stop the parties from trying again; and this time, as they warm up for the next national elections (in 1982) the salvationist reform will be the new progressive schemes for shareholding. Shares in one's own firm? Shares in other possibly more rewarding (dare one say profitable) firms? But the wealthy trade-union congress, the *LO*, regards shares as a poor investment for its own capital. Ironies abound.

I WOULD ARGUE that despite their enthusiasm for reform and their enlightened passion for the permissive society, the Swedes are essentially an authoritarian people, in a sense still a "religious" people who need something all-embracing to believe in. Their Social Democracy has been a kind of folk phenomenon, a species of revival movement, with the traditional belief in paradise simply transferred to more terrestrial neighbourhoods. Deep down they have, I firmly believe, no real problems of governability. A sceptical, critical liberalism never struck deep roots in Sweden. They remain easy to govern: so long as the politicians know what the chief end of human life is, enunciate appropriate maxims, proclaim elevated aims. Here is the rhetorical genius of their illustrious Prime Ministers: Olof Palme and Tage Erlander.

But the world of realities is not quite what the Swedes would like to have it, and it is especially disagreeable when they have to learn anew how to cope with its surprises. I suppose the last time they retreated successfully was in the time of Gustavus Adolphus. The retreat today would have to be away from the bloated Public Sector; but this will have to be camouflaged. The young prefer to think of decentralisation into smaller units, or having fewer worldly goods, or going in for a simpler life with its ways of recycling, biodynamic farming, and long treks on foot over traffic-free highways. . . .

ILL FARES the Welfare State, and a recent international conference in Stockholm on "*Welfarism, What Now?*" brought the message home to an unsettled, uncertain intelligentsia who are beginning to have doubts about a growth-economy with high inflation, about a paternalism with a proliferating bureaucracy, with big organisations all competing for power in a corporate state. It would be nice to think that Sweden, facing problems that beset the entire West, could once again be innovative and find a "new way". But the harsh truth of the matter is that they have throughout their history always taken their movements from the outside. On their own they offer a certain amount of undeniable energy and passion, but these need to be galvanised by an ideology, or a fashion, or indeed anything new that comes from abroad.

In the midst of all this essential national conformity it must be strange, I submit, to ponder the whole gallery of Swedish personalities who have made their mark in so many fields. Perhaps they are the eccentric exception which proves the conformist rule. How else account for a Strindberg? A brilliant individualist in a world of dull authority. And how else account for Ingmar Bergman's cries of lonely anguish out of a crowd of folksy togetherness? A talent for individualism is there, deep down and constantly breaking out (from Greta Garbo to Ingrid Bergman, from Dag Hammarskjöld to Björn Borg). Possibly it has all to do with the strangeness of northern climes where fires are burning beneath the surface of cold and darkness. In other climes, one is told, there are certain species of cactus which produce extraordinary flowers every few years. In olden days this small country even had dreams—and almost fulfilled them—of becoming a Great Power. There is a driving force here; and it should be watched.

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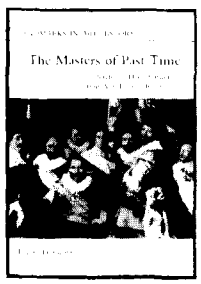

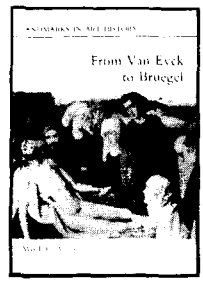

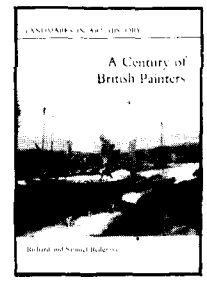

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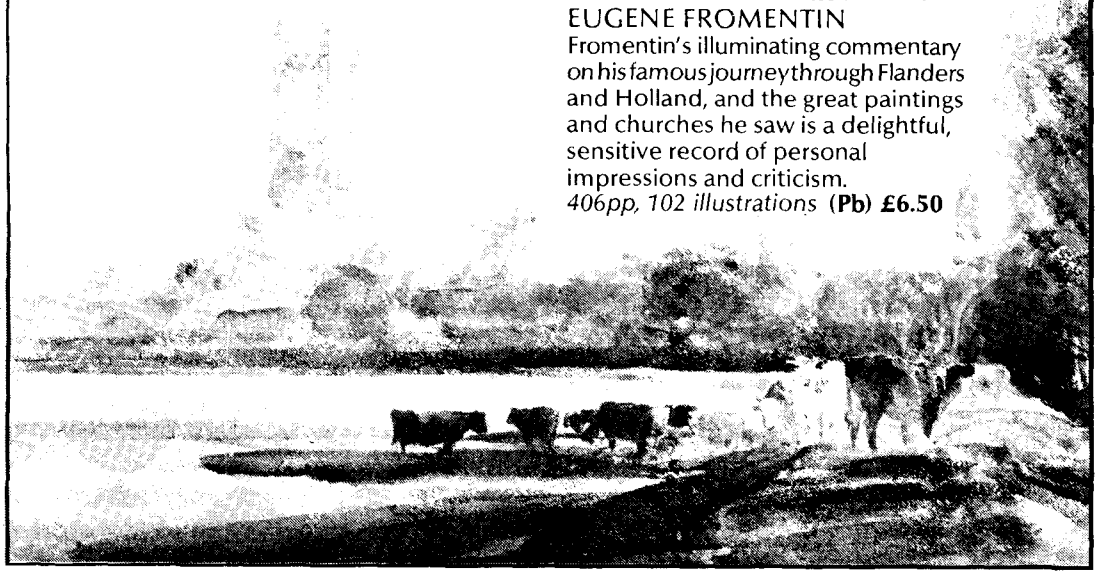

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"Dearest Forster"—"Dearest Masood"

An East-West Friendship—By R. W. NOBLE

I. 1979–80: E. M. Forster under Surveillance

"FORSTER ... SAID, 'Only connect': and connect they did, with the agents of the KGB",[1] concluded one of several commentators who have developed this thesis since the "mole", Professor Anthony Blunt, was exposed a year ago.

The mole-catcher, Smiley, from Le Carré's *Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy*, might have paused for meditation:

> "E. M. Forster? The name first came up after Moscow Centre had taken their English supermoles in from the cold. Our Soviet networks were rolled up, the circus was pulled inside out. But we managed to sandbag the Professor, a deep penetration agent who had been covering their backs. The Circus intended to turn him round. When our interrogators went to strip him, he'd tried, like dons do, to put on fancy costume: Socrates, Queen Victoria, he left out Marx ... Karl, not Groucho, 'no style', he said, but he liked this Forster. Or rather, he liked something the chap had written during the '38 panic. Whitehall, Parliament, nearly everyone except a few of us at the Circus, you see, were crawling to Hitler, Stalin, you name your villain. Forster did a bit of private enterprise, *'If I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend I hope I should have the guts to betray my country....'* It's all recorded in the Circus' dossier on the Professor, with our interrogator's citation and query in the margin, 'Re Forster's statement, *I believe in personal relationships*. A mole-breeder?' "

What did E. M. Forster in fact make of the choices which preoccupied him—whether personal relationships or public duty or art or his sexual inclinations—during the years after the publication of his first novel and leading up to the completion of his last novel, *A Passage to India* (1924)? We can now picture, through recently discovered manuscripts, how during those years Forster often "had to choose", not only by the use of his own self-determination but also as a result of the give and take in his erotic relationship with Syed Ross Masood.[2]

II. 1906—June 1910: Attracted to Masood

E. M. FORSTER and Syed Ross Masood first met in late 1906. Masood's guardian, Theodore Morison, who had recently retired from his post as Principal of the Muslim Anglo-Oriental College in Aligarh, India, was E. M. Forster's neighbour at Weybridge, Surrey. He retained Forster to coach his ward for the entrance examination in Latin at Oxford. Forster, then twenty-seven, had already written *Where Angels Fear To Tread* (1905). Masood was only seventeen, but he had an outgoing decisive character. He immediately admonished Forster, according to the latter's 1906 diary, to give up "duties for friends—which is civilisation." He would add wryly, "Hence the confusion in Oriental States." Nevertheless, his first contention helped to extend a similar notion in Forster, who took it to epitomise Masood's singularity as well as his Islamic culture: "To them personal relations come first."

In several respects, however, Masood seemed to have little in common with his tutor. Forster often referred—sometimes with humour, sometimes with pessimism—to his own conventional behaviour and unprepossessing appearance. Masood was physically impressive—over six feet tall,

[1] "Tarnished by Blunt" (Editorial), *Spectator*, 24 November 1979, p. 3. Cf. *The Times* (London), 22 November 1979, p. 15.

[2] Most of the recently discovered MS. letters and the verse-book which are referred to throughout this article were in the possession of the late Begum Amtul Chhatari (formerly Lady Masood) and are now in the care of Mr Jalil A. Kidwai. Other sources of documents include King's College, Cambridge and the India Office Library. (Forster's MSS © The Provost and Scholars of King's College, Cambridge. Masood's MSS © The Ross Masood Education and Culture Society, Pakistan.)

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handsome, and muscular in build. He also behaved with a dash and expansiveness proportional to the aristocratic pride which Forster much later emphasised in describing Masood's game of one-upmanship with the Hindu Maharajah of Dewas Senior: Masood's "ancestors had been nobles at the Moghul Court, and his descent from the Prophet was better documented than that of the Maharajah from the sun."

After Forster had tutored him for some months, he passed the Oxford entrance examination in April 1907. Forster immediately made plans to visit Masood in Oxford. There he offered advice about accommodation and social life, adding, "I hope you will always talk over difficulties with me when you feel inclined . . . such talk would be a great pleasure to me." In June 1908, when Masood was planning to visit him, Forster conceived of *Howards End*, which he was to preface with his well-known maxim about the importance of reconciling "the prose" with "the passion" within ourselves: "Only connect." When Masood arrived on 9 July, someone floated a somewhat contradictory assumption, "Nothing is so interesting as thought." Forster noted in his diary that Masood shot back, "I don't agree—the effects of thought are far more interesting."

In late 1908, Forster's first tentatively erotic overtures stimulated Masood to fend him off, then encourage him again: "Centuries may pass . . . you are not to think that the great affection, the real love & the sincerest admiration that I feel for you has in any way diminished." It is as if Masood, addressing such grandiloquence to Forster, and referring to himself in several mock-Oriental letters as a "humble & like-unto-the-dust-beneath-thy-feet-Scribe" or "thy slave", was straining to find a way of safely romanticising Forster's attachment to him. Yet Masood also appears deliberately to have stimulated Forster's more inflammatory erotic feelings when he wrote a long inscription beginning with the amatory phrase, "A token true of love for you", in the book he gave Forster for Christmas in 1908. A few days later, on New Year's Eve, Forster recorded in his diary that of the private events in his life, "the greatest by far is S.R.M."

THE INTELLECTUAL ELEMENT of their friendship had also begun to develop. Masood led Forster to read the *Koran*, which the latter found "difficult." Masood himself was then questioning his religion, especially its "fatalism" which he found a "slack way of looking at things & life in general." Although he was reading History at Oxford, his main enthusiasm for the moment was French poetry, which Forster advised him how to scan. Such intellectual exchanges were still peripheral to their relationship during 1909, however, when Forster tried to increase their intimacy by arranging definite social dates. Masood made fun of this, so Forster in turn mocked Masood's mockery, "This is to remind you to come. . . . Be very formal and conventional in this matter."

Later Masood wrote to Forster from the Continent about a few holiday escapades which he had had or, rather, had fancied having with music-hall chorus girls. Forster replied,

> ". . . that side of life seems more interesting than it really is. If you want to feel sad, think about poverty: that is interesting almost to madness if it grips you once. As for those women, isn't it rather rough luck on them to study them? It's as if one went into a shop, took up people's time, and came out without buying anything. There's always the chance of getting into a mess."

Masood's reveries about conducting tragic love affairs with "those women" seem to have not got much beyond his writing of verses such as "À Mademoiselle aux Yeux Bruns." He suddenly felt lonely and perhaps also regretted arousing Forster's jealousy: "it [Forster's letter] reached me at a moment when I most wished to hear from some person I loved. . . . Could you take your work with you & I mine & go & live in some nice place for a short time?" This was not the last time that Masood teased Forster with such a day-dream.

Nevertheless, Masood agreed to holiday with Forster in Paris during the Christmas vacation of 1909. They attended plays. They also took in some Latin Quarter entertainment. They were happy, intensely so it seems, which led to a contretemps about whether Masood, at their parting in a Paris railway station, should have put so much drama into his farewell that he made it seem "all happiness was over until the world ended." It was not theatrical embraces and poetic declarations of despair that Forster wanted.

He quickly tried to patch things up by letter, and to indicate how much he liked Masood, "We mustn't quarrel about sentiment! We agree that it is the greatest thing in the world, and only differ as to how it's to be made the most of. . . . Who wrote 'Each time that thou goest out of my sight—'? It's very beautiful." The next evening, New Year's Eve, Forster recorded in his diary, "Is the enigma him or his nationality? . . . 'O love, each time thou goest out of my sight, I die a new death.' How can I keep quiet when I read such things? . . . I love you, Syed Ross Masood; love."

WHEN THEY MET AGAIN in January 1910, however, Forster reopened their argument by accusing Masood of being "wrong to feel and display so much emotion upon so slight an occasion . . . it was inappropriate." Perhaps too, Forster feared that his own still half-repressed feelings of desire were being

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mocked. "What?" Masood cried, "Do you measure out your emotions as if they were potatoes?" Forster replied, "it is better than slopping them about like water from a pail, which is what you did." Masood then made an exit as if he were the suffering hero in a melodrama. He soon returned, however, for a reconciliation in which Forster accepted Masood's basic notion about feeling: "It matters only that it shall be sincere."

Masood went on to illustrate English unfeelingness by means of a stock anecdote: Have you heard about the Englishmen, believers in the colour bar . . . who went about booting Indian gentlemen off their own first-class railway carriages? Masood dramatised this action, apparently compelling Forster to play the Indian martyr to his own English villain. Forster, bested in horseplay as well as in argument, showed his confidence in their intimacy by jokingly re-inverting Masood's comic dramatisation of racial insensitivity:

> "Good night again,
> from Forster, member of the Ruling Race
> to Masood, a nigger.
> And let the latter buck up and write. And let him have a good time at Oxford. And let him and all his be happy. Otherwise: Forster will never travel in the same railway carriage with him again."

Behind this drollery lay a further qualification of Masood's notion about feeling: it had to involve fellow-feeling.

Forster began then to think about his own assumption that one should reserve one's feelings for only the big occasions in life, "I spoke as a member of a prudent middle-class nation. . . . But my friend spoke as an Oriental, and the Oriental has behind him a tradition, not of middle-class prudence, but of kingly munificence and splendour . . . as regards the resources of the spirit, he may be right. The emotions may be endless." Forster, in contemplating their argument during the years afterwards, concluded that the average English character was underdeveloped and incomplete. Although this notion is evident in his earliest novels, it became central in *Howards End* and especially in his contrasting portrayals of Aziz, Fielding and Adela in *A Passage to India*. It also began to make him determined to propose sexually to Masood and trust his friend's "sincerity."

III. July 1910—September 1912: Proposals

IN THE SUMMER of 1910 Masood left Oxford with a second in History, and took lodgings in Chelsea to study Law. H. A. L. Fisher, his tutor at New College, issued him with a testimonial stating that he had a "high character, refined manners, and considerable intelligence." Intelligence of a different kind, however, whether involving Forster or not is unclear, had been reaching Masood's mother in Aligarh. She appealed to Sir Theodore Morison. He replied in July that Masood was athletic and hardworking. She should, he reassured her in his letter, ignore the "malicious rumours . . . to the effect that Ross Masood has taken to drink & other evil ways."

While Masood gathered a group of friends around himself in London, where he continued to live as freely as he had before the rumours about his "corruption" had reached his mother, Forster was preparing *Howards End* for publication in October 1910, when it was widely acclaimed as a major novel. Afterwards his confidence about this novel and his anxiety about fame, in addition to his awareness that Masood might become emotionally preoccupied with a woman and certainly would leave England within two years, made him decide that it was time to ask Masood to enter into a sexual relationship. When Forster was warning him off women in November, Masood half-guessed what was coming,

> "No whatever happens don't let us give up Constantinople. I shall go alone with you. . . . Let us get far away from the conventional world. . . . I only wish that you & I could live together for ever & though that is a selfish wish yet I feel sorry that it will never come to anything."

Two days later, Masood wrote in his MS. verse-book, as if to reassure himself about living up to his beliefs:

> *And convention can't intervene*
> *To break the charm of our dream.*

Forster was soon pressing for a more definite response from this apostle of freedom and emotion, but he continued to approach indirectly via Masood's talk of taking a mistress:

> "There are two sides to it—firstly, it is an experience for you; secondly, you may do good to her. Now, in this latter side I don't think there is any point at all. You will not do any good to her. . . . Tell every one you know that it is a horrible disgusting notion that love can be bought for money. . . . So meet me where I say, and if it is fine we will walk, and if it is cold we will go and have sandwiches somewhere, and in either case we will pretend it is Constantinople."

Masood must have seen through Forster's warning against taking a mistress, just as Forster saw that Masood's reverie about a trip together to Constantinople was a fancy for placating his desire.

Masood, however, replied with a letter on 20 December 1910 that implied considerable insight

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into what he could best do for his friend:

> "You know my great wish is to get *you* to write a book on India, for I feel convinced from what I know of you that it will be a great book . . . you are about the only Englishman in whom I have come across true sentiment & that, too, real sentiment even from the Oriental point of view. So you know what it is that makes me love you so much, it is the fact that in you I see an Oriental with an Oriental's view of life *on most things*. . . . Our senses both intellectual & physical are to use a Western simile like a marconigram always ready *to receive* & quivering to receive some impression. Of course the fault of this is that it makes our suffering acute but then it does the same to our pleasure. So now you understand why I felt so extraordinarily sad when I said goodbye to you at the Gare du Nord last winter, which you called wasting emotion. . . . Ever yours in Hell or Heaven, Syed Ross Masood."

One cannot but admire the maturity and persuasiveness with which Masood, who was only just down from university, not only tried to forestall Forster's physical desire, but also suggested that he could and should create a "great book" about India.

FORSTER STILL felt compelled, however, to take his chance a few days later when they met in London during the Christmas vacation for one of Oscar Wilde's plays. He interrupted Masood in order to say he wanted to make love. Masood answered, "I know." He had already tried to redirect his friend towards what he sensed was a creative goal within reach. He immediately repeated that Forster should utilise their friendship in order to write a book about India. Forster was nevertheless desolated. For several days afterwards he felt ill and angry, but he could only acquiesce, "There is nothing to be said, because everything is understood. I agree. But oh you *devil*! Why didn't you write at once? I was in an awful stew. . . . Let us meet on Monday next. . . . Then we'll have a talk about the book. . . ." As Forster recorded in his diary, they met on 10 January 1911 to talk about his "oriental novel." He began that day to take critical notes "on 'Eastern' character", apparently generalising from Masood's as it appeared for the moment: "Unreliable—not in heart but in action. Sensitive but not accurate observer . . . stronger sense of beauty than ours." By then, Masood had several times invited Forster to India. Forster had replied that *Howards End* was bringing in enough money to finance his passage, and he made a "resolution" to read systematically about India.

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During 1911, Masood's increasing percipience and maturity caused his emotional relationship with Forster to become less volatile, and they grew closer together intellectually. They discussed Forster's reading of "Indian" books as diverse as Alice Perrin's love-stories and the biography of Masood's grandfather. Forster, after commenting to Masood that Lyall's *Asiatic Studies* was "abstruse, but full of great beauties of style", concluded with some satisfaction, "India, you see, is already occupying me. I have several questions to ask you." But a note of personal reproach occasionally entered Forster's letters, for instance, when he pricked Masood's notion that "feeling" should be the test of whether a work is truly Oriental and therefore art.

In the summer of 1911, after Masood passed his law examinations, he invited Forster to holiday with him in Tesserete, Switzerland. By then Forster's sexual passion for Masood had revived. Although in Tesserete he had a resentful suspicion that Masood was still trifling with his feelings, he decided to propose again. Masood, who was no doubt a little flattered, was also startled at and dismissive of this renewed sexual advance. Forster felt doubly put down when Masood half-hinted that he was enjoying sexual intercourse with an Italian waitress there. During that holiday, however, Masood wrote several verses about the higher reaches of tragic love, where "intense sorrow" is inseparable from "intense pleasure":

> *But he who love doth ne'er know*
> *Who blind comes and blind doth go*
> *For such let people moan & cry*
> *For they live not but only die.*

It was also at about this time that Forster first turned to writing his fantasies about the lower reaches of erotic love . . . "to excite" himself.

Afterwards, Masood returned to India reluctantly—he would miss his life around London, his holidays in Europe, and his friends. Forster in turn would miss Masood, but after Tesserete, he tried to become resigned to never getting closer to him. Masood wrote from India in 1912 that he felt disoriented and over-extended by his family's and his Muslim community's extravagant expectations that he should quickly bring them honour and advancement through his leadership. There was also the "damnable hot weather." He urged Forster to visit him soon.

IV. October 1912—April 1913: Origins of "Chandrapore"

WHEN FORSTER ARRIVED in Bombay in late October 1912, he immediately departed from his shipboard companions, Lowes Dickinson and R. C. Trevelyan, to go directly by railway to Masood's family home in Aligarh, the site in north-central India of the college that Masood's grandfather had founded. One senses from Forster's "Indian Diary", as from his letters before his holidays with Masood in Europe, that an erotic sentimentality coloured some of his preliminary observations. As he approached Aligarh through central India, moonlit like quicksilver or sunlit like brass, he felt "changed, among glorious movements." He was indeed pleased to be "complimented" immediately "for 'fitting in so easily' " with the Muslim community at Aligarh college. He also "much enjoyed" the hospitality on succeeding days, but he soon felt a little let down because Masood entertained him hectically rather than intimately, with excursions or with family and friends dropping in at all hours for tea and *pan* (betel nut).

After leaving Masood in Delhi and spending his next two months in visiting various Anglo-Indian officials and Hindu aristocrats, Forster again planned to stay with Masood—this time in the civil station of Bankipore, adjoining Patna on the Ganges in Bihar, the furthest point East in Forster's journey. To Forster, disappointed so many times before, this seemed a last chance for increasing his intimacy with his friend, who would not be hemmed in by his family there. In Patna, Masood was practising law, which he was already beginning to hate, and so he was trying to obtain a full-time teaching post.

On 10 January 1913, Forster arrived by train to stay for over two weeks with Masood in Bankipore. Much of the setting in *A Passage to India*—both "Chandrapore" (Moon City) and the "Marabar Caves"—reflects Forster's sightseeing in Bankipore, the surrounding parts of Patna, and the nearby Barabar Hills. Moreover, the characterisation of Mahmoud Ali and Cyril Fielding, for instance, originated partly from Forster's introductions there to Syed Mahmoud, a nationalist lawyer, and Charles Russell, a professor at Patna College.

Concerning Masood, Forster's anticipation before Bankipore remained anticipation only—and this, curiously, was what Forster first tried to work with when he began to draft his "great book." In the earliest extant outline of an abandoned plot for *A Passage to India*, Forster indicated that, in a setting called "Moradpore" which was the actual name of the quarter where Masood lived, he first intended an English heroine somewhat like himself to "woo" a Muslim Indian who is much more like Masood than Aziz finally turned out to be. Early in his composition of *A Passage to India*, however, which lasted off and on from 1913 until 1924, Forster almost entirely displaced these wish-fulfilment reveries.

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V. May 1913—December 1914: Hiatus

MASOOD HAD ALWAYS roused himself into reclaiming Forster when he felt any danger of his friend falling away in disappointment. And so he did again, after Forster had returned to England: "I am still pulling along though feel mighty miserable. . . . Come out here & share my life with me if you possibly can . . . . I am too Forstersick to write more."

The theatre that was the British Raj might appear to have been well-suited to Masood's skills at self-dramatisation. But, as Forster observed, he preferred not to play a straight role in either the official melodrama of Anglo-Indian heroism or in the expanding counter-melodrama of Indian nationalist heroism. He had found his own original roles—as a self-mocking courtier from the Moghul emperors of old or as an uncourtly mocker of their British successors. In his latter role, he wrote a satiric epistle concerning the marriage of one of Forster's acquaintances to a Burmese girl:

His countrymen will come & kick
And damn him as a lunatic. . . .
The Collector & Commissioner
Will wish that God had fashioned her
And made her English in her ways,
And wish that she would dress in stays
So that at least by those behind
She might be thought of English kind.

Masood's droll attitude towards Anglo-India affected Forster, especially in the opening chapters of *A Passage to India* which he was writing at that time.

Masood was soon to lose the freedom to learn "how to starve in a gentlemanly way." Sir Theodore Morison and other Anglo-Indian personages obtained him a covenanted post in the Indian Educational Service, then his own family and Muslim community set about arranging a "good marriage." He confided in a letter to Forster in March 1914:

> "I live in a dreamland & sexually am going to the dogs—not that I am becoming impotent but am constantly thinking of marriage & women. . . . I have fallen so desperately in love not with Zorah the Person but Zorah the Idea that I simply long to possess her. . . . You see what has happened is that I have become hypersensitive both mentally as well as physically. I wonder whether that always happens to one on the verge of a crisis?"

What did Masood mean by "crisis", and how could it affect Forster?

In November 1914, Masood married Zorah, daughter of Aftab Ahmed Khan, a leader of the Aligarh Movement. Old men today, who were the

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Aligarh undergraduates in the honour guard who pulled Masood's decorated carriage, can recall him standing above them in the dress of an aristocratic Muslim bridegroom, so physically impressive, so socially eloquent, around whom their shouts of gladness appeared to make the heat waves gyrate. There in Aligarh, where his grandfather had begun to stage the "Awakening" of Islamic India after the débâcle of the Mutiny, Masood's three-day progress to his virgin bride—"to destroy and create, in the name of Allah the most compassionate, the most merciful"—seemed much more than a personal event. He seemed a new promise for Muslim India. Public and familial duty had taken hold of this prophet of "personal relations" and "unconventionality."

No one attending that celebration could have detected how its prospect had alarmed Masood's feelings and quelled Forster's. Masood's "crisis"—his obsession that Zorah was not a "Person" but an "Idea", sex itself, dominates one of his contemporary verses. In this piece, the beautiful lover of his dream becomes the diseased prostitute of his nightmare—"a hideous copy" of her former self—the subject, eventually, of a demonstration in a teaching hospital. While the prospect of taking a wife stirred such new nightmares, Masood was refurbishing an old reverie in order to try to overcome Forster's chagrin at the announcement of the marriage:

> "We will build our houses together & live together & if possible die together.... If you come I promise never to leave you. You can write beautiful books & I rotten ones, always spending the long evenings together with Zorah inspiring both of us."

For Forster, what could never be could not then be re-excited. He wrote in his end-of-year account of 1914: Masood "stands at the close of my youth. I wish very much he had felt, if only once, what I felt for him, for I should then have no sense of wasted time. He and the continent he introduced have added little to my growth—not even a novel." Forster had by then got as far as trying to write the "Caves" episode in *A Passage to India*, and "got stuck."

VI. 1915—1918: A Wartime Rapprochement

IN TEACHING AND ADMINISTRATION Masood immediately attracted attention and applause, first as headmaster of the Collegiate School at Patna College, then late in 1915 as Professor of History at Ravenshaw College in Cuttack, Bengal, and finally after 1916 as Director of Public Instruction in the princely state of Hyderabad. As Forster and several of Masood's former students have noted—and in doing so have connected Masood's life with Forster's characterisation of Aziz in *A Passage to India*—Masood mesmerised listeners with the witty hyperboles of his anecdotes, the rhetoric of his nostalgia for vanished Islamic worlds such as the Mogul Empire, and the sonorousness of his recitations from Urdu and Persian poetry.

During his stay in Bihar and Bengal, a few selected features of Indian nationalism had also begun to interest him, and he urged Hindus and Muslims to unite into one nation so as to repel European "decadence." He wrote some doggerel about this possibility:

> *My India, sweet India thou land of my birth....*
> *O! show me thy temples where virgins in trance*
> *Before my own gods & my goddesses dance.*
> *O give me the mosques to which Muslims do hie*
> *At morn & at eve when the Moezizin doth cry....*

Such a dream-like nationalism may not have been anything like the actual thing in India, but it has charm, even if Forster ridiculed it through his treatment of Aziz's versifying in *A Passage to India*. At this same time, Forster, who was living in Egypt as a Red Cross Search Officer, tracing the war-wounded and missing, wrote to Masood, "I do not like Egypt much... the inhabitants are of mud moving." If Forster could find little basis for embracing Egyptian or Indian nationalism, his experience of British insensitivity in Egypt began to make him decidedly anti-imperial.

It was at this time that Forster seemed to become somewhat reconciled to Masood's marriage and wanted to revisit him: "I had been dreaming of you and longed to see you—indeed woke up in the night to write." This letter of July 1916, in which Forster also referred to his successful attempts to manipulate his way out of military conscription, led the Bombay postal censor, who had opened it, to report him as a "coward" and "pervert." Forster apparently never knew about this official denunciation. Shortly afterwards he found himself an Egyptian lover, Mohammed el Adl, whose photograph suggests that he looked somewhat like a compact version of Masood as a youth.

VII. 1919—1921: Personal Relations & Public Duty

IN 1919, THE YEAR of the Amritsar Massacre, which resulted in the first continuous agitation for British withdrawal from India, Masood took his long leave in England. At this time his main enthusiasm, which he talked over with Forster, was

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to promote the publishing and reading of Urdu literature, especially through developments that he was sponsoring at Osmania University in the Nizam's princely state of Hyderabad. This so impressed Forster that he got Masood to write an article, "Some Aspects of Urdu Poetry", for *The Athenaeum*. Masood praised Ghalib, the founder of this Persian-derived literature, and cited his lyric about the sadness of dissolution, whether of every man or the Mogul Empire:

Not all, alas! only a few, have come
back to us in the form of tulips and roses,
How beautiful, O God! must have been some
of the faces that lie hidden in the dust!

Then he commended Hali, the voice of "the Awakening" of Islamic India, and went on to introduce the finest living Urdu poets—Iqbal and the Hindu, Chakbast. Masood argued plausibly that such Urdu poets, unlike Western poets who often lacked a wide readership, attracted a wide range of various readers who were able to enter into the emotions of the poetry. These facts and opinions were to be taken up by Forster in his characterisation of Aziz.

In order to finish his novel . . . or rather, in order to visit his friends in India and see whether a close experience of Hindu India might enable him to finish *A Passage to India*, Forster became temporary private secretary to the Maharajah of Dewas Senior in March 1921. Forster's decision to work in a princely state might seem contradictory. British imperial power in India was based on the dual supremacy which Anglo-India and Princely India were trying at that time to exert over Gandhi's Non-cooperation and the Muslims' Khilafat Movements. After the Amritsar Massacre in 1919, Forster had begun doggedly to criticise British imperialism. His decision to work for the Maharajah appears to have had a further contradiction because, in 1921–22 when Gandhi's *hartal* movement seemed most revolutionary, Masood was actively defending the imperial power, "the Central authority must be supported when the alternative is general loot . . . if the Central authority gets weakened . . . all the badmashes, of whom we have quite a lot in our country, will . . . loot, in spite of Gandhi's so-called soul force." Masood knew to whom in this emergency he owed his duty: the British Raj and Princely India. Without criticising Masood, but in fact supporting him personally, Forster stayed anti-imperial.

Although Forster came to like his Rajah and to admire his mysticism, he was glad in October 1921 to get away from the practical difficulties of this job for a long stay with Masood in Hyderabad. Masood went out of his way to take Forster on tours of this princely state and entertain him indulgently—so that Forster's year-end in 1921 was much happier than the 1914 one in which his

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feelings had also dwelt upon Masood . . . and he had felt betrayed.

VIII. 1922—1924: Personal Relations and Art

AFTER THE DEATH of his lover, Mohammed, Forster settled down with difficulty during 1922 to finish writing *A Passage to India*. Masood had helped him to get his "sexual hankerings" into proportion at Christmas-time, and now he burnt his "indecent writings" which he felt had clogged his imagination. With Leonard Woolf's encouragement, he began to overcome his difficulty in making the "emotional appeal that is necessary to call out the best from an Oriental" and recover "a sense of space." His imaginative effort in trying to vivify this work seemed to intensify his correspondence with Masood.

Masood responded. In December 1922 he "reread" Forster's old letters:

> "You have no idea my dearest how very much your love for me helps me to bear all my troubles. . . . On such occasions I say to myself, 'But there is sweet Morgan who loves me' & a calm enters my soul & I feel as if my life had not been quite wasted. So intense but at the same time so complex is my love for you that I have always failed to analyse it with any success."

Masood always tended to overstate in trying to indicate his love for Forster—as he did in declaring his affection for several of his other friends, both men and women. However much he intended his medleys of Eastern religious and Western erotic phrases to be sincere, his contradictory admission at the end—that he cannot exactly define his love—seems to approach the truth.

In 1922 Masood toured Japan—which he admired for preserving its traditional life while absorbing Western science and technology. This confirmed his belief that India too must educate her people in technology, using Indian vernacular languages and standard English at the appropriate levels so that, as he argued, social evils would be removed and material conditions improved throughout society. Masood's viewpoint in his *Japan and Its Educational System* (1923) and Forster's partly unfair facetiousness about it—"I still detest the Japs"—seem the source, towards the end of *A Passage to India*, of both Aziz's notion that India "must imitate Japan" and also Fielding's jeer that the Japanese would probably end up ruling India.

Masood, before he saw the full typescript of *A Passage to India*, had answered some of Forster's queries, especially about the realistic aspect of the social consequences of bringing Aziz to trial on a charge of trying to rape Adela:

> "If the Doctor has had nothing to do with politics but has always led a pure life then the bitterness against the English will be intensified & no Indian will believe a word of the charge. As regards the English, well I can imagine the talk in the club. . . . The majority will lose no opportunity for getting ready for the much talked of rising of the dirty niggers. When the mistake is confessed by the girl then her own people will feel humiliated & they will begin to avoid her socially, though her respect amongst the Indians will increase."

Forster evidently picked over such advice rather fussily—but he looked forward to more of it. He asked Masood for details especially about the "legal procedure which would be employed" in actual fact for such a trial in British India.

By May 1923, Forster was preparing to send Masood the typescript of the novel for "correction":

> "When eighteen [chapters] are in typescript I shall send them to you. They will give you a good deal of work, especially the police part. . . . I wonder whether anything should be added to the dedication ('To Syed Ross Masood'). I don't want to exhibit our intimacy yet it might be important to indicate its length and solidity.

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> Otherwise the reader may think it's some temporary intimacy. 'In Memory and in Expectation' occurred to me. Or 'in Remembrance of the past sixteen years and in Certainty of the years to come.' I can't quite get what I want & shall in any case be guided by your wishes in the matter."

Forster wanted Masood to check the typescript and was planning to honour their friendship. That is clear. But we become aware of something else also. Is the name, Syed Ross Masood, an Islamic Indian name, to be put on the dedication page partly to reassure readers about the "solidity" of the experience behind this art? Or is Forster concerned only to be as exact in his dedication as he is in the text of the novel?

When Masood finally read the typescript, he pronounced it "magnificent. Do not alter a word." He was a man of literary sensibility. He must have immediately seen the impertinence of his making "corrections" of substance—most especially, perhaps, for the trial scene, in which Forster's ludicrous inventions of courtroom procedures could be said to intensify the novel's facet of satiric parody, which is just as important as its facet of social realism. When *A Passage to India* came out on 4 June 1924, and some Anglo-Indian critics took Forster to task for travestying their legal procedures, he was at first inclined to feel irritated with Masood. But quite soon he seemed to have accepted that his friend was right aesthetically to endorse his typescript. In later editions Forster revised only a few petty details—mainly repetitions of "Burra Sahib"—when, if he had really wished to, he could have revised the whole courtroom scene.

A few weeks later, when *A Passage to India* was already well-received by most reviewers and was quickly becoming something of a best seller, Forster wrote to Masood to express his gratitude and affection: "Well dearest fellow, my intimacy with you has brought me money and celebrity. I have no objection to either, but had no expectation that either was coming when 18 years ago you ran up the Harnham stairs. Dearest SRM how I love you!"

IX. 1925—1937: Before Masood's Death

MASOOD HAD STILL to fulfil his ascendant dream by assuming his patrimony—not only the vice-chancellorship of Aligarh University but also the cultural leadership of Islamic India. Almost perversely, Forster tried to curb his friend. Masood persisted. He realised that his health was failing, since his diseased kidneys were poisoning

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his body, and he therefore re-ordered his purposes with a desperate finality. He had already violently driven away his wife, Zorah. He then made bitter enemies of important men on all sides in India, almost as an inevitable result of his considerable success at Aligarh in re-vivifying the culture of Islamic India, in purging corrupt academics, in defending freedom of expression, and in sponsoring the modernising forces of science and technology. To Forster, tut-tutting or commiserating from England, Masood's accession to power appeared to be replacing his life of personal relationships with much sound and more fury. Masood's public success was nevertheless great . . . but incomplete, for by 1935 his enemies, ranging from Anglo-Indian butts of his jokes to fundamentalist Muslim denouncers of his social drinking, had forced him to resign from Aligarh, and he died soon afterwards.

So Forster and Masood each also wanted . . . it's hard to be certain . . . probably self-expression through an art more permanent than that of personal relationships. Masood wanted to dream that his cultural leadership emanating from his vice-chancellorship of the major reformed Muslim university under the British Raj was equivalent to the role of a nawab under the Great Mogul. And Forster? Back in 1910, when Forster proposed that they have a sexual affair, Masood had provided a dream for him as well, "to write a book on India . . . it will be a great book." When Forster was finishing his masterpiece, *A Passage to India*, in 1923, he confided to Masood, "I seem to need you more than usual today. . . . All that remains positive is the expression of oneself through art. . . . Personal relations succeed in this way less and less."

Black Blood & Poetry

On Tennyson—By LAURENCE LERNER

WHAT A WONDERFUL SUBJECT for a biography Alfred Tennyson is. That he could send himself into a trance by repeating his own name to himself silently "till all at once as it were out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being"; or that in his youthful moods of "misery unutterable" the realisation came over him "of the whole of the inhabitants of London lying horizontal a hundred years hence"—this is promising enough, and to it we can add the remarks he drew about and to himself. Anyone whom Carlyle could describe as "a fine large-featured, dim-eyed, bronze-coloured, shaggy-headed man . . . who swims, outwardly and inwardly, with great composure in an inarticulate element as of tranquil chaos and tobacco smoke" must surely be worth writing about; especially if at the height of his fame he received a letter from Charles Babbage, the mad mathematical genius, suggesting that his poem *The Vision of Sin* would be improved if the lines

Every minute dies a man
Every minute one is born

were corrected to "Every minute dies a man, And one and a sixteenth is born."

All that is promising enough; but what really makes Tennyson such marvellous material is the Tennyson family. His grandfather George was a solicitor who made a fortune, and treated his children with alternating arrogance and generosity. They called him "the old man of the Wolds." When his wife died he asked Alfred to write an elegy on her, and offered him 10 shillings, saying "There, that is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and, take my word for it, it will be the last" (in 1871 the New York *Ledger* paid Alfred £1,000 for a 20-line poem!). His father, also George, was a clergyman subject to fits of extreme melancholia, and outbursts of paranoiac rage against his wife and children: "his duty is sadly neglected, and his fits have come on in the church, so *everyone is afraid of him*, and neglect the church." As a young man (if we are to believe the stories) he visited Russia, accused some leading noblemen of murdering the Czar without realising they were present, and had to flee for his life. Alfred's uncle, Charles, the second son (but adopted by the Old Man of the Wolds as his heir), member of Parliament and snob, spent a fortune turning Bayons Manor into a Gothic palace, and changed his name to Tennyson d'Eyncourt, partly to dissociate himself from his brother's family, partly to raise his social standing: realising that his wish to do this made him ridiculous in the eyes of the neighbours, he persuaded his father to insist on his making the change, and even managed to mention this insistence in the inscription he wrote for the old man's tombstone. As for Tennyson's brothers, they were a gloomy and unstable lot, several of whom were put in asylums for varying periods: perhaps the best story is that of Septimus, who once rose from the hearth-rug to introduce

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himself to a stranger, saying "I am Septimus, the most morbid of the Tennysons." Most of these melancholics lived to an advanced age: Alfred, dying at 83, was by no means the longest lived. Clearly there is nothing mortal about melancholia.

THE 600 METICULOUS PAGES of Robert Bernard Martin's biography[1] tell us as much about Tennyson as we are ever likely to need (or be able) to know. He tells, or retells, the best stories, quotes the important letters and rises occasionally to a turn of phrase that sums his man up brilliantly ("as a friend he was a born sprinter rather than a long-distance runner"). This is a good book, and no doubt a new 600-page life of Tennyson had to come sooner or later, but it is not at all certain that it is a necessary book: almost all the really memorable material was already in Christopher Ricks's much better written *Tennyson* (1972). And, deep down, there are the inevitable limitations of biography itself. Can you, for instance, *explain* how your subject came to be what he was? Tennyson's mother treated her sons "with a deeply feminine manner not far removed from flirtatiousness", and Martin suggests this was "not good for their future emotional stability." This is not really compatible with the view of the "black blood of the Tennysons", and there is no way the biographer can settle the nature-nurture argument.

But the most important problem is that of literary biography. All I have said so far of Tennyson's fascination would be true if he had never written a line, but Mr Martin, in that case, would not have written his life. What is the relation between life and works in the biography of a poet? There are two pitfalls: to write two separate books bound up together, perhaps in alternating chapters, and to reduce the poetry by using it merely as biographical documentation; apart from ignoring the poetry altogether, I am not sure that it is possible completely to avoid both pitfalls.

Mr Martin is occasionally reductive, as when he insists on reading *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After* as being about the death of Lionel, and Tennyson's resentment over his grandfather. His insistence that "there is not one touch of biography in it from beginning to end" is (plausibly enough) treated by Martin as being evidence to the contrary, but the whole discussion throws no real light on the poem. But Martin is well aware of the dangers of circular reasoning when one argues from poems to the life and then uses this to explain the poems again; and on one or two occasions he succeeds in marrying poet to poems in the way that every literary biogra-

[1] *Tennyson: The Unquiet Heart.* By ROBERT BERNARD MARTIN. Oxford University Press and Faber, £12.95.

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pher seeks and few attain to. His discussion on Tennyson's short-sightedness, for instance, draws attention brilliantly to the characteristics of his descriptive poetry:

> "It is obvious in his poetry that what he knew best was the minute examination of forms, such as the flowers or leaves that he peered at by throwing himself on the ground and thrusting his face into them. Against that must be set the evocation of enormous misty distances, of the blank loneliness of sea and sky that fascinated him and that so often furnished him with the similes for dimly perceived abstractions, for the capitalized words like Immutability or Immensity or Unknowable. In his poetry there is little middle distance, and that includes the accurate perception of persons."

Martin does not quote at this point, but it would be easy to do so. All Tennyson lovers can hear his inimitable style both in the vast suggestiveness of

> *Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows*
> *And glories of the broad belt of the world*

and in the meticulousness of

> *With blackest mass the flower-pots*
> *Were thickly crusted, one and all;*

and it is satisfying to realise that the linking factor resides not only in his verbal sense but in his eyesight.

That is Martin's finest insight, but there are others. He tells us, for instance, which poetic landscapes were inspired by the visit to the valley of Cauteretz in 1830, thus enabling us to link *Oenone*, *The Princess*, *The Eagle* and even *The Lotos Eaters*. This is illuminating for how the poet's mind worked, though it does not, in the end, add anything to our understanding of any of the poems.

THERE IS A MORE GENERAL DANGER in literary biography that is worth lingering on for its theoretical interest. A poem is, to use the now fashionable critical jargon, overdetermined: it is the result of several factors, each of which appears to be adequate to account for it. The biographer is inclined to concentrate on the personal factors, and so perhaps to imply an exclusion of the others. Tennyson was frequently drawn to narratives of marriage choice, in which lovers are thwarted by the plans of the parents (as a line of *Edwin Morris* succinctly puts it, "They married her to sixty thousand pounds"). Mr Martin's list of these poems (by no means complete) occurs in his discussion of the marital frustrations of the Tennyson brothers and sisters (including the poet's own rather mild frustration over Rosa Baring). "He needed to look no further than his own family to see that parental permission for marriage was usually lacking unless there was plenty of money."

Or, to take another example, there is "Come down, O maid", one of Tennyson's most haunting lyrics—not quite to the taste of 1981, perhaps, but it is a taste we are the poorer for losing. This poem is quoted in the account of Tennyson's trip to Switzerland with Moxon in 1846, and is related in some detail both to the Swiss mountains and to the Pyrenees: "much of the poem rings with echoes of his stay with Hallam in Cauteretz." Martin finds an "oddity" about the poem which he explains in terms of the poet's emotional development: "Tennyson was at last beginning to detach himself from the past and to ally himself with the life around him."

There is nothing wrong in either of these discussions, but they are partial: the poems are determined, even in their innermost being, by factors outside biography. "Come down, O maid" is both a very odd and a very traditional poem. It is a pastoral, and the contrast between hill and valley was a commonplace of Renaissance pastoral; it is a love poem, and some of its richest lines seem to derive from that oldest of all love-poems, the *Song of Songs*. It has the music that only Tennyson can write:

> *let the wild*
> *Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave*
> *The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill*
> *Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,*
> *That like a broken purpose waste in air.*

That modulation from the visual to the abstract: why is it so moving? Tennyson's emotional life is somehow involved in the change from water to smoke to broken purpose, but in a way too subtle for any biographer to disentangle; as is his verbal sensibility, his debt to Keats and Virgil, along with the eyesight we have already spoken about.

What factors in the overdetermining of a poem does the biographical concentration ignore? Pressures from outside the individual are either social or literary (I leave aside the question whether these are ultimately the same: at the level of specific discussion they are obviously different). There seems little in the way of response to contemporary social pressures in this poem (though it perhaps acquires some by its insertion in *The Princess*); but it is redolent with poetic traditions and—strangest of paradoxes—the very moments when the poem seems closest to tradition are those when it is most uniquely itself.

TO STUDY what Martin's book largely ignores, we can conveniently turn to Robert Pattison.[2] *Tennyson and Tradition* is as single-minded in its way as any biography, but its way is that of literary

[2] *Tennyson and Tradition*. By ROBERT PATTISON. Harvard University Press, £7.20, $12.00.

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influence. Not only does it aim to relate Tennyson's work to previous poetry, it does so by asking only one question, what poetic genre do his poems fall into, and by claiming that over and over the answer is the same, that Tennyson wrote idylls.

It can be helpful to divide poetry into genres: the differences between narrative dramatic and lyric are important enough to tell us something central when a poem falls clearly into one category—or fails to. But what is an idyll? The term is so vague that it is not surprising to find that the only tenable definition is full of qualifications.

> "The idyll, then, is a form compounded of contradictions. It is aloof, the work of meticulous scholars consciously manipulating the genre; yet its subject matter is the human psyche and its speakers sing with lyric immediacy. . . . It is artificial; yet it employs an extreme form of realism. . . ."

There are plenty of other contradictions before Mr Pattison is through: the idyll turns out to be something like epic, something like allegory, something like pastoral, something like comedy. What is the use of a classification where the pigeon-hole won't keep still?

There is one good reason for seeing Tennyson's poems as idylls, which is that he did so himself, using the word with recurrent obstinacy. But poets have their quirks, and not all Mr Pattison's persuasiveness has convinced me that it's a useful term. I found myself mentally rewriting all his most interesting sentences, simply leaving out the reference to "idyll." Thus instead of saying that *The Lady of Shalott* "is, in the idyll tradition, allegorical", you can just say it is allegorical, or instead of saying that "Tennyson consciously chose for his early work a traditional poetic form (the idyll) encompassing a high degree of objectivity and distance" you can just say that he chose to have a high degree of objectivity and distance. It is worth doing this to Mr Pattison's discussions, because he is a subtle and sensitive critic, and his points of substance are worth detaching from the Procrustean idyll. I found him particularly interesting on *Maud*, where he shows what drew Tennyson to narrative, while at the same time retaining his interest in "the most private, most basic workings of the human psyche", so that the actions are seen as "the outcome of certain pre-existing states of mind." Most of *Maud* is not Tennyson at his best, though it was a poem he was very defensive about: he insisted on reading it to all his friends, including Jane Carlyle who, we learn from Mr Martin, responded by saying "I think it is perfect *stuff*!", whereon he read it to her twice more! And perhaps he was right, for it is a real exploratory work, and I agree with Mr Pattison that modern poetry owes a good deal to this "fluid mental drama."

Even the *Idylls of the King* grow more interesting under Mr Pattison's hand. They are never likely to appeal much to the 20th century—though we should remember that our main criticisms, that Arthur is a prig and that he and his knights are all Victorians in disguise, were made, and very wittily, by contemporaries. But we can admire their technique even when they sound contrived:

> *Back, as a hand that pushes through the leaf*
> *To find a nest and feels a snake, he drew.*

This is Pelleas finding Gawain and Ettarre in each other's arms. "The inversion of word-order", says Mr Pattison shrewdly, "mimics Pelleas's recoil and puts the reader into a world of reversed values that can no longer be directly perceived but must be understood at second hand by comparison and simile."

Arthur's most priggish moment, to most readers, is the lofty speech in which he condemns Guinevere's adultery, forgives her loftily, and announces

> *I hold that man the worst of public foes*
> *Who either for his own or children's sake,*
> *To save his blood from scandal, lets the wife*
> *Whom he knows false, abide and rule the house.*

This was orthodox enough in 1859, and the speech was wildly popular with readers. Today it is so out-

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moded as to seem quaint, and I am not sure how far Mr Pattison is teasing us when he suggests that Arthur's behaviour is a textbook example of what 20th-century psychologists see as the trademark of mental health. Mr Pattison is not above a little teasing: Tennyson, all too often, was.

THERE IS ONE more reason why Tennyson is a splendid subject for biographers, the fact that he was so photogenic. Surely no other poet has left us such a series of faces. We owe many of them to his friendship with Julia Cameron, that most brilliant of Victorian photographers. They are so fine that the intending purchaser, hesitating between Mr Martin's scholarly thoroughness and Mr Pattison's shrewder but very specialised discussion, might decide to splash instead on the slender text and marvellous pictures of Andrew Wheatcroft's *Tennyson Album*.[3] There he will find Lincolnshire landscapes, Somersby Rectory, Emily Tennyson looking drawn and patient, Hallam looking respectable and Lionel rakish—and above all the rugged or mournful or dirty or dignified or windswept face of the poet, always slightly different, and always very, very intense.

[3] *The Tennyson Album. A Biography in Original Photographs.* By ANDREW WHEATCROFT. Routledge & Kegan Paul, £10.50.

Spots of Time

Cultural Trips, Pre- & Post-War—By ANTHONY THWAITE

TO FOCUS on a recent period which already looks "historical", and by dint of assembling a lot of names and titles and quotations and half-forgotten memories to try to establish the flavour and achievements of that period, is obviously an attractive notion, and one bound to attract attention. Each decade, from the Twenties to the Sixties, has been combed through and memorialised. Work by Malcolm Muggeridge, Philip Toynbee, Julian Symons and Christopher Booker immediately comes to mind. But in my view the most interesting books in this genre have been either highly personal or very exactly and narrowly specialised. Julian Maclaren-Ross's *Memoirs of the Forties* is a good example of the first, Blake Morrison's *The Movement* (reviewed in ENCOUNTER in August–September 1980) an equally good one of the second.

Having recently finished writing the text and compiling the anthology for a large-scale book of photographs concerned with the Mediterranean, I looked forward to reading Paul Fussell's *Abroad: British Literary Travelling Between the Wars*.[1] Professor Fussell's earlier book, *The Great War and Modern Memory* (reviewed in the July 1976 ENCOUNTER), showed that he was a skilful negotiator of the two-way route between literature and life, and an exceptionally wide and intelligent reader of a whole range of material, such as letters and diaries, which reinforced his arguments. My own reading for the Mediterranean book had made me look, or look again, at a daunting number of authors, from Mediterranean "natives" (Homer to Bartolo Cattafi) to travellers from outside (Milton, Goethe, Durrell, Freya Stark, etc. etc.); and I enjoyed the prospect of following Professor Fussell on his trail through "the context of travel writing from 1918 to 1939."

But *Abroad* turns out to be a sad disappointment, a book which gets tangled up in its dual purpose of being (as the blurb puts it) "controversial and nostalgic." What is wrong is partly apparent in the very first paragraph of Fussell's preface, in which he rather breezily draws attention to how much he has taken on and what disparate material he has used, "so that the book aspires at once to the condition of literary criticism, social and cultural history, and autobiography." But the breadth of scope would not matter if there were any sense of depth, or indeed any feeling of focus. "Controversial" turns out to mean whimsical and factitious generalising: "nostalgic" means the past was more interesting, because quainter, than the present.

"Before tourism there was travel, and before travel there was exploration": I don't quarrel with Fussell's apophthegm, nor with his concentration on "travel" as what his between-the-wars literary persons were up to. The trouble lies in his unseriousness and uncertainty, constantly betrayed in tones of what could be called well-informed fatuity: pert remarks on a "wet comment" of A. J. P. Taylor's, chirpy facetiousness about the difference between "places" and "pseudo-places",

[1] *Abroad: British Literary Travelling Between the Wars.* By PAUL FUSSELL. Oxford University Press, £8.95.

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ingratiating preliminaries attempting to disarm criticism (e.g. of the Spanish Civil War, "One doesn't want to be frivolous about a serious subject, but . . ."), circular waffling ("The memorable war memoirs of the late 20's and early 30's, by Graves and Blunden and Sassoon, are very like travel books and would doubtless show different characteristics if they'd not been written in the travel context of the period between the wars"), naive delight that a notion he has already bulldozed into being a fact can then be made to fit into his scheme of things (e.g. of *The Waste Land*, "It is wonderful that a poem so central to the age should be so geographical"), rhetorical questions posing unremarkable and irrelevant comparisons ("And who would not find *Sea and Sardinia* a better book than *The Plumed Serpent*, Forster's *Alexandria* a better book than *Maurice*, Ackerley's *Hindoo Holiday* better than the collected novels of Hugh Walpole?"), and throughout a prissy hauteur about "tourism" of a mindless *laudator temporis acti* sort ("The resemblance between the tourist and the client of a massage parlor is closer than it would be polite to emphasize").

THE BREATHLESS GABBLE of names and titles and opinions is sometimes deflected by a touch of academic jargon, and at one point Professor Fussell even indulges in a bit of literary stylistics with a passage from Lawrence's *Mornings in Mexico* ("his prose revives, propelled by emphatic prepositions"), of the kind that becomes less convincing the longer it goes on. So many different and jarring approaches almost obscure the true perceptions and interesting juxtapositions of facts; though facts, as presented by Professor Fussell, are not always as cast-iron as he seems to suppose they are. In his second chapter, for example, he makes much of the Defence of the Realm Acts of 1914 and 1915, which "effectively restricted private travel abroad": "The travel books appearing while the war lasted were by official travellers like the mendacious war correspondents. Other civilians were fixed in the British Isles for the duration." How was it, then, that A. E. Housman and Grant Richards went eating and drinking their way through France in 1915? (Incidentally, they were glad to find that the War had cleared out most of the "worst elements" of tourists on the Riviera—an observation one might have thought Professor Fussell would find sympathetic.) It is startling, too, to see an American professor of literature presenting John O'Hara's novel *Appointment in Samarra* as a travel book set in Iraq, which makes one feel he got no further than the evocative title.

Beyond all this, Fussell gives little sense of having a perspective of 18th- and 19th-century travel books, or any awareness of post-1945 writers who can be closely related to, as well as

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made distinct from, the sort of books he is talking about: Thesiger, Theroux, Raban, Naipaul, Jan Morris, and a host of others. As for Freya Stark, she is tucked dismissively within a pair of brackets as someone in whose books "the dimension of delight in language and disposition, in all the literary contrivances, isn't there." The lack of historical perspective is the most surprising fault, because one knows that Professor Fussell has done distinguished work on 18th-century writers. The lack of more recent reference (apart from brief mention of Paul Theroux's *The Great Railway Bazaar*) may come from fidelity to his subtitle, but it is ludicrous to suggest that the "genuine" travel-book as genre is dead.

PAUL FUSSELL HAS TAKEN on too much and too little, and has said too much and too little. I began to feel the same about Robert Hewison's *In Anger: Culture in the Cold War 1945–60*,[2] but in the end felt that, though flawed, it is a better book. It isn't unfair to compare the two: each chooses to isolate one brief 20th-century period and attempts to make argumentative sense of it through a method of laying down a heavy barrage of names and titles, comparing and contrasting from a base well stocked with scissors and paste. Mr Hewison is adept at busy synopsis writing, and he has dug out and exhibited a large number of useful quotations from ephemeral places, such as periodicals, to reinforce what he has to say about literature, theatre, cinema, radio and television, and the visual arts. He was an infant at the beginning of his period and an adolescent by the end of it, which means that he hasn't always got the right sense of "feel"—but this is something any historical surveyor has to face, and on the whole both facts and whatever underlies facts look accurate.

What is missing is any apparent personal viewpoint—something Mr Hewison rebukes Julian Symons for having in Symons's *The Thirties: A Dream Revolved*, published in 1960. Mr Hewison writes:

> "Symons was an important and active member of the generation of committed intellectuals formed by the 1930s, and though he set out to write a tolerant and objective account of the period, his own admitted involvement kept breaking through."

Mr Hewison's degree of commitment to anything is uncertain, unless very broadly it is to "energy" and "toughness" rather than "sensitivity", and a belief that (as he puts it towards the end of his book) "Anger, however confused, is a more positive response than nostalgia or despair." His starting point is "The God that Failed"—not Communism as seen by Koestler, Spender, etc. in the book of that title, but more generally the creeping disillusionment that was apparent very soon after the War, a sense that the pent-up idealism released in 1945 had so quickly dribbled away as various unpleasantnesses were recognised: nuclear war, the true face of Communism and the Soviet Union, the realisation that the Labour government was not going to introduce Utopia, and—as far as a new generation of writers and artists was concerned—the impotent recognition that the old gang of middlemen and spokesmen, and indeed writers and artists, was still in charge.

Mr Hewison's tone occasionally becomes one of rather supercilious loftiness in the relaying of facts or supposed facts. Since he was hardly in a position to grow up with, and be educated by, the BBC Third Programme by actually listening to it, he has to rely on his scissors and paste. This means that he transcribes quotations from sources which vary enormously in authority and sense. Thus he has a good deal to say about the Third's tiny audience, its timidity, its "institutional prudence": "its object was to act as a centre of excellence, and as such it gained the BBC much prestige, though the people who accorded this prestige were in foreign countries where the Third was inaudible." This sounds quite smart, just as reported accounts of the drinking habits of Features Department producers make entertaining reading; but the fact remains that the prestige, enlightenment and impact of the Third Programme were far more solid and important than Mr Hewison recognises, and he could have found plenty of quotable evidence of this.

His account of the founding and spirit of ENCOUNTER ("born middle-aged . . . [its] negative conservatism matched the times") is naturally not calculated to ingratiate itself with those who work for this magazine; but his comments on the *London Magazine* are equally tendentious. "Lack of urgency" (Mr Hewison's label for the whole 1945–60 literary scene) should be banned as a

[2] *In Anger: Culture in the Cold War 1945–60*. By ROBERT HEWISON. Weidenfeld, £9.95.

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critical term: it was effectively spiked ten years ago by James Fenton in his verse-letter to John Fuller:

> *For a poet to hove into view—*
> *To be emergent—*
> *He must whine, as if he wants the loo,*
> *"Please sir, I'm* **urgent.***"*

On the other hand, Hewison is good at making comparisons between the arts, and activities in the arts, of a kind which one now calls *interdisciplinary*: some novels, some poems, some films, some paintings *do* go together. He is interesting, too, on the phenomenon of Colin Wilson and what he calls the "home-grown existentialism" of the War years (including Cyril Connolly, whose *The Unquiet Grave* I can indeed see as a Mandarin ancestor of Wilson's *The Outsider*—though Mandarin is a term Mr Hewison over-uses, with a reference so wide that sometimes it becomes meaningless. Similarly, he is too fond of *carnivorous* as an epithet, e.g. "the carnivorous Tynan").

WHAT HE IS BEST AT, and what makes the book useful as a reference work if nothing else, is the assembling of data of an unobvious kind, such as a letter published in the *New Statesman* in 1954 from a young novelist who sounds just like an *Ur* Jimmy Porter, selling "glacé cherries by the ten-ton lot" rather than running a sweet-stall, but very close in vituperative protest about "Mr Priestley striding the Yorkshire tea-parties of good old Edwardia" and the like. The literary judgments are less certain: totally inadequate on Philip Larkin, and exiguous to vanishing point on (for example) William Golding and Muriel Spark. Still, Mr Hewison's factual accuracy is so good that it isn't niggling to point out that Jocelyn Brooke's *The Military Orchid* (soon to be reissued as part of the Brooke trilogy) is not properly described as a "war novel", or a novel at all; D. J. Enright was teaching at *Konan* University in Japan; the Mercury Theatre, Tolkien, and George MacBeth's surname are consistently mispelled throughout; and it is untrue to state (as Mr Hewison does twice) that the CND movement had its origins in the nuclear scare at the time of Suez in 1956, when one remembers such phenomena as the Oxford Hydrogen Bomb committee in 1954, an organisation with an extraordinarily wide political spectrum, from Michael Heseltine (then President of the Oxford Union) to all positions on his left. Out of it was born *Universities and Left Review* and its progeny, to which Mr Hewison does give some considered attention. Roots and origins, of the recent past as much as of remote "history", are usually much more complicated than either Professor Fussell or Mr Hewison allow.

Old Stick

(in memory of my father)

It stands in the hall, the blackthorn stick
You brought from Ulster years ago
When coming to convert the English.
Each Sunday you preached with pentecostal fire
Fisting the pulpit until it shook.
Satan took some stick.

You were the fundamentalist who
Sporting shamrock could be stage Mick
Or, with hair greased and soot dabbed below
Your nose, Hitler raving hilariously.
An argument with a car robbed you
Of that ebullience.

Old photographs now remind me of
The non-conforming reverend
Who could pose with lampshade for a hat,
Or tote a broom rifle as "Ulster's last hope":
Those, and that uncompromising stick
Standing in the hall.

Wes Magee

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EAST & WEST

The Slow-Motion Funeral of Mao Tse-tung

By Lucien Bianco

TODAY AS EVER, today more than ever, the China Travel Agency (*Luxingshe*) lies with effrontery and steals systematically.[1] But it gives you more rope now. Nowadays you may buy your own train ticket, visit one of the many towns opened to tourism last year, and take a bus, and sometimes even a bicycle, to the surrounding area. Above all—and this is the pre-requisite of a fruitful visit—you can often escape the attentions of *Luxingshe* itself (except with their hotels for foreigners, which I only once managed to avoid).

Of course, 99 travellers out of 100 are still herded to visit this-or-that Model Crèche or People's Commune, and have little alternative. All the same it would be worth their while to display a little more enterprise than they usually do, and a touch more firmness in their dealings with *Luxingshe*: it is perfectly permissible to claim, say, a half-day's freedom in each new town. Even if the half-day tends to be bitten off at each end (and has to compete with that unscheduled museum visit which can't be fitted in anywhere else), those few hours of strolling around without an escort through crowded streets and sidestreets are most people's only opportunity to see the reality of China with the blinkers off.

THE BLINKERS are not fitted so tightly for today's guided visits: the members of my group saw more and were able to understand more last summer than those with whom I travelled in 1974.[2] But the ideal is an individual visit. For me, the adventure (and the discovery) began in the hour after saying goodbye to the homeward-bound *Polytechniciens*. The guide had intended to see me back to the hotel after the train left Jinan station at about 7.30 in the evening. When I informed him that I meant to "eat out" he objected that at this late hour all the restaurants were closed; but I insisted, and soon found a place that was open. I jostled along in the queue like everybody else, and sat down among the Chinese. In 1974 customers used to beat a rapid retreat if it looked as though a foreigner might sit down next to them; on that August evening in Jinan three young people invited me to their table and shared their meal with me, and then one of them took me to his home, where I spent two hours in conversation with his family. We all felt rather delighted.

Another time I was standing reading some notices outside a school when a young man came up. "A cadre, checking up on me", I thought, with

[1] I lost count of the numbers of "Mistakes" I had to point out when it came to recording the price of a room, the length of a stay, the number of meals taken at the hotel, or the cost of a journey. For instance, three meals at three yuan charged at fifteen yuan; three kilometres by taxi at half a yuan per kilometre charged at four yuan; and so on.

[2] "Saw" because of the subsequent changes inside China; "understood" because of the changes inside France. My French companions in 1974 were mainly gullible and reverential. Five years later they were taking a systematically sceptical line.

FIVE YEARS AFTER *his official demise, Mao has not done with dying. The last huge blow-up photos of "the Founder of the Revolution" have vanished from the streets of Peking and there is even talk of transforming his mausoleum into a kind of Pantheon, where he would be joined by a whole choir of companions, headed by Liu Shaoqi—the victims of a Cultural Revolution which no one now dares to champion or to have been involved with. Lucien Bianco, director of the Paris "Centre for Research & Documentation on Contemporary China" at the École des Hautes Études (and one of the co-authors of a collective work on China, "Regards froids sur la Chine", published by Editions du Seuil in 1956) spent nearly two months attending one of the final stages of de-Maoisation. After leaving with a group for a two-week visit to Eastern China (Canton, Hangzhou, Wuxi, Nankin), he was subsequently invited to spend another fortnight in Peking, and later paid an unescorted visit to the provinces of the South-west (Sichuan, Yunnan, Guanxi and Guangdong). This was an unusual opportunity: in neither of his two previous visits, in 1954 and 1974, had he enjoyed such freedom of movement.*

This is the fourth of a series of articles on how the West views present-day China. The American report: Beverley Hooper, "Upstairs Downstairs in 'New China'" (April 1980); the British report: Anthony Thwaite, "Experts for Export" (July 1980); the German report; Marcel Reich-Ranicki, "Open Questions before Chinese Walls" (October 1980).

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the memory of old scrapes still fresh in my mind. Instead it was an English teacher who had dismissed his 50 pupils for fear of missing the opportunity to talk to a foreigner. He too pressed me to visit him at home. He was a regular listener to *Voice of America*, "with permission from the Party secretary", but he had not waited for permission before secretly listening to their transmissions.

At the Summer Palace, which I visited with my daughter, we acquired a friendly guide. What was the use of escaping from *Luxingshe* only to gain another shadow? But this one was a very cultured man (most of the *Luxingshe* guides are invincibly ignorant) and he did not wait long before starting a political discussion. Next day he confessed that he wrote for "the underground press"; as a spokesman for one of the democratic movements.

In trains, you avoid talking politics (it is too crowded for private conversations), but that doesn't stop people keeping up a stream of talk and argument. Travellers flock from all compartments and even from other carriages to join in the conversation with "the foreigner." Five years ago people in Peking would walk away without answering if I so much as asked them the way; today they are more likely to accompany you to your destination. Since I spent over 100 hours on trains I eventually got acquainted with about twenty travellers, mainly technicians, soldiers, officers, or cadres. Though people refrain from "talking politics", it is noticeable that "reference news" (news and translations from abroad, theoretically reserved for cadres) passes from hand to hand without comment; and if you bring in a non-communist magazine from Hong Kong, everybody (police included) scans it avidly, again without comment.

THE CHINESE are less afraid; the régime has been laicised. Fewer loudspeakers, and when they do start blasting it is not necessarily to indoctrinate you. It might be to give an unexpected English lesson, or even to play some fairground music, which was what I heard disturbing the peace of the North Lake in Peking. None of the numerous strollers seemed to find it at all incongruous that a jolly dance tune should signalise the Third Anniversary of the death of the Great Helmsman. Fewer slogans too, and the ones that remain are often reassuringly commonplace—like "*Long live the Union of the Peoples of the Whole World!*" Actually this particular slogan is for external use (you find it in railway stations, airports, tourist centres, in fact any of the usual foreign stamping-grounds). Here is one for domestic use, often reproduced in factories and workshops: "*Let Us Struggle to Make Our Country a Powerful State by developing Agriculture, Industry and Science and strengthening National Defence!*" This eminently ordinary and reasonable appeal sums up the "four modernisations" which now take the place of ideology.

Who would want to argue with such objectives, any more than with the birth-control policy now being imposed more vigorously than ever? This belated victory for common sense obviously satisfies nearly everybody in China. People will make a point of telling you things that would once have been blasphemous—"The Chinese population is too big" or "We're a long way behind, we've got to model ourselves on you" (you equals the West, and preferably America, the symbol of technological progress and prosperity). "That Maoist rubbish is all over", everyone seems to agree, so much so that on days of optimism one almost feels surprised to see all those twin portraits of Mao and Hua Guo-feng displayed, and to read so many exhortations to "*Remain Eternally Faithful to the Great Flag of Chairman Mao*", sometimes followed by a slogan urging the reader to embark on a new Long March under the leadership of Chairman Hua.

THE MOST SERIOUS PROBLEM is not the persistence of watchwords which recommend the opposite of what the country seems to be doing or seems to want to do today. It is the sheer inefficiency of the system, which is all the more obvious now that it is no longer serving self-evidently nonsensical purposes. For the first time for many years, the People and the Power Structures both want pretty much the same thing.

So what are the Chinese waiting for before they set about a task of modernisation which nobody would now challenge? Waiting for a real schedule of work. Let me explain what I mean. Wherever I went, in the port of Chongqing, on the roads, climbing the 6,000 steps which lead to the summit of Taishan (one of China's five sacred mountains), I saw men and often women carrying enormous loads, wearing themselves out hauling heavy carts, and toiling in a way no West European would submit to. Street repairs in Canton: women haul great blocks of stone and use them to crush the ballast; men even the surface with a plank and a miniature trowel.[3] Building an extension of the hotel on the summit of Taishan and feeding and supplying the many tourists who spend the night there to watch the sunrise: files of porters carry bricks, rubble and food up to a height of 1,500 metres. (This won't last much longer—they're building a road.)

[3] "Sex discrimination" is not my subject here. All the same this distribution of labour reminds me that while I never saw a taxi driven by a woman, I did see plenty of women driving buses and lorries. The jobs with the lowest standing and the hardest work are often done by women.

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Technical backwardness and poverty account for these primitive and gigantic tasks and the desperately hard work. In conjunction with population pressure they also, in part, account for the tempo of labour often being so very slow. When there is one tool for every four people all you can do is wait your turn. When antiquated tractors break down at the end of every other furrow, it is hard to increase productivity. In offices, which are nearly always considerably overstaffed, one often has the impression that one-third of the employees could do all the work (and would probably be only too pleased to work three times harder for double the wages). But what would happen to the rest of them? So there is no question that there are severe objective limitations on the productivity of "the masses." But these limitations do not explain everything. If the Chinese work far less hard "at home", in People's China, than in Hong Kong, Taiwan, or in South-east Asia, there must be other reasons.

The most obvious of these is the lack of any correlation between work done and wages paid, which every working person knows. I had confirmation of this in a village on the outskirts of Peking where the number of "work points" gained by each worker during January-March 1979 was still pinned up on the noticeboard. For most members of the brigade this number was exactly equal to 9 times the number of days worked (for instance, 31 days, 279 points; 30 days, 270 points; 28 days, 252 points; and so on). So it made no difference whether the day's work was busy or slack—in this case the list included the period spent celebrating the New Year of the lunar calendar, which fell at the beginning of February that year (underlining the fictitious character of a sum which counts 31 days work in January, in the off-season, and 28 in February). Nor was there any difference in the rates paid to different workers: they all got 9 points per person per day.

No greater reward for greater effort, and levels of pay are so low that everybody moonlights when they can—a further reason for not overtaxing oneself during normal working hours. Much the same applies to the peasants: it suits them better to take it easy during the day and to husband their energies for the private plots which they cultivate in the evening. To anyone who feels that these petty calculations lay undue stress on the selfishness of workers educated in socialism for three decades, I would point out that:

1. While there is certainly more than just one reason for the failure of "the Maoist experiment", nevertheless its rejection of material incentives played an influential part.

2. The living standards of most Chinese are so close to subsistence level that a lot of "selfish" attitudes are, in fact, dictated by one sacred imperative—the survival of the individual and his family.

3. This living standard hardly rose at all in the last two of these three decades (say, since 1957), and a great store of good will was exhausted by so long a period of stagnation.

4. Last but not least, disinterested participation in a collective task seen as a worthwhile goal requires a certain amount of faith; and faith evaporated years ago. It would have waned in the course of time in any case, but Mao accelerated the process—under the pretext or delusion (he was a very eccentric manipulator) of preserving the faith and even drumming up new enthusiasm.

Nowadays you can go into a workshop and notice men or women gossiping, laughing, or reading the paper, not bothering to spring into action at the sight of cadres or of foreign visitors. I never saw anything like that in the old days, which doesn't mean of course, that they worked harder then (I believe they worked even less), but simply that it just doesn't matter to them now. As they often say, "*Wo bu guan* (I don't give a damn)."

THE RÉGIME is paying for past mistakes; and there are so many left uncorrected. Nothing surprising in that: remove the terror, and the reality emerges.

It has become impossible to ignore civil society, and propaganda no longer even tries to do so. The ceremonies for the 30th anniversary (I spent the 1st of October in two different towns of around 4–500,000 inhabitants) provided an ideal opportunity for praising a "glorious"[4] record: in the event they were surprisingly sober.

I referred to the divergences between the slogans which still bang the drum for Mao and the more commonplace ones which are closer to the prevailing mood. These divergences are less significant than the frequency of faded inscriptions which no one renews and no one appears to observe. In fact, most Chinese are totally involved in their own family concerns (like their parents and grandparents before 1949). And as they did in the old days, they put up with the régime. The handful of brave, clear-sighted dissidents are extremely isolated in this mass which follows without believing and endures without appeal.

While there is not much they can do against a state which is always ready to set in motion its formidable repressive machinery, the state in turn is having no success in convincing the Chinese to work. For there is one piece of common ground

[4] *Ten Glorious Years*, the commemorative anthology on the occasion of the tenth anniversary, in 1959, contains contributions from all the big names of the day, starting with Liu Shaoqi, Zhou Enlai, Lin Biao and Deng Xiaoping . . .

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between the depoliticised masses and the small minority which considers it impossible to achieve the "four modernisations" without also modernising the political régime [5]—they are no longer taken in. They have seen and suffered too much in the last twenty years, witnessed too many U-turns, been dragged into too many botched crusades ("the Great Leap Forward") or fake crusades ("the Cultural Revolution") to allow themselves to be mobilised again. The mass of the Chinese people is simply not prepared to work itself into the ground for the power and prosperity of 21st-century China (it would be a joke to suggest any earlier date).

Rather than pie-in-the-sky-when-they-die, they expect to get their share on the ground, while they are still around. After their long years of trials and tensions, now they want "to live", as indeed the French people wanted to live in the post-Jacobin days of the *Directoire*. And that means that their eyes are on consumption, not production. I saw more TV sets in Canton than in all the rest of China: the Cantonese ask their relations in Hong Kong for a particular make of set, preferably colour, with such-and-such a screen size, and the relations duly honour their family responsibilities by saving up in Hong Kong and dispatching the required goods to their mainland cousins.

SO IN SOME you find a welfare-state mentality, while others turn to black-marketeering, and stop you in the street to sell you equipment or gadgets not available in the state shops. The Chinese reluctance to produce and build cannot be accounted for solely in terms of "the legacy of Maoism" and the memories and ordeals of the recent past. It also stems from the daily spectacle of post-Maoist society itself. If the directives are far less extravagant than they used to be, the system is largely unchanged, and workers suspect—and have reason to suspect—that any greater effort from themselves would be at least as likely to prop up a class of parasites as to finance "primitive accumulation." The bureaucrats too are less wary than they were in Mao's lifetime; and corruption appears to be spreading. A refugee writer in Hong Kong told me that he had not needed to escape—"I bribed a cadre", he told me. How much? "Eight hundred yuan" (the equivalent of a good annual salary).

One other anecdote. The daughter of a high Party official receives permission to marry, at the age of 27. But she cannot live with her husband, whose family is already overcrowded in its two rooms. Her father, who lives in a bigger flat, refuses to make room for the newly-weds. This veteran Communist pleads ancient custom ("It's the woman who goes to the man's house, not the other way round"); although in fact it is his daughter's misalliance he disapproves of (the young man's family is too low down the social ladder). No suggestion of corruption so far, but the young woman mentions it as an ordinary fact of life when I ask her whether newly-married couples can't get hold of some sort of accommodation, even a single room, rather than having to foist themselves on parents or in-laws. Of course they can, "Provided they give a TV set to the cadre in charge of the allocation of flats. . . ."

Yet corruption does not seem to have the same hold as may be observed in some neighbouring countries (e.g. India). But side by side with actual corruption there is also "string-pulling", a kind of old-boy network, and all the ways of getting what you need "by the back door." Conversely there are the equivalent abuses of authority and denials of justice, of the kind which have caused some people to camp outside the doors of the *Zhongnanhai* (the seat of the Chairman) in search of compensation. Every now and then the police come down, minus their velvet gloves, and ship these people off to unknown destinations.

If corruption is possibly less, repression is certainly harsher than in most other Third World countries. In this connection it is a mistake to expect the more popular (because anti-Maoist) leaders to take a different line from the rest. It was a close supporter of Deng Xiaoping, the first secretary of Sichuan province, who harshly condemned Wei Jingsheng in the most categorical way. "Science and Democracy", the dissidents proclaim, as they did in the valiant old days of 4 May 1919; and the demand has lost none of its relevance. "Science without Democracy" is the implicit rejoinder of the most enlightened of the new leaders.

They are having difficulty in getting even this programme carried out by rivals or subordinates who shed no tears for the absence of democracy but whose interests are threatened by rejection of the old Maoist line. Many members of the Communist Party joined during or after "the Cultural Revolution", and many cadres acquired their positions during that period. Neither of these groups looks kindly on recent efforts to recruit new cadres from the ranks of those who have some solid competence in their chosen field, with or without paper qualifications. Political disagreement aside, and whatever pledges one may have made (or be ready to make) to the new Party line, how is it possible not to fear competition from better-equipped newcomers?

The beneficiaries of "the Cultural Revolution" are often and rightly contrasted with the "old

[5] See the translation by Simon Leys of the original essay by Wei Jingsheng (ENCOUNTER, November 1979), the dissident condemned to fifteen years in prison in October 1979.

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cadres" who came into the fray at a time when Party membership meant not a good career but a hard life (and possibly even an early death). Most of these members of the Old Guard are followers of Deng; but sheer old age constantly takes toll of their numbers and efficiency, and they have their share of dullards too. The notorious "Peter Principle" does not quite apply to a revolutionary régime: for you rise some way above your level of incompetence. Forty years ago you may have shown initiative, determination, and courage by walking hundreds of miles to join the Communist guerrillas and take revenge for your brother or father killed by the Japanese. Ever afterwards you are "a cadre of 1938", destined for the highest positions and assured of codified benefits, even if—thanks to the *ancien régime*—you only attended your village primary school for three or four years.

AMONG THE PEASANTS who still populate the higher echelons of the Chinese administration, no matter how sincere, disinterested, and zealous they may be after drawing the dividends of their heroism for upwards of thirty years, many now represent an obstacle to modernisation. And just try to impose open de-Maoisation (instead of the hole-in-corner de-Maoisation which never dares speak its name) on the people whose blind faith swallowed the whole Maoist line, who will remain loyal to their last breath to the memory of the man—the Man—who changed the life of millions of poor wretches (starting with their own) and gave the country back its pride. . . . People will instantly invoke his memory and his teaching, the Little Red Book of thoughts, when the régime of his successors disappoints them (it has disapointed them already, but is bound to disappoint them even more). Many of these developments seem to be grist to the mill of Mao nostalgia.

TWO MORE CONSIDERATIONS can be added for good measure: they concern social inequality and the educational selection which perpetuates it.

In Chongqing you need only cross the river to find a suburb shining with well-being and prosperity: from the bigger, cleaner shops to the goods on display, from the better materials and superior cut of the clothes to the spacious design of the houses—not to mention the publicity for savings banks: "*Turn your four hundred yuan into five hundred.*" Allowing for the differences, in five minutes you have travelled from the East End of London to the West End. . . .

Last year in Kunming the English department of Yunnan university admitted 200 students out of 37,000 candidates. This might be acceptable if such a rigorous selection process singled out the most gifted students. But the students it favours are those whose parents speak English or those who have had access to language-tapes or private lessons—in other words, the "privileged", the sons of cadres or intellectuals. As for country children, sometimes their exam paper will contain nothing but the simple sentence: "*Please excuse me, but the English teacher did not come to our school this year.*"

DID MAO THEN, radically uneasy, have the right idea? Like Lenin before he died, the father of the Chinese revolution had every reason to look at his strange offspring and feel uneasy. There is no doubt that in post-Maoist China élitism, inequality, and privilege perpetuate each other, that after its moment of insecurity the bureaucracy is entrenching itself even deeper.

But that should not prevent us from being free of illusions about the present (and the future) and also perfectly clear that the past was very much worse.[6]

Mao asserted that a régime which forgot or decried his warnings was doomed to the "revisionism" of the abominated Muscovite rival. And, in fact the two régimes are more similar today than during his lifetime, although this does not stop people turning towards a new illusion: the idea that "the West", and more specifically the United States, is going to provide the magic formula for development, with full and appropriate injections of aid.[7]

SIXTY YEARS AGO the founders of Chinese Communism were more attracted to Leninism than to Marxism. In other words they were interested in the proven tool, the formula which had just been tried and tested in another backward country, old Russia. Today, no one in China believes in Marxism any more—that is quite obvious. But a longing for the formula still persists. Many are hoping to locate that formula at a new source, in the most modern nations, since "modernisation" is now the aim. It is not the revolutionary West but the wealthy West that lures them now: when Peking's man-in-the-street expresses his infatuation with "the West" (or with America, which amounts to the same thing), he is expressing his longing for

[6] Rather than repeating the case against Mao, may I refer the reader to my "Essai de définition du maoisme", *Annales, Economies, Sociétés, Civilisations* (No. 5, 1979) or to the obituary published in *Le Monde* (10 September 1976) under the title "*La Révolution fourvoyée.*"

[7] I lost count of the thanks I received last summer for coming to "aid" China. Without such a disinterested and natural motivation (after all, the need is unquestionably there), who would embark on such a journey? And any number of times I was asked, just for confirmation, if I was an American. About as many times as I was greeted as "great Russian brother" on my first visit in 1954.

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material prosperity. How long will it take before he realises that there is no miracle cure for over-population and underdevelopment? After the rejection of the Soviet model, and the evaporation of the Maoist utopia, the next unwelcome disillusionment will be the discovery that the "rich American uncle" could not rescue a thousand million people from poverty even if he wanted to.

In the affluent countries the short-sighted continue to sneer at the naivety of hope; and the higher-minded continue to marvel at its persistence. The rest may at least rejoice that things are going better now than they were before 1976. Repudiation of the Maoist myths is revealing the real problems; but it did not cause them. On the contrary the post-Mao years have, at least, removed some needless obstacles from the path of Chinese modernisation.

The Silver Tree

In a hot steamed-up room five girls are spinning
a tree made of silver paper, growing
from a trunk so clumsy only a child
could be taken in by it. Its girth outstrips
the attenuated branches that tumble
from its crown and drop down to the floor where
they coil and lengthen, lovelier than hair,
a genuine silver tree they seem to spin
out of themselves. Their fingers diminish,
twine with foil, are sucked out of their sleeves.
It is the triumph of Aluminium.

And just as they become the tree, the tree
becomes them. They thrive on ambiguity.
As the tree grows they grow, although
infinitely more slowly, and enter into
the frieze where mothers and smart daughters dance
in a cold pastoral. Ice is eating them.

It is desire for perpetuity,
the film running as they petrify
and the forest throws its lank arms about them.
They hang like fruit, sucked out, perfect, until
imaginary gods pass by and cut them down.

George Szirtes

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IN THE MARGIN

By Melvin J. Lasky

The Split

London

I IMAGINE that the vast majority of the journalists who crowded with me into the breakfast-time press conference of the "Gang of Four" at the Connaught Rooms would have generally agreed: that the break-away ex-Labour Party defection, now known as the Social Democratic Party (SDP), might well, when allied with the Liberals, transform British politics too long dominated by Left- and Right-wing blocs. The occasion was fresh, brisk, inspiriting: and everybody felt it. But I doubt whether there was a single tear in a mind's eye. One didn't sense that here was the climax to some raging argument. The intellectual content of the political début was very thin. Are any real ideas involved at all? Few general concepts emerged, and—after a careful perusal of the 12-point programme—even fewer clear notions. (A "mixed economy", yes; but who should make the "mix", and how, in order to avoid a swollen public sector simply living off the meagre profits of a flaccid private sector? . . .)

To be sure, English socialism was never very much of an intellectual affair, even in the Fabian days of Bernard Shaw, R. H. Tawney or Harold Laski. Whatever more recent cerebral character it had in terms of theory or analysis had disappeared with the passing of John Strachey, Richard Crossman, Tony Crosland. It was always a "moral movement", strong on political passions and ethical indignation. For a century it was never truly considered to be part of the European Left. German Marxism, French revolutionism, Russian extremism all left it cold. From Keir Hardie to Hugh Gaitskell the keynote it struck was that of decent and honourable men struggling for social reforms.

But what happens when dishonourable indecencies begin to rear their ugly head? There ensues a bitter falling out among the brothers. Over the last twenty years I have rarely met any socialists anywhere who have cordially hated each other more than the fratricidal idealists who sat together in the Wilson-Callaghan cabinet to help usher in, at long last, the new Jerusalem in their green and pleasant land. Now out-of-power and squabbling, they hate each other even more—the left-wing don and the right-wing trade-unionist, the militant Welsh miner and the moderate Cockney teamster, the scheming Scotsman and the ambitious Yorkshireman. More time and emotion has been spent grumbling over Roy Jenkins' income, Dr David Owen's good looks, Bill Rogers' accent than on whatever formulations they set out in the dissident manifesto of the Council on Social Democracy.

Not, as I say, that very much of a high-level argument can be engaged. Who knows what "Social Democracy" is nowadays? In Italy it seeks Communist allies; in France it breaks with them; and in Germany Chancellor Schmidt's *SPD* is taken to be "the best conservative party we have. . . ." Tony Crosland in his last year abandoned the term "social democrat" and preferred "democratic socialism" (and he felt offended when I asked pointedly why so much of what is known as socialism today is so repressively undemocratic). In that spirit Mrs Shirley Williams—who may lead the Labour secession into a pact with David Steel's Liberals, with the polls predicting an astonishing 40–45% support among the electorate—holds fast to safe, if empty, old-style rhetorical formulas such as "pure socialism . . . radical change . . . a classless society."

AND YET the split, quite apart from the possible "fundamental realignment" in the British two-party system, does have an historic importance. In its way it may be the last great faction-fight in a century of the European Left—a hundred years which saw three Internationals fighting for the heritage of the classic First with the scholarly Marx despising the adventurous Bakunin and both rejecting the peasant Proudhon. Each warned against the nasty implications of the other: dictatorship, dogmatic censorship, ideological fanaticism, equal poverty for all. They were, mostly, all quite right about each other, as when young Trotsky the Menshevik turned his back on the Bolsheviks, when Bernstein warned Bebel and Kautsky, when Rosa Luxemburg denounced Lenin's tyranny.

The British split, to the extent that it rises above the level of personalities and passing politics (EEC taxes, NATO budgets, methods of choosing parliamentary leaders, school milk), may signal the break-up of an ideology which has managed effectively to paper over its cracks for a hundred years. Social democracy, at its realistic best, implied the extension of the substantial achievements of political democracy into new, important,

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socio-economic spheres. At its utopian worst it curtly dismissed the unreal, merely formal liberties of a "phoney Parliament" and a "corrupt bourgeois press" and agitated for total powers to a Party-dominated State which would solve all human problems at a stroke. Some socialists believe in political liberty; others couldn't care less.

THESE WERE the two spirits that dwelt, Faust-like, within the breast of the Labour Party. The last two years of the Wilson-Callaghan régime opened many eyes to two-faced realities which could have been more easily comprehended by taking a little thought, earlier. It would be a mistake to think that there was some sudden shocking outbreak of rabid extremism. Hardly. The "boring-from-within" was largely a dullish affair, and only a few incidents caused excitement: the choice of a Trotskyist for high Party office; the "lynch-spirit" of local militant-Left cliques in purging moderate M.P. candidates; the cynical brutality of a handful of strike leaders in condoning violence and even deaths (of the aged and sick, in a hospital shut-down). For the rest it was a slow, mostly unnoticeable accretion of power and influence within the apparatus of the old Movement. The basic turning-point came with the '68 generation of radicals who were permitted "entry" to Party meetings and conferences previously forbidden to "subversive" elements. Now Marxist-Leninists of every stripe and faction play important roles in trade-union militancy and the formulation of radical proposals in the Party Manifesto.

There were, thus, two parties, two kinds of social reformers, two species of traditional Left idealism. More and more one saw that the prudence of a Roy Jenkins could not coexist with the passions of a Tony Benn, nor the responsible (and faultlessly democratic) trade-unionism of a Frank Chapple with the down-with-the-system demagogy of Arthur Scargill. An enlightened group in the middle (and on "the right") has slowly, even painfully, come to learn that those stabbing insights and emotional commitments—which came over them in their teens in some Welsh mining town or English public school—were not immortal truths for all time; and they have shown themselves prepared to reconsider pragmatically the true social value, if any, of nationalisation, trade-union solidarity, government planning, and the like. A recalcitrant cadre group in the rank-and-file remains simple-mindedly loyal to the once-and-forever conversion: to the historic ring of a few sentimental phrases, adolescent visions, old-time comradeship; and they shall not be moved.

One Labourite likes America, its openness, enviable prosperity, and (given Muscovite dangers) its comforting military umbrella. The other fears and distrusts its multinationals, bomb-happy generals, eternal Somozas. Some feel that the "brotherhood of man" means at least being open to the world, quite liking other peoples, sympathising with Europe. Others remain unreconstructed "little Englanders" who fear and/or despise all strangers and their foreign ways, who would indeed be prepared to try again to build "socialism-in-one-country." Some would bear even with a Rupert Murdoch so long as *The Times* continued publication. The others would summarily expropriate all the Press Lords and let a collective of the Fleet Street workers run a truly progressive press.

SO RAGED a thousand little arguments over endless little points of conflict. And these were supposed to be comrades, still at the end of every Party Conference obliged to clasp hands and sing *Auld Lang Syne* (or sometimes *The Red Flag*) together?

I do not want to minimise the importance of certain grave issues of the day which are playing a role in the disenchantment and the divisiveness—remaining in the European Community, for example, or maintaining a credible military posture in the Western alliance against Soviet expansionism. But too many on the Labour Left have trimmed and compromised too long for such worthy causes to emerge as points of high principle. Even the most grotesque proposals—such as banning all Public Schools (driving them in effect abroad, and then presumably depriving all parents of currency exchange and their children of their passports or exit-visas)—were camouflaged with ambiguities about "Equality."[1] The *Economist*, in a recent leading article, argued that "seldom has Labour in Government put such lunacies into effect (they have usually found other ways to ruin)...." But the fact of the matter is that never before did so many on the left-of-centre in Britain get such an alarming sense of the totalitarian potential in socialist radicalism. The hypocrisy became intolerable when "human rights" were seen to be for Chile and El Salvador but not for England, when one-man-one-vote was right and good for Rhodesia and

[1] I was interested to note, at the Connaught press conference, that Mrs Shirley Williams did retreat a bit from her extreme educational formulations: more, it appeared, out of deference to the differing views of her colleagues than to any change of mind. The state of her ideological opinions remains a puzzlement. How somebody so reasonable and sensible ever got around, as a Cabinet minister, to joining the infamous Grunwick picket-line will forever remain a mystery; for she is neither an opportunist nor a dogmatist. But she does have a "soft centre" for the feel and the sound of Good-old-causes... especially if they are too far away for much to be known about them. Thus, in a recent *Observer* interview (22 March 1981) she was asked: "Who are your political heroes and heroines?" And out ("in any old order") came—"Julius Nyerere... Kenneth Kaunda... Nehru.

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Namibia but not for the Labour Party membership. Even the leftish *Guardian* has been roused enough to protest at a major Party's policy being determined by Tammany bosses "acting like Soviet commissars."

IN ORDINARY circumstances such fissiparous tendencies would result only in a "balkanisation of the Left." But a grand political prospect has been presenting itself.

The Labour Party veered to the Left just as the Conservative Party lurched to the Right, leaving a huge vacuum in the middle. More and more observers are evidently coming to believe that a new Centre Alliance, representing the kind of well-meaning, moderate, trial-and-error mixed-economy approaches advocated in the past by Roy Jenkins, David Steel, and indeed Edward Heath, can easily command an electoral majority. Still, new ideas are less in evidence than a worthy ideological enthusiasm for such old phrases as "the vital centre" or Bagehot's "animated moderation." Even if it proves difficult to unite intellectually on a programme, the new grouping will at least be exhibiting some old and sorely-missed British political virtues: fairness, tolerance, prudent compromise—no mean civic qualities nowadays.

Engels in Marble

Berlin

STATUES meant a lot, of course, to the ancient Greeks and Romans. But perhaps only the Germans today have a special relationship to monumental figures in bronze and marble; and they even have a colourful metaphor, *Denkmalschütz* (statuary protection), to suggest the peculiar importance of care for the living as well as the dead great. Indeed their recent history can be read in terms of what statues are standing on how high a pedestal in which town square. The fiercely-sculpted physiognomy of Otto von Bismarck disappeared almost completely from the scene in the early disoriented post-War period; he became ubiquitous again when national and even global power returned to mark the new West German state.

Still, there are regional variations, and in some places severe local crises. Think of the trials and tribulations the good citizens of Düsseldorf and Wuppertal have been going through in the effort to master their civic past, which includes such distinguished sons as Heinrich Heine and Friedrich Engels. To be sure, Heine's poetry is published again and enjoys popularity; but can the city of Düsseldorf's university dare to bear his name (as with Humboldt in Berlin and Goethe in Frankfurt)? Jews are honoured again in Germany, but good humourless burghers still have difficulties living with malicious wit.

I note that the Wuppertalers are going through even greater spiritual contortions. At the outset it wasn't at all a question of a civic monument for Friedrich Engels; the city was being cleaned up a bit, and perhaps something modest could be arranged in the garden of the ancestral Engels house. The modesty turned out to be itself on the monumental side when the city fathers made an offer of 130,000 DM (or some thirty thousand pounds) to the Austrian sculptor Alfred Hrdlicka. The idea was to be rather up-to-the-minute and radical-*chic* with something abstract; but the sculptor's own Marxism put a more proletarian obligation on his inspiration which led him to memorialise the militant for socialism and the working class more realistically.

As it took shape it was intended to be a "Metamorphosis of the Word", with struggling masses emerging from the pages of an opened book, all carved out of a single block of stone. But, as it ominously turned out, the masses split from the book during the chopping and trimming; and the sculptor went back to square one—in which emerged two gigantic (12-foot) figures freeing themselves from chains. A left-wing magazine in Munich first published a photograph of Hrdlicka's final achievement, and proudly announced that the artist had donated his work of some three years dedication free-of-charge to the Cause. But as in all classic Marxist controversies the superstructure is nothing without the base; and it was precisely over the monument's pedestal that renewed difficulties broke out. The Wuppertal city fathers announced that if the artist needed so heavy and expensive a block of granite, then he would have to pay for it himself, threatening to deduct 10,000 DM from his ultimate fee. The artist was insulted, outraged. In that case he would demand the true figure involved in his wages, profits, and surplus value: namely, 300,000 DM (or £75,000). Otherwise he would be forced to turn to the art auctions and sell it openly to the highest bidder.

Well, the Wuppertal city council has a Social Democratic majority, and rather than lose the Engels monument to the free market they resolved to appropriate sufficient public funds to pay the price being asked for. But the Christian Democratic

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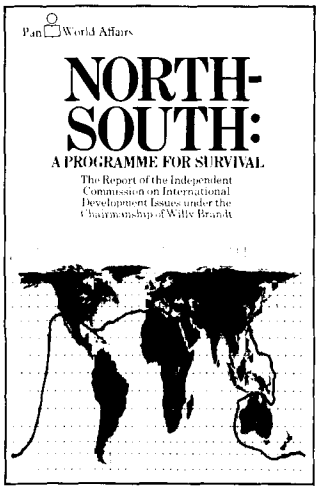
and Liberal opposition now found ideological as well as financial reasons to try and stop the "cash nexus." Will the veto succeed? Is it possible that the *SPD*, which no longer flies the red flag or thinks of itself as Marxian, might split over the issue? Does the garden of Friedrich Engels' old house have to remain bare and barren for still another season? I promise to let all good militants know as soon as the fundamental correlation of forces clarifies itself.

"Brandt" Critique

Bonn


Pan World Affairs
NORTH-SOUTH:
A PROGRAMME FOR SURVIVAL
The Report of the Independent Commission on International Development Issues under the Chairmanship of Willy Brandt

OUR CRITIQUE of the Brandt Report (December 1980 and April 1981) and all its illustrations, appears to be a very welcome tonic for some of our German readers. I very much hope it will contribute to raising the intellectual level of the approach, such as it is, to their own problem of aiding the Third World. On the one hand, it has not been very extensive or generous (by the usual measure of percentage of national income), since West Germany had no colonies to decolonise and has no special sense of responsibility or gnawing guilt feelings. On the other hand, there have been vast D-Mark funds allocated to "development projects" all around the world; and these, despite the much-praised "practical, technical German approach", have been marked by deficiencies in both political common sense and general ideas.

One is almost embarrassed to point out that in cosmopolitan Germany of today, where almost everything of value is translated in their eager and ambitious publishing houses, the whole high-level discussion of the Anglo-American world—in which, for example, Professor Peter Bauer has argued against John Kenneth Galbraith, and the late Harry Johnson punctured the pseudo-theories of "development economics"—passed them by. The German attitude to poverty in the Afro-Asian world is about on the mental level of a nice, well-meaning Victorian uncle.

As I write I note an item on the first page of today's *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* according to which even the Social Democrats of Willy Brandt's own party have come around to taking a harder, more critical look at what has really been happening: how, in the well-known (but not here on the Rhine) epigram, "*the taxpayers' money moves from the poor in the rich world to the rich in the poor world*", how indeed Aid does not aid (but almost everywhere contributes to waste, corruption, economic megalomania and political tyranny), and how "development" often moves backward rather than forward. Herr Holtz, who happens to be the *SPD* chairman of the *Bundestag's* committee for economic cooperation, has at long last called for the application of stricter standards. Hard as it may be to believe—at this late date!—he asked that all development projects be looked at again to see whether they fulfil certain political and social standards. More critical criteria have to be applied. Help to countries in the Third World ought to be bound up with the willingness and readiness of the recipients to discuss openly (*1*) their own internal problems and (*2*) what useful efforts they are themselves making to develop their economies sensibly and to (*3*) improve the lot of their suffering peoples.

What is the reader and taxpayer supposed to deduce from this but that these kind of elementary considerations were simply not on the agenda in all the previous years and decades? Can we be, at long last, waking up? Well, better late than never.

You Jesus, Me Luke

Munich

SO FAR the attempt here to do an American-style comic strip version of the Bible has not run into theological difficulties. The lively little coloured booklet is proving popular, and may yet win back the spiritually wayward Bavarian youth to the ranks of the faithful. At any rate, the language which one finds in the usual balloons seems to be hermeneutically right on.

"You're off your rocker, man! . . . What are you, some kind of big shot? . . ." "Out of sight . . . Real crazy. . . ."

So does the discussion hot up in front of the Synagogue of Nazareth, and Jesus himself has to get used to some straight talking. "You're just bugging us, fella! (*du nervst uns*)", he's told; but then the

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Son of Man is at least recognised as not being just another nobody for he seems "to have quite a high IQ."

The idea—according to the Heidelberg theologian and religious educator, Professor Norbert Scholl, who is writing the comic strip of the Stuttgart artist Julius Sender—is to win back the souls of the 10-to-15-year-old school-children from the profane world of the faddish Disco craze. Apparently if you can't beat the comics you've gotta join 'em. Scholl is a great admirer of Mickey Mouse, Tarzan, Superman, Batman, Asterix and Obelix. His own "*Jeschi*", the story of Jesus according to the Gospel of Luke, is faithfully modelled thereon; and he is hoping for a Biblical miracle. The first 48-page number appeared just in time for the last Christmas rush, and he has succeeded in getting both the Protestant and Catholic book shops to carry the booklet, after having organised a "Comics Seminar" to win over representatives of both confessions.

Whether the general news-stand kiosks will take it is another matter, but the sales-pitch is that even if religious matter is rarely read it is always bought in the millions, if only to give the good worthy stuff away to others.

In any case Jesus, or young *Jeschi*, makes his début here without halo but with traditional comic strip balloons. The drawings are in keeping with the new spirit of things—the scene in front of the Temple in Jerusalem shows the street-peddler offering "ICE-COLD ROMA COLA" as well as lively comics of his own: *"Asterix among the Philistines"*, "*Nessi* [presumably the Loch Ness monster] *in the Dead Sea*", "*King Kong on the Mountain of Olives*." One senses that dramatic things are about to happen as the Guerrilleros begin to plot their assault on the imperialist bastions of the Roman Occupation (some militant behind the Wailing Wall is singing the *Internationale:* "*Hört die Signale*!"). Rumours are flying thick and fast. Influential papers like the *Sabbath Times* and the *Galilee Guardian* are all trying to do feature profiles on this sensational young newcomer from Nazareth. More in the next number, available at all good inter-confessional book-shops.

Mammon in France

Paris

THERE are prizes galore in France's literary life, and the awarding of these, plus the attendant publicity and exploitation, is something of an industry. Yet two prizes rank above all others; the Nobel Prize coming from Stockholm and the Lenin Prize from Moscow (recently given to Comrade Brezhnev, but Paris's own Louis Aragon and Hervé Bazin have also been chosen). Is it a matter of ideology or internationality? Not at all. The nub of the matter is that they are both tax-free.

All the other awards are no sooner given than huge chunks of them are removed by the French Treasury, and more often than not no time is lost. The other day the Prix Paul Morand, which involves giving some 300,000 French francs to a worthy author, was given to Jean-Marie Le Clézio. No Solomonic offer to divide the proceeds was forthcoming; the tax-man demanded and got the lion's share, leaving a mere 40% to the prize-winner. Nor are there any real possibilities of somehow getting away with it, tempting as these may be for clever, hard-put-to-it men of letters; for the harsh fact is that nowhere in the world is there an alert tax establishment which is culturally so "in" and up-to-the-minute. There was some time ago the case of Jacques Laurent who had been having some tax problems and then one fine day was awarded the Prix Goncourt. The decision of the Paris literary jury had been made at 1 p.m. It was hardly an hour later that an official of the financial inspectorate was at the house of the laureate.

The relationships between Mammon and Culture have always been strained, but the heavy hand of the tax collector has been adding to the conflict. Recently a delegation of three members of the Académie Française (and their prizes are only of the honorific kind) called in at the Elysée Palace in

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the hope of getting the President to ease the situation. But they obviously caught him on the day when he was playing less the enlightened savant than the former *inspecteur des finances*. It would have been so easy for him, with one generous gesture, to win over the whole Republic of Letters; but his cool refusal suggests what substantial sums are involved in royalties and prize-monies. The lot of the poor writer, suddenly burdened with a jackpot, is an altogether unhappy one, and he finds no sympathy in the State if he wants to buy a house, build a library, or broaden his mind with travels abroad. Even a "Goncourt" is soon gone with the wind. The lesser prizes, or what little is left of them, are enjoyed for a brief day.

Perhaps the approach should be differently calculated. If high culture is running afoul of the lowest instincts of a Mammon-State could it be that more mundane, materialist, property-minded arguments would help tilt the balance? Are not writers producers of cultural consumers' goods and therefore a nicely calculable factor in the gross national product? Shouldn't special economic consideration be given to such products in the light of how truly speculative the whole enterprise is? And what of the unfortunate discriminatory losses involved in their families losing valuable copyright privileges only 50 years after death? (A *rentier* can still go on providing for his children's children; a writer can't.)

Who knows what argument, if any, will ever melt the cold hearts of the Paris tax-men? At the moment the literary world is organising itself for a dubious campaign to compare its lot with that of the gambling world, for the winners of football pools and horse-race parlays and lottery tickets all collect their packets . . . tax free! This is, I suspect, very tricky and treacherous ground. If your horse, or team, or ticket wins it is surely only the happy accident of a game of pure chance. Are the *hommes de lettres* of France—emulating Voltaire and Montaigne, in proud competition with Balzac and Stendhal, ranging themselves with the spirit of Baudelaire and Hugo—now prepared to concede that when the moment of true recognition of their genius arrives it was nothing but a matter of sheer luck? Surely the stealing of purses is trash, compared to the abandonment here of claims to immortal reputation.

M.J.L.

Aeroplanes in Childhood

There was a yawning cleverness about them,
A lazy sound you made with mouth and palm.
They wrote on the sky in an oldfashioned, joined-up hand
That drifted away like smoke from a cigarette holder.
Nothing much to bump into, and they never went
Too high, stayed just above the jigsaw map,
Minding the butterflies on the enormous horizon,
Flying over the jolly next-door man
With close-ups of his flowers, then tucked-in fields,
The revolving village guarded by its elms.

Sometimes they scared us all by switching off
And we would look up in the surprising silence
To see them plummet down like game but near
The ground break into sudden laughs and climb.
They had it all to themselves like being first
At the sea-side with only the water's widening smile,
The unaltered blue faithful as in a story.
One airman goes upside down. His scarf streams out.
He grins. The artist's afterthought, himself
His signature. Wave, wave. What toys, what days.

Patrick Hare

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LETTERS

Neilson in Argentina

I HAVE NEVER met Mr James Neilson ("Argentina: The Problem and the Puzzle", January 1981) but I have followed his editorial column through the years. All your January issue tells us about him is that he edits the *Buenos Aires Herald*. Your readers deserve to know a little more about him

When during the early 1970s right and left-wing Peronists (Montoneros and Lopez-Rega followers) were hard at the job of murdering each other and destroying the fabric of democratic institutions in Argentina, no Argentinian newspaper was more outspoken than the *Herald* in its coverage and condemnation of Peronist terrorism. The risks it ran in doing so were great indeed. Thus, like many other Argentinians, the *Herald* greeted with relief the overthrow in 1976 of the Peronist government and the Armed Forces' decision to exterminate terrorism. Regrettably, in what must count as one of the greatest tragedies in Argentine history, the Armed Forces decided to combat terrorism by means of terrorist techniques. They placed themselves above the moral law (not to mention the law of the land) and proceeded to kidnap, torture and kill those persons that, by the lights of some powerful general, were deemed terrorists. At this point Peronists suddenly became sensitive to "Human Rights" issues and anti-Peronists became insensitive to them. Among news sources, only the *Herald* stood its ground.

First under the editorship of Robert Cox—who was forced to leave Argentina when his children's lives were directly threatened by pro-government terrorists—and now under the editorship of James Neilson, the *Herald* has remained the only reliable source of information on matters which the Armed Forces would prefer not to hear about. Week after week Mr Neilson's editorial column has dared to look at the nightmare of Argentinian political life from the standpoint of what Orwell used to call "common decency." In Argentina, however hard it is to admit it, common decency is running short. Foreigners fail to understand how much our country has suffered in the hands of Peronist terrorism, and so they fail to see the grounds for our tendency "to look the other way", as Mr Neilson puts it. We are not intrinsically less decent than, say, Mr Carter or his fellow countrymen; but we have gone through experiences which, for example, Italians are now beginning to be acquainted with, and of which most civilised nations have no knowledge or understanding. Understandable as it is, however, our tendency to look the other way is not excusable. The thousands of lynchings conducted by what is euphemistically called the "security forces" are likely to constitute the darkest hour in contemporary Argentinian history. And what makes this all the more appalling is the scarcity of voices not tainted by their earlier support of Peronist terrorism, who have dared to recognise the nature of our present system.

If Argentina ever returns to the pattern of civilised behaviour which was once its pride, it will not be thanks to the Peronists or to the Armed Forces who have jointly brought the country down to a state of unprecedented moral turpitude. It will be thanks to the efforts of men like Mr Neilson, who are struggling to keep alive in Argentina the claims of common decency.

ALBERTO COFFA

Pittsburgh
USA

Poland & Détente

LEO LABEDZ, whose friendship I have long cherished, though occasionally disagreeing with his views, was so carried away by his latest denunciation of *Détente* (ENCOUNTER, December 1980) as to lose, it seems to me, some of his usual keenness of judgment.

He is angry with me because I pointed out (together with many other commentators) that the Gdansk upheaval was "a textbook example of what the *Détente* policy of the Seventies was supposed to achieve." He ridicules me for quoting "the author of the Sonnenfeldt doctrine, which was concerned precisely with the prevention of such events." But surely Leo Labedz ought to know that Sonnenfeldt had also theorised *Détente* as a "forward policy", which was supposed to destabilise the rigid Soviet power system—as indeed it did. *Détente* presented dangers to the West as well, and it is possible that to some extent we were led by *Détente* into carelessness.

But Labedz himself, in his article in ENCOUNTER, says that the importance of the recent events in Poland is "unquestionable", and that "they are relevant for the future not only of Poland but also of the whole Soviet bloc." Quite right. But then he should also recognise the contribution which various events connected to the *Détente* process made to the preparation of the Polish events. For instance, does he really believe that in the "Cold War" the Church would ever have chosen a Polish Pope? And can he deny that the existence of a Polish Pope was a powerful contributing cause to the Polish events (not to speak, of course, of many other links between *Détente* and these events)?

Occasionally anger makes judgment keener. Unfortunately this was not the case with Leo Labedz on this occasion, in an article which otherwise is of course, as usual, full of stimulating ideas.

ARRIGO LEVI

Rome

I CANNOT POSSIBLY know if without *Détente* Cardinal Wojtyla would have been elected Pope. The College of Cardinals is supposed to be inspired by considerations transcending politics; and let us remember that at the time *Détente* was the basis of an accommodating rather than a challenging Eastern policy on the part of the Vatican.

In any case, Polish events had far deeper roots than a preoccupation with *Détente's* tactical political advantages implies. These events were preceded by three other upheavals (in 1956, 1970 and 1976) when there was no Polish Pope. Whatever role the contributory causes might have played they were not decisive. The real dynamics of the 1980–81 developments in Poland derive from accumulated grievances, triggered off by the economically disastrous situation created by a régime which was not only nasty but also weak and ineffective. There were no such developments during the *Détente* period in other satellite countries. But in Poland they

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would have occurred, *Détente* or no *Détente*. In 1945, after Yalta, the Poles were told that history and geography were against them. One of them replied: "In that case, we will have to fight against both history and geography. . . ." Given Polish traditions and character, the situation there is inherently unstable.

Dr Helmut Sonnenfeldt produced many self-justificatory "explanations", mostly *post hoc* sophistries, about his controversial "doctrine." The fact remains that its aim was to *stabilise* (as was immediately perceived) and not, as Arrigo Levi says, to destabilise Soviet domination over Eastern Europe. "Organic relationship" was not just an infelicitous phrase, as Richard Lowenthal contends, but the very essence of the proposal which was a logical inference from the premises of Dr Kissinger's policy. Arrigo Levi should have realised that is is quite incompatible with his own claims for *Détente*.

The irony here is compounded by the fact that Dr Sonnenfeldt, not unlike his former chief, has now made a U-turn. His present declarations sound very much like the propositions I have myself been advocating—but very unlike his own pronouncements in the 1970s. Like Nixon and Kissinger, he is trying to rewrite the past. Unlike disillusioned ex-Communists, the chastised *Détentniks* imply that they were right all along, and this creates a certain confusion about the latest recommendations of these new-born "hawks."

The old attitude behind Kissinger's *Détente* and Sonnenfeldt's "Doctrine" persists, and it now finds expression in such statements as the recent one by Willy Brandt: "The Poles and Russians should be left alone to resolve their problems without Western interference" (*Baltimore Sun*, 9 December 1980)—or by Giscard d'Estaing who offered the gratuitous advice (noted with satisfaction in *Pravda*, 29 January 1981) that "in solving its problems, Poland should keep in mind its geographical and strategic position" and that any reforms "should be acceptable to the Soviets. . . ." This approach, under the slogans of *Ostpolitik* and "*Détente*-is-divisible", constitutes in effect an unconscionable denial of the right to aspire to freedom to those who are struggling for it within the Soviet empire.

Contrary to conventional wisdom, to disregard such aspirations is not *realistic* in the long run, as Polish events testify. Arrigo Levi used to share, at least in part, this perspective. Why should he at this late hour, when the erstwhile promoters of *Détente* are hastening to distance themselves from it, justify it with such inconsistent arguments?

LEOPOLD LABEDZ

Survey Magazine
London

Postscript to the "Blunt Affair"

Expelling a Spy—By A. J. P. TAYLOR

THE "BLUNT AFFAIR" will, I hope, be forgotten sooner and more completely than a greater *Affaire* was in France. I certainly should not have revived it if Sir Kenneth Dover, President of the British Academy, had not set me the example [ENCOUNTER, November 1980].

Not that I quarrel much with Sir Kenneth's presentation of the affair so far as it goes. In the spring of last year the Council of the Academy decided by a narrow majority to recommend the expulsion of Professor Blunt. On 3 July the Annual General Meeting of the Academy decided by a considerable majority to pass on to the next item of the agenda. With that the Blunt affair was officially closed. I make one comment on Sir Kenneth's careful account. Some Fellows of the Academy felt that the continuance of Professor Blunt as a Fellow brought discredit on the Academy that could be remedied only by his expulsion. Other Fellows felt equally strongly that Professor Blunt's expulsion would cause far greater discredit to the Academy than his remaining a Fellow would.

Here there is a curious gap in Sir Kenneth Dover's account. Though he mentions the views of others he says nothing of his own. Perhaps he had none. Indeed he almost says as much: "If the decision of the AGM had been the opposite of what it was, I would have defended it just as confidently as I defend its present decision. . . ." Not every President of the Academy or any other body has confined his leadership to the counting of heads. Sir Kenneth's aloof impartiality helped the AGM to reach a clear agreement which satisfied the majority of those present. Later however it may have misled him.

Sir Kenneth's account ends with the decision of 3 July. Unfortunately this was not the end. There remained a minority of Fellows who felt as strongly as ever that Professor Blunt should have been expelled. Lord Blake showed this feeling by walking out of the AGM while it was still in progress. For this I wrote him a letter of congratulation which he did not acknowledge. Unlike Sir Kenneth I held that the Blunt affair was a matter of high principle which admitted of no compromise. I had made up my mind before the AGM that I should resign if, as I expected, Professor Blunt were expelled; and I assumed that those who had demanded his expulsion would do the same if the vote went against them. This was an honourable course which I should have applauded.

The advocates of expulsion did not take it. Instead they paraded their discontent and sought to overturn the decisive vote of the AGM by some backstairs means. Lord Blake proposed a referendum of the Fellows—a strangely unconstitutional proposal for a constitutional historian to make. Professor Plumb threatened to resign though he did not do so. Others followed his somewhat tentative example.

On 11 August Professor Blunt wrote to Sir Kenneth, regretting the way in which the press was using him "as a stick to beat the Academy." In this I think Professor Blunt exaggerated. Only one newspaper, the *Daily Telegraph*, deprecated the Academy's decision, though not in an aggressive way. Other newspapers applauded the Academy's decision. It does not appear that

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Professor Blunt asked Sir Kenneth for guidance, though this point cannot be resolved without a sight of the correspondence.

However Sir Kenneth responded with guidance, whether solicited or not. On 13 August he suggested that Professor Blunt should "give serious consideration" to the possibility of resigning. To my mind this was extraordinary advice to give. The AGM had determined by a considerable majority that Professor Blunt should remain a Fellow. Until that vote Sir Kenneth as President had maintained an impartiality, admirable or otherwise. Once the vote had been taken it was surely his duty to maintain that decision, particularly against complaints by a disgruntled minority. Instead he actually "suggested" the very course which the AGM had decisively rejected. The outcome could be foreseen. Professor Blunt, unlike some other Fellows, wished to act in the best interests of the Academy. The President of the Academy had suggested that he should consider resignation. He considered it and resigned. I, too, resigned at once, not in any way as a threat, but simply because I could not bring myself to remain a Fellow of a body that allowed the exclusion of Professor Blunt to be forced on it.

I grudgingly admire the persistence of the witch-hunters, so much more determined than that of the defenders of intellectual liberty. The cause of the minority had perhaps more conviction about it as obscurancy often has.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

London

IN ENCOUNTER for last November Sir Kenneth Dover writes:

> "If it is revealed that a Fellow covertly transferred his allegiance to a totalitarian régime which restricts and penalises freedom of enquiry and freedom of expression in scholarship, there can be no possibility of complete agreement on whether he is a 'fit and proper person'."

Well, suppose his transfer of allegiance had been to Nazism—wouldn't many, or most, Fellows wish to repudiate the man and what he stood for? But in cases concerning active, clandestine agents of Stalinism, even when the agent has sacrificed fellow-countrymen, many or most Western intellectuals, putatively dedicated unconditionally to freedom, not only refuse to condemn the man but will apologise fulsomely on his behalf.

Recall Graham Greene's sentimental musings on Philby, whom he compares to "many Catholics who, in the reign of Elizabeth, worked for the victory of Spain" and who, now finally home in Moscow, "surely [has] earned his right to a rest."

JUAN DE ZENGOTOTA

Duxbury
Massachusetts

Reply

MR A. J. P. TAYLOR'S RESIGNATION from the British Academy becomes more intelligible in the light of his disclosure that he believed intellectual liberty to be the issue at stake in the "Blunt Affair." It may well be that five other Fellows who reproached me severely after Professor Blunt's resignation entertained a similar belief. It was not shared by any of the "expellers" or "deplorers" whose views are known to me, and in that particular respect I agree with them unreservedly; I agree with them also in regarding all reference to witch-hunts as totally irrelevant.

As for my view on the issue as a whole, there is no "curious gap", because my view was implied in my ENCOUNTER article. There was a strong case for taking action against Professor Blunt, and a strong case for taking no such action. If Mr Taylor calls my observation of this simple fact "compromise", he and I differ on English usage. If he denies me concern for "high principle", he and I differ even more significantly on the relative height of different principles.

Like Mr Taylor, I had no strong desire to "revive" the Blunt Affair. I wrote my article because Professor Ian Christie's article (ENCOUNTER, October 1980) seemed to me to be wrong about Fellows' motives and about public opinion, and I had promised the AGM to defend its decision against criticism.

I do not intend to write anything for a year or two about events later than 3 July, but I will gladly clear up one matter of fact: Professor Blunt did *not* "ask me for guidance", and a press report that he had done so did not originate in anything said by me.

Lord Blake is well able to speak for himself, but he left the AGM for a reason, unconnected with the debate, about which he had told me in advance, and he did not at any time tell me, either explicitly or by implication, that he would resign if Professor Blunt remained a Fellow.

In the course of the events to which my article (ENCOUNTER, November 1980) refers I heard no "fulsome apologies" for any former Soviet agent from any "Western intellectual", nor anything which could reasonably be compared with Graham Greene's sympathetic comment on Philby. I don't, however, find it surprising that greater hostility should be shown towards people who helped Hitler than towards people who helped Stalin.

KENNETH DOVER

Corpus Christi College
Oxford

Hailsham's Law

I WAS IMPRESSED and moved by Lord Hailsham's *Reflections on a Remark by Cicero*. May I add one or two supplementary observations?

He says of natural law that it is "a theory much out of favour with contemporary writers on jurisprudence." Perhaps, in fairness, it might be pointed out that the book on jurisprudence that has made the greatest single mark in recent years—John Rawls's *A Theory of Justice*—explicitly affirms natural law, albeit in rather a different way. Rawls writes:

> "From the standpoint of the theory of justice, the most important natural duty is that to support and to further just institutions. . . . It follows that if the basic structure of society is just, or as just as it is reasonable to expect in the circumstances, everyone has a natural duty to do what is required of him. . . ." (p. 334)

What Cicero calls "love", Rawls calls "fairness." In substance they are the same.

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Learning How to Spell "Revolution!"

NICARAGUA'S literacy campaign began two weeks after the revolution in July 1979 which brought the Sandanista Government into power. Its guiding spirit, Father Fernando Cardenal, a Jesuit priest, has been nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize by 130 British Labour MPs.

During the first 18 months of the campaign half a million people were taught to read. "It is an expression of the humanistic spirit of the revolution", Father Cardenal said. "We devote our energy not to killing the enemy but to eliminating ignorance.... The half of the people who can read are teaching the half who cannot. The literacy crusade is an act of love."

About 2,000 Cubans—more than half the total of Cuban advisers and technicians in the country—are helping to train them.

The classes for the teachers are held in a shaded terrace by a courtyard behind the municipal office. Pinned on the wall is a copy of the "Hymn of the Literacy Crusaders". The first verse goes:

Advance brigadistas,
Literacy guerrillas
The exercise book is your machete
To wipe out with one blow
Ignorance and error.

The crusading political spirit of the song spills over into the instruction. The first phrases the newly literate Nicaraguans learn to read are to do with revolution, liberty and struggle.

Señora Martinez sat alone at a table on which a large corn grinding machine stood. Now, six months after beginning to learn to read, she is quite fluent in her text.

"The masses of the people", she was saying, "make the insurrection."

I borrowed a well-thumbed work book from one of the students to look at some of the other texts. The word "guerrilla" appears often and some are about the literacy crusade itself. "Woman has always been exploited", one read. "The revolution makes her liberation possible."

"Soon I will learn a job", she declared. Father Cardenal replies to criticism of the political nature of the texts by saying: "We teach them about reality."

Michael Leapman

in THE TIMES (*London*)

. . . the Revolution being run by "Angels"

WHEN THE long-ruling Somoza régime was ousted after a civil war in July 1979, the new Sandanista leadership pledged to respect human rights and promised a "generous revolution" in which captured National Guardsmen would not be tortured or executed.

But it took the government many months to restore order and control former guerrillas bent on revenge. During this period of chaos, officials now concede, several hundred prisoners were summarily executed.

"It was not our policy, but it happened anyway," said Tomas Borge Martinez, the Interior Minister. "It took time and patience to persuade our own supporters that we fought the Revolution to put an end to such abuses, that we really meant to respect human dignity."

THE CONTROVERSY BEGAN when Jose Esteban Gonzalez (the secretary-general of the Permanent Human Rights Commission) said after an audience with Pope John Paul II in Rome in early February that "the Sandanista régime applies methods of torture and repression very similar to those applied in the past by the Samoza dictatorship."

The government was enraged. It accused Gonzalez, a member of the opposition Social Christian Party, of using "lies that prejudice Nicaragua's image abroad and encourage counter-revolutionary activities."

But the Sandanistas then acted alone to damage their reputation. They ordered the closing of the Human Rights Commission, then allowed it to reopen four days later after a wave of protests. When Gonzalez returned from Rome, he was met at the airport by a mob of pro-government protesters and, a week later, was arrested and charged with assorted crimes against the state.

Numerous foreign governments protested, and the government appeared to have second thoughts. Gonzalez was persuaded to issue a statement that his remarks in Rome had been "misinterpreted." The judge in charge of the case then ordered his release and the charges were dropped.

ONCE the summary executions and mistreatment of prisoners were brought under control, the main problem lay in the overcrowding of the jails. "It was very difficult to investigate each case properly", an official said. "We had innocent people in jail and freed some who were clearly guilty."

BUT THE STORM over Gonzalez's arrest called attention to the régime's Human Rights record. "I tell people not to judge the Revolution by one incident, but by the broad picture," said Eden Pastora, a Sandanista commander and deputy defense minister. "If you compare this revolution with the French, Mexican, Algerian, Cuban or Iranian revolutions, this one has been carried out by angels."

Alan Riding

in the NEW YORK TIMES

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Lord Hailsham concludes: "We live in a world of values in which truth, and goodness, beauty and justice make sense of a reality otherwise intrinsically incomprehensible. . . ." There are two ways of reading that. In the first place in supernatural terms with the values externally transcendent (as aspects of God); and, in the second place, with the values internally transcendent, defining the very heart of autonomous human experience. Perhaps in practice the difference will be negligible, but the first is slightly perilous because what is given can also be taken away, while the second, although placing responsibility ineluctably upon ourselves, can open the door to the arbitrary. We just have to live with these problems.

May I suggest a gloss? It is the will or compulsion to truth, goodness, beauty, and justice and the joy of their delivery that are the beginning and end of the road. In writing about "the *pursuit* of truth" on another page, Lord Hailsham seems to take the point. It seems as though the 1980s are going to demand such compulsions very widely if their ends are to be vindicated.

PETER CADOGAN

London

Deterrent

R. W. GASKELL SAYS (Letters, April), "What is certain is that the deterrent will only deter if we are prepared to use it."

Not so. It will deter if other people think we are prepared to use it. It may even deter if they are not sure whether we are prepared to use it or not. Both these possibilities widen the argument enormously.

BEAUMONT OF WHITLEY

House of Lords
London

AUTHORS

Douglas Dunn's third book of poems, *Barbarians*, was published by Faber in 1979.

Louis de Jong's article was translated by Arnold J. Pomerans.

Seymour Martin Lipset is Professor of Political Science and Sociology and Senior Fellow of the Hoover Institution, Stanford University, President-Elect of the American Political Science Association and co-editor of *Public Opinion*. He is completing a book on *Why Is There No Socialism in the United States?* An expanded edition of his *Political Man* (1960) will be published this year by Johns Hopkins University Press. A version of his article will appear in *Labour in Socialist Societies: Blue Collar Workers in Eastern Societies*, ed. Triska and Gati, to be published shortly by Allen & Unwin.

Richard Mayne, former head of the UK offices of the Commission of the European Communities, is a winner of the Scott-Moncrieff Prize (for his translation of Jean Monnet's *Memoirs*), and edited *The New Atlantic Challenge* (Charles Knight, 1975). His *The Recovery of Europe* was published (Weidenfeld, and Harper & Row) in 1970, and *The Europeans* (Weidenfeld and Library Press, N.Y.) in 1972. He is working on a book called *Post-War*, to be published by Thames & Hudson.

David Aberbach is training as a child psychotherapist at the Tavistock Clinic. He has been a post-graduate student at Linacre College, Oxford and has just received his D.Phil. in Hebrew Literature.

Raymond Aron, the French political philosopher and journalist, is a Member of the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques, and Professor of the Collège de France. He writes regularly for ENCOUNTER; among his recent articles are "Is There a Nazi Mystery?" (June 1980) and "1984: Can Europe Survive So Long?" (January 1980).

Jean-François Revel is the editor of *L'Express* in Paris. His translated works include *The Totalitarian Temptation*, (n.e. Penguin, 1978) and *Without Marx or Jesus* (n.e. Paladin, 1972).

Bernice Martin is Lecturer in Sociology at Bedford College, London. Her study of *A Sociology of Contemporary Cultural Change* was published by Blackwell in April.

Edward Pearce is a leader writer and Parliamentary sketch writer on the *Daily Telegraph*.

Jytte Bonnier, formerly Cultural Editor of the Danish newspaper *Information*, is now a freelance literary and political writer in Stockholm.

R. W. Noble is the author of *Joyce Cary* (1973) and of various English-as-a-second-language publications for Longman and Oxford University Press. His article is a sequel to his piece on the genesis of Forster's *A Passage to India*, which appeared in the February 1980 issue of ENCOUNTER.

Laurence Lerner, Professor of English at the University of Sussex, is the author of *Love and Marriage: Literature in its Social Context* (Edward Arnold, 1979), *The Victorians* (Methuen, 1978), and *Introduction to English Poetry* (Arnold, 1975).

Anthony Thwaite's latest book of poems is *Victorian Voices* (Oxford University Press, 1980).

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Life & Letters Today

London

ART LOVER: **Family doctor Riyaz Syed fell out of love with his wife, and into love with a pin-up. He became obsessed with the scantily-clad Indian woman in the picture, a divorce court judge said yesterday.**

One of Dr Syed's hobbies was painting and he drew a large portrait of the girl in the magazine "continually painting and repainting the face and breasts," said Sir John Arnold, president of the High Court Family Division. He gave the wife, Mrs Hoora Syed, a decree nisi because of her husband's unreasonable behaviour.

DAILY MAIL

Hollywood

THE UGLY LITERATI: *The autobiography of Hildegarde Neff (Knef in German) entitled "The Gift Horse," sold more than six million copies and was translated into 17 languages.*

That book, and its successor, "The Verdict," in which she details her battle with cancer, showed her to be just as good a writer as she is an actress and chanteuse.

"Each of those books took two years out of my life," she said. "And I know of nothing worse than sitting there at 8 a.m. with a cup of coffee, glaring at a blank page.

"There's something else that worries me. I find that if you write constantly, it makes you ugly. Look at the faces of painters; the older they get the more beautiful they get. Then look at writers. As they age they become drawn and haggard. It's as if the words have eaten them.

"Take Günter Grass, who wrote 'The Tin Drum.' Ten years ago he was splendid-looking, a really virile man. I saw him quite recently and was shocked; his whole face had shrunk. And I've seen that with many writers. It seems the concentration of putting thoughts into words devours them. Writing is a crocodile that eats away time and looks.

"When I was writing I put in an 8-hour day, but never wrote more than two pages. And at the end I'd look at myself in the mirror and think, 'That can't be me?' It was as if everything had been drained out of me and gone into those two pages."

A critic once wrote: "For a lady who has had typhus, yellow fever, infantile paralysis, meningitis, encephalitis, peritonitis, a dislocated spine, rheumatic fever and seven operations on her jaw, Hildegarde Neff looks pretty good."

LOS ANGELES TIMES

London

LOCO PARENTIS: **Hot news—the *Sunday Times* says educational experts have discovered a miraculous new teaching aid for teaching children to read [writes Ferdinand Mount].**

It's called Parents.

To their amazement, teachers have been discovering that children who have parental help get on quicker and that this may explain why middle-class children tend to do better at school. But who was it who kept parents, particularly working-class parents, out of the classroom in the first place, on the grounds that they were untrained for the highly skilled job of teaching reading?

The teachers themselves, and in particular the National Union of Teachers which, by its restrictive practices and its know-all condescension, has been the worst enemy of working-class education for as long as I can remember.

NEW STANDARD

New York City

TENNESSEE WALTZ: *Why do we celebrate our greatest artists only when they have left us? Tennessee Williams endured his 70th birthday this week at his Key West redoubt—alone as usual, consumed with his usual doubts and depressions and ignored by the rest of America.*

The streetcar named desire has long since become a bus and Mrs. Stone no longer goes in search of a Roman spring. Put out small craft warnings and sound the rose tattoo for the cat on the hot tin roof: the milk train doesn't stop here anymore. It is all a glass menagerie.

NEW YORK POST

London

QUOTES: *I refer to the supposed quotations from Malcolm Muggeridge.*

It was Bernard Shaw who said that America was the only country in history which had gone "from barbarism to decadence without an intervening period of civilisation."

The expression "a sheep in sheep's clothing" was used to describe Attlee at the beginning of the Wartime Coalition, by Winston Churchill (and was addressed to Brendan Bracken). In fact Churchill himself had plagiarised it, from an article written by H. V. Morton in 1936.

DAILY MAIL

New York

REMBRANDTIANA: **Aristotle Onassis was a collector of famous people, but he also had a yen for famous things. Not long ago I came across a story that I fervently hope is true, and must pass along. In the mid-1960's, when his affair with Ms. Maria Callas was in full flower, the great man visited Beverly Hills to look for property to buy. He was photographed inspecting the estate of the late Buster Keaton. The photo caption in the *Los Angeles Times* read:**

ARISTOTLE CONTEMPLATING
THE HOME OF BUSTER

NEW YORK TIMES

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Detail from PROCESSION OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER (Lord Lisle is seventh from the left.)
Courtesy of The Newberry Library, Chicago

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